THE WHITE DEVIL

AND

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY

By JOHN WEBSTER

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Preface

Since 1830, when Dyce put forth a complete edition of Webster, there has been published no edition of the playwright's two masterpieces, in critical text with adequate apparatus of introduction and annotation. Dyce, indeed, admirable editor as he was, left many difficult allusions unexplained, and, in modernizing his text, occasionally changed a meaning as well as a spelling or a stop. The present edition reverts to the original spelling, and seeks to note every variation of the slightest consequence occurring in the quartos. The Introduction discusses somewhat fully the dramatist's debt to his sources, essays to define the Shakespearean resemblance, and offers reasons for dating the plays within a narrower limit than has hitherto been accepted. In the Notes will be found comment on a number of points previously overlooked — some of these appear on pp. 190, 194, 201, 205, 388, 390, 392, 400 — but several allusions still remain obscure.

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Life

It is not known when Webster was born, when he died, or how he spent his life. Barring a few scant and unilluminating references, all that is known of the man is gathered from the biographically impersonal pages of the books he published; the only certain dates in his life are those on his title-pages, the dates of printing. When his work was written, and when his plays were first acted, can, in the main, only be inferred from internal evidence. With somewhat more assurance one may deduce his mental disposition from his writings, but the biographer has here no privileges unaccorded to the reader.

Doubtless he was born in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, for he was evidently a new hand at playwriting in the first years of the century following; and inasmuch as after 1624 nothing is heard of him, there appears no evidence against Mr. Sidney Lee's tentative dates 1580–1625.[1] Webster was born free of the Merchant Tailors' Company;[2] his father may have been the John Webster who was admitted to the freedom of the same company 1571, or the John Webster who was admitted 1576.[3] Collier's identification of the dramatist with a John Webster who married Isabell Sutton in Shoreditch, 1590,[4] may be dismissed: the date is too early. Gildon's statement that Webster was parish clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn,[5] cannot be confirmed. The available evidence is against the notion. Dyce found in

1 *Dict. Nat. Biog.* 2 Dedication to *Monuments of Honour.*
3 Clode: *Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors*, 1875.
4 *Memoirs of the Principal Actors*, 1846. 5 *Lives of the Poets*, 1698.

the Prerogative Office the will of John Webster, cloth-worker, proved 6 Oct. 1625:[1] nothing more can be said than that this date coincides with Webster's cessation from publishing.

The earliest literary record we have of Webster is of his collaborating for Henslowe in 1602 with a number of others in writing four plays, *Caesar's Fall*, *Too Harpes* (perhaps Two Harpies),[2] *Lady Jane*, and *Christmas Comes but Once a Year*. The other members of the group of writers were Munday, Drayton, Middleton, Dekker, Chettle, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith: in each play at least four of them had a hand. The first, second and fourth plays are lost; *Lady Jane* doubtless survives in altered form in *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat*, by Dekker and Webster, printed 1607. In the Dedication to *The Devil's Law-Case*, Webster speaks of himself as the author of a play called *Guise:* the play is not extant. Henslowe refers in 1601 to a play called *The Gwisse*, but Collier's identification of this play with Webster's, besides being improbable on account of the early date, is supported only by Collier's own insertion of Webster's name after the *Gwisse* entry in Henslowe's diary! In 1604 Marston's *Malcontent* received some "additions" at Webster's hands: the punctuation of the title-page is ambiguous, but in view of the fact that the play was "augmented by Marston,"[3] there seems no especial reason to think that Webster wrote more than the Induction, although he may have done so. In 1607 were printed *Westward Hoe*, acted in 1604, and *Northward Hoe*, acted in 1605, both by Dekker and Webster. The respective shares of Dekker and Webster in the composi-

1 Dyce: *The Works of John Webster*. Ed. 1857. p. x.
2 Mr. Greg reads "too shapes."
3 The Malcontent. Augmented by Marston. With the Additions played by the Kings Maiesties servants. Written by Ihon Webster.

tion are not wholly determinable. There follow now Webster's four own plays, *The White Devil* (1612), *The Duchess of Malfy* (1623), *The Devil's Law-Case* (1623), and *Appius and Virginia* (1654—all these are dates of publication), whose dates of composition are indefinite, resting only upon internal evidence. In 1624 the Official Register of Sir Henry Herbert notes the licensing of "A newe tragedie called *A Late Murther of the Sonn upon the Mother*, written by Forde and Webster".[1] This play is non-extant, and there is no means of knowing whether the ascription to Webster is valid or not. The dates of the plays in this volume are discussed in the Introduction; they precede probably by a few years only *The Devil's Law-Case*, which mentions them in its Dedication. The date of *Appius and Virginia* is a matter of speculation: its firm dramatic construction indicates a later date than any other Websterian play extant. Three other plays have been attributed in part to Webster. The publisher, Kirkman, printed in 1661 *The Thracian Wonder* and *A Cure for a Cuckold*, assigning both of them to Webster and William Rowley. The former play may be unhesitatingly set aside; the latter, which contains two practically distinct plots, one serious and one comic, has in the serious part many touches in Webster's milder manner, and the attribution may be correct. Mr. Gosse's suggestion, carried out in 1885 at a private press, that the serious part be printed separately, produces a delicate play to which the deftly chosen title of *Love's Graduate* has been given; but Webster's authorship does not become thereby more apparent. The third play, *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, is assigned to Webster and Dekker only on the authority of the careless Edward Phillips,[2] and may also be set aside.

1 Dyce: *Ibid.* p. xv. 2 *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675.

utilizes horror where another poet would employ something else. To regard Webster's gruesomeness as purely ancillary would be to go too far; but it is assuredly needful to discount the censure of those who see this gruesomeness only. That a startling list of horrors may be drawn up by the most casual reader of Webster is obvious, but a long enumeration of dreadful things by no means proves an uncontrollable bias for them. A person unfamiliar with *Hamlet* might be led thus to think the play nothing but the blood and thunder of the old revenge tragedy, its original. In a novel of current manners a mere wound, an illness, may be invested with tragic consequence; in a story of adventure a dozen violent deaths may seem but unimportantly natural. It is not the presence of a crime, but the use made of it, that determines its significance. Thus to single out in Webster a sequence of violent deeds unduly draws attention to them: read in context, their significance diminishes. Not to the vanishing point, however. There is, in all conscience, an over-use of the dreadful in Webster. But I believe that instead of revelling in it, as Cyril Tourneur did, Webster soberly chose it as the material in which he could best present his deep and sombre views of the significance of death and life. His mind dwelt upon the tragedy in life, — dwelt sorrowfully, not gloatingly, upon it. He is no ghoul, he is not cruel, nor vindictive, nor base; but he finds no peace in the contemplation of quiet virtue; he is burningly indignant at hateful injustice, he draws his traitors and liars and adulterers unscathingly; he hunts victorious vice with a whip of scorpions, he endows

the wronged victims of inexorable fate with the courage of innate nobleness. And thereby ample proof comes to the illuminating word of Mr. Swinburne, "There is no poet morally nobler than Webster."

So fertile and subtle a nature as Webster's particularly tempts to elaborate discussion, and the interesting dramatic problems, of which the two plays, here presented, are full, invite technical treatment; but space can be accorded to the consideration of but a few things.

If Webster shows far more dislikes than likes in his portrayal of life, his chief repugnances are for things that are not pleasant to a healthy mind. He seems, too, to have lived in the penumbra of thwarted hope, in an opposition to the free and easy conventionality of life, seeing sin and error where lighter minds saw nothing wrong, or, more irritatingly still, saw but minor troubles that one might as well put up with and say no more about. Even such a purely personal matter as the rate of composition touches the springs of resentment in him.[1] It is not enough that he prefers to write slowly, but he must speak bitterly against those who report that he "was a long time in finishing this tragedy." It is a type of mind for which we have many metaphors, but the convenient way of disposing of constant objectors by merely labelling them ignores the fact that such men are of two classes, those who are in the right and those who are in the wrong. Whether it be politic in Webster to complain of this or that abuse, he does not fail to make out his case that the abuse exists. Evidently his heart was sore at many of the transgres-

[1] See the Preface to *The White Devil.*

sions of the world, and his deep satiric wrath found its utterance not in hasty denunciation nor in flippant sarcasms, but in deliberate, condensed, bitter apothegms, and in brief, keen, finished portrayal of the vice he scorned.

If one now names some of the objects of this *sæva indignatio*, it is also to show that under the frequent rage is constant sanity. One must read more than one passage to know what Webster thought of princes: evil-minded royalty, because of its power, is thrice evil; Antonio's dying cry, "And let my sonne flie the courts of princes," is a truth to the poet because only suffering has sprung from Antonio's experience; the whole truth is stated elsewhere: —

> "The lives of princes should like dyals move,
> Whose regular example is so strong,
> They make the times by them go right or wrong."
> *W. D.* 1, ii, 313.

It is the abuse of the princely office, not the governing power itself, that the poet decries; yet it must be noted that his eyes are mostly upon the defects of rank. Very frankly, too, and proudly he speaks of rank in dedicating *The Duchess of Malfy* to George Harding, Baron Berkeley, — "I do not altogether looke up at your title, — the ancien'st nobility being but a rellique of time past," — a soberer way of putting it than Bosola's mocking "Search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall finde them but bubles of water." But the bitterest remarks about rank are those that apply not to rank itself but to the undeserved and sudden rise into gentility, "so many earlie mushromes, whose

best growth sprang from a dunghill." Webster's sense of democracy seems fatalistic: but such speeches as this from the disguised Francisco must be taken in context: —

"What difference is betweene the duke and I? no more than betweene two brickes, all made of one clay: onely't may bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom of a well by mere chance. If I were plac't as high as the duke, I should sticke as fast; make as fair a shew; and beare out weather equally."

The author has as strong a contempt for menials as for courtiers, as witness his galling portrayal of the servants in the second and third acts of *The Duchess of Malfy:* it is not from the lower ranks that he would draw the men to put in authority, but from the honest and capable. For pedantry, he has superlative disgust: we students of the past may still read with profit the artist's quick characterization of

"a fantastical scholler, like such who studdy to know how many knots was in Hercules club, of what colour Achilles beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ach. He hath studdied himself halfe bleare-ei'd, to know the true semitry of Cæsars nose by a shooing-horne; and this he did to gaine the name of a speculative man."

Yet Webster himself was scholarly in the simpler sense of the word, and set store by true learning. The delays and technicalities of the processes of law, the hypocrisies of worldly churchmen, the inadequacies of the healing craft, are set forth unsparingly; but law, religion, and medicine, in themselves, are not made the subjects of abusive attack. Sweeping generalizations against women, usually against lewd women, come

over-frequently, but these are more than balanced by the deeply sympathetic portrayal of the Duchess, of Isabella, and of Cornelia. In short, Webster observes society with the eyes of a strong-feeling hater of shams: he has the wise man's scorn of pretense, the gifted man's scorn of the barren commonplace, the poet's scorn of expressing himself otherwise than roundly and well. It may seem a far cry, but no one who has mastered the essential spirit of Webster will hesitate to think that much of that spirit passed on to Milton, — not to Swift the satirist, but to Milton the lover of truth.

In no Elizabethan dramatist is the gnomic tendency more highly developed than in Webster. His slowness in writing — a fact openly confessed, if not vaunted — bore fruit in his closely packed sentences, full of a strange and sometimes bitter wisdom, often fatalistic, as was proper to an Elizabethan, but not often commonplace. Webster's aphorisms are not carelessly thrown off, — the cheerful byplay of a wit or the easy moralizing of a conventional philosopher, — nor are they merely ideas broadly suggested by the general situation: they are drawn from the very core of the moment and are molded by the nature of the persons who thus

> "Come in with a dried sentence, stuft with sage."

They are, therefore, for the most part, sombre; yet it is not pessimism, it is meditation, which takes this

> "sober colouring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Webster is not often lyrical. The dirge (p. 162), which won Lamb's just admiration, stands almost alone in the plays. Nor does Webster much indulge in "poetical" descriptions or lyric flights. The close-knit quality of his style becomes more apparent as one notes the absence of superfluous ornament. On the other hand, the dialogue abounds in illuminative imagery. Far from being merely ornamental, this imagery is the condensed expression of ideas that would run to a far greater length under the fluent treatment of a Heywood or a Fletcher. Within the limits that the close-packed verse permits, Webster is often most melodious. There are single lines of haunting movement like

"To mocke the eager violence of fire," *D. M.* III, iii, 51.

and subtle and noble passages like

"O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead!"
D. M. IV, ii, 20.

"Whether the spirit of greatnes or of woman
Raigne most in her, I know not; but it shewes
A fearefull madnes: I owe her much of pitty."
D. M. I, ii, 208.

The comic in Webster is a rather bitter element, — so far as the plays wholly from his hand are concerned. To determine Webster's share in the comic parts of the collaborated plays, would be a difficult task, probably leading to no material change in one's conclusion regarding the dramatist's lighter vein. Yet lighter vein is hardly the proper term: in reading Webster, one never laughs, one rarely smiles; the shaft of wit is barbed —

one feels the grim irony, the mordant sarcasm. And if mere fun is usually absent, so too is the verbal play that Shakespeare often affects. When one character catches up another, it is upon some reality, not upon a quibble. Puns and such small deer of humor are generally too trivial for the creator of Bosola and Flamineo. Now and then comes an excellent jest, but in context it appears grim. It is not necessary to dwell upon the obvious application of this fact. Webster and Milton fell short of Shakespeare in this particular, among other things, that they took many ridiculous things very seriously, and could not forget them in the laugh that would have been the all-sufficient criticism of triviality.

A certain intellectual, limited resemblance to Shakespeare has often been noted in Webster. The definition of this resemblance has not, however, been especially explicit or happy. To think of the relationship as one of verbal imitation is to miss its distinguishing character. Verbal resemblances occur, indeed, which may be fortuitous or intentional. Vittoria's "I now weepe poniardes," recalling Hamlet's "I will speak daggers," is an adequate example of the kind. Such things are not really frequent: it is not Shakespearean ideas in Shakespearean phrasing, nor yet Shakespearean ideas in Webster's own phrasing, that we find in the strong dramatic speech of our two plays. The thing itself, easier to apprehend than to define, is in Webster's reproduction of the essential spirit of a Shakespearean dramatic moment. For example, in *Julius Cæsar* Portia begs the confidence of Brutus, but no matter who the personages, the essential dramatic value of the moment lies

in a woman's offering to a man testimony of constancy in many things as a warrant for being trusted in the crucial matter. Webster lays fast hold upon the spirit of such a moment, reproducing it with ignoble characters, as it happens, — Julia and the Cardinal, — and in a different emergency, but yet giving the same stage picture and the same thrill of suspense as the spectator awaits the man's response to the final appeal. Often in these plays comes this reflection of the inner aspect of the Shakespearean moment. The characters and incident may greatly differ from the original, but the mood of the original moment remains. A soul's sudden defiance of fate, the breaking of an over-wrought heart, a quick resolve upon decisive action, an acceptance of adverse destiny, a spasm of hatred or of fear, — these moments, apprehended in their very essence and divested of all accidental quality, reappear by a sort of metempsychosis in the life of Webster's personages after having played their part in the life of the personages of Shakespeare. I am impelled to think that this is the result of Webster's presence at the performance of his master's plays, and not an outcome of reading; the resemblance is so truly dramatic, so little literary. The meaning of the stage picture was flashed into Webster's brain and remained there after the words and the personages had passed out of recognition. Illustration of this point depends upon the reader's turning to the situations adduced and grasping their significance; parallel passages do not fully display the matter. Shylock's ominous

> "If I can catch him once upon the hip"

has its echo in Bosola's

"I have this cardinall in the forge already;
Now I 'll bring him to th' hammer." *D. M.* v, iv, 86.

Antonio's quiet acceptance of the overwhelming odds against him: —

"I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his,"

is the mood of his namesake when he accepts the Duchess's (feigned) dismissal: —

"I am strongely arm'd to brooke my over-throw";
D. M. III, ii, 194.

as is that of the Duchess herself when the horrible mask of madmen is upon her: —

"Let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny."
D. M. IV, ii, 59.

Viola's "She never told her love" is in the spirit of Bosola's description of the Duchess, "More perfect in her teares then in her smiles" (*D. M.* IV, i, 8). Macbeth's weakening when the knock comes at the gate, and Lady Macbeth's assumption of the practical direction of affairs, find a reflection, albeit rather a pallid one, in Antonio's start at Bosola's knock and in the Duchess's quick apprehension of what must be done (*D. M.* III, ii, 154). And again Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's nervous interchange of startled questions: "Did you not speak?" "When?" "Now." "As I descended?" "Ay." has its repe-

tition in the hurried dialogue of Antonio and Bosola when they hear at midnight the mysterious cry from the Duchess's lodgings (*D. M.* II, iii, 10). Mercutio's quips with Juliet's Nurse, jests embittered almost out of recognition, are heard again, nevertheless, in Bosola's disgusting mockery of the Old Lady (*D. M.* II, i, 29). Iago's

> "This is the night
> That either makes me or fordoes me quite"

shows plainly in Antonio's "This night, I meane to venture all my fortune" (*D. M.* v, i, 61), and in Flamineo's "This night Ile know the utmost of my fate" (*W. D.* v, iv, 123). Lear's passion over the dead Cordelia appears once more (*W. D.* v, ii, 36) in Cornelia's frantic grief over her murdered son — in each agony the same vain effort with looking-glass and feather to find if life still remains at the silenced lips. And finally (*W. D.* v, iv, 73), at the "winding of Marcello's corse," the plays of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello contribute to Cornelia's unbalanced sorrow the moments of the shared rosemary and rue, of the white hand still stained with innocent blood, and of the sad lyric remembered from earlier days. These things seem to me to be of undeniable Shakespearean origin, yet so changed in passing through Webster's mind as to be, after all, Webster's own. They are the tribute paid, consciously or unconsciously, by the younger poet to the vivid power of the greater poet, and they give a truer sense of what Webster thought of Shakespeare than do the pleasant words

about the master that Webster addressed to the reader of his *White Devil.*

The range of Webster's characters is not great, but within the limits the characters are cleanly differentiated. Flamineo and Bosola are generically villains, but it is only the share of evil that they have in common: for Flamineo is by nature a relentless brute devoid of conscience, while Bosola, a sensualist in crime, has a strain of conscientiousness in him which makes his brutality the more keen when it escapes the intellectual control that has been holding it in check. Ferdinand and the Cardinal, as villains, are superior to Bosola and to Flamineo, only in this respect that they are the originators of crime instead of the mere instruments of another's crime: in bloodthirstiness and evil-mindedness, they are, in their special ways, at the verge of human depravity. Other characters, wholly swayed by their passions, of sense or of revenge or of power, Brachiano, Lodovico, Francisco, Monticelso, hold the stage at times not utterly ignobly, but never loftily, moving to the accomplishment of their varying purposes. Certain fools, Camillo, Castruchio, Malateste, ignorant of the ridicule lavishly bestowed upon them, let farce touch hands with tragedy, before they are swept away in the current of the greater forces. A real hero Webster has not succeeded in portraying. It is not that he suffers from Sir Walter Scott's trouble — the villains turning out to be the true heroes — for Webster's men are never of the characterless sort that some of Scott's were; but he seems not to have apprehended the dramatic value of a strong and active

man who follows righteous things. Antonio is sweet-tempered, but wholly subordinate to his mistress; Delio is little more than a shadow; Marcello is only a sketch.

In power and audacity, Webster's women, whether good or evil, shine brilliantly; there are no weaklings among them. Often they speak with the unashamed fluency of Beaumont and Fletcher's women, but quite without the prurient suggestiveness of these. It is only the moor, Zanche, who descends to the level of indecent sirenry; Julia, in unabashed love with Bosola, speaks to him without subterfuge. But in meeting death, these two low-minded women are as fearless as the strong-souled heroines of the tragedies. The dying Julia, at Bosola's sharp cry,

> "Oh foolish woman,
> Couldst not thou have poyson'd him?"

answers,

> "'Tis weakenesse,
> Too much to thinke what should have bin done. I go,
> I know not whither."

and Zanche's last word is one of defiant courage:

> "I am proud
> Death cannot alter my complexion,
> For I shall neere looke pale."

The broken-hearted women, Isabella, the wife, and Cornelia, the mother, each in a wonderful moment of self-control seek to shield and save those who have wrought their injuries, telling for their sakes the lie that unrewarded affection prompts. Only Cariola, at the very end, struggles for life, but in her biting and scratch-

ing there is as much determination as fear. Of the two great women, the ducal manner is no stronger in the unnamed Duchess of Malfy than in Vittoria Corombona. They meet the emergencies of life with the same almost royal command of self. In the Duchess there are qualities of heart and mind as glorious as anything in Shakespeare; none of the tragic women of Shakespeare surpasses her in loftiness, and none of the women of the romantic comedies surpasses her in innate charm, although few are the moments in which her happiness runs free. The white devil is radiant with evil: "a most prodigious comet," she flings herself into her course with utter abandonment, having found in the Duke of Brachiano a companion to whom she can be true while being true to her own nature. There is as much passion as calculation in her nature, a thing overlooked by those who see her only in her arraignment. Here in her trial, she meets the true charges with cool denial, interposing unanswerable objections to the violent procedure against her, and holding her own against her adversaries, until there is no way to procure a sentence save by assuming her guilt outright.[1] When death comes to these beings who are so full of the capacities of life, they face it with absolute calmness, — neither Bosola nor Lodovico

[1] "Innocence-resembling boldness" was the unfortunate expression that Charles Lamb let fall regarding her attitude in this scene, — unfortunate, because every critic since Lamb has quoted him, only to object to such a characterization. But that keen-sighted critic knew, as his whole comment shows, that Vittoria's boldness lay in assuming innocence and defying proof to the contrary. The adjective is not a happy one, but it is wholly uncritical to charge Lamb with misunderstanding the spirit of the scene.

can terrify his victim, and the murderer starts back in amaze at the fearlessness of ill-fated humanity. But, indeed, those of Webster's personages who come to a violent end, — and half of the principal characters are killed, — meet, in the main, the final hour with utter scorn of death. One suddenly thinks that it is a pity that Byron had not read Webster, for here he would have found perfectly portrayed that lucid and unyielding defiance of fate which he only partly succeeded in transfusing into his Laras and Conrads and Manfreds.

Webster has, indeed, the gift of deep insight into character. This is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the way his personages act in a crucial situation. The resulting action is not generic; it is highly specific. For instead of being moved as, broadly speaking, any one might be moved, these characters are affected individually, in accord with their most definite peculiarities. Perhaps here is Webster's greatest power: at an impressive moment to put into a mere sentence something that leaves nothing else to be said, and that by its inexorable and summary quality lifts the scene to real sublimity. The often quoted

"Cover her face. Mine eyes dazell: she di'd yong."

does not stand alone. Of equal power is

"I am Duchesse of Malfy still!"

Vittoria's

"You shall not kill her first: behould my breast:
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before mee."

and the same woman's dying cry: —

> "My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme
> Is driven I know not whither."

One feels that Webster, after conceiving a situation, brooded over it, imagining how now this and now that person would be stirred by the given circumstances, and continuing to brood until every accidental element had been discarded, so that the words finally placed in the character's mouth were indeed final. If Webster rarely produces the effect of spontaneity, he produces that far greater thing, the effect of inevitableness. And after all, spontaneity is an overestimated virtue.

The rich gloom of Webster's plays is in large part an effect of atmosphere. Neutral incidents are often stated in terms of despondency precisely as Shakespeare (to speak of a point which seems to have escaped comment) relates in the second scene of *Macbeth* a splendid victory in unrejoicing terms of horror and bloodshed, securing thereby the desired ominous effect. So Webster's treatment of the Duchess of Malfy's honorable marriage is almost entirely in terms that presage the terrible catastrophe. The brothers of the Duchess express their violent opposition in wantonly gruesome language, and they succeed in bringing into the twilight of suspicion an incident that for pure-heartedness deserves to be seen in radiant sunlight. And thus one reads on, oppressed by a feeling that springs not from the incident but from the tone in which the incident is told. This over-weight of destiny in the play impels one to believe that things are happening inevitably, —

as if all avenues of escape were cut off, — although structurally this is not true.

Webster's diction shows a complete absorption of Elizabethan speech and thought; the poet is steeped in the common lore of his time. His legal phraseology and his funereal images have been instanced, in turn, by readers to show that he must have had legal training, that he must have been the parish clerk of St. Andrews. Such reasoning is scant in data. A much more noticeable thing has remained unmarked, — the astonishingly large number of medical allusions in the plays. This warrants no especial inference, however, for the poet also makes copious use of sports, of natural history, of proverbs. The conclusion that we may rightfully draw seems to be this, that Webster's diction shows a habit of turning an idea over and over in his thought until it was fitted to its appropriate expression, and that such rumination was lightened by intuitive flashes of quick and inevitable speech.

Of Webster's plays, there can be no doubt that the two printed in this volume are, in the broad sense of the term, the greatest poems, the greatest creations. A sympathetic and temperate-minded critic of the drama, Mr. William Archer, places, indeed, *Appius and Virginia* higher than *The Duchess of Malfy*, in respect of technical excellence and certainty of purpose. But in *The Duchess of Malfy* there are imaginative reaches not known to the lesser, compacter play. Whoever reads the plays here presented will have, after all, Webster at his best.

Whether *The White Devil* or *The Duchess of*

Malfy be the greater play is a question perhaps less futile than questions of comparative rank are likely to be. It is not altogether a matter of personal opinion, but involves dramatic principles. For reasons not wholly sentimental *The Duchess of Malfy* is the better liked play in the minds of those who read a drama for its literary qualities, rather than for its definitely dramatic qualities. It has a story of genuine pathos, and its main character is warmly sympathetic. One can heartily crave the accomplishment of the heart's desire of the ducal lady and Antonio. Here is no question of a usurping upstart, or of a proud woman seeking to advance her favorite: the lovers' goal is the unambitious peace of happy marriage. On the other hand, the story of the white devil is almost wholly repellent. Apart from a few brief glimpses of the true-hearted Marcello and the distraught Isabella and Cornelia, one sees no one who arouses any tenderness of feeling: it is all a tissue of evil things, brilliantly, dazzlingly evil. From such flaunting wickedness one turns not unnaturally to the warm humanity which all the gloom of the other play cannot conceal. But *The White Devil* has one thing that *The Duchess of Malfy* lacks, — the presence in the main characters of a power to deal with situations strongly and effectively. Brachiano and his Duchess, however thwarted, can bring things to pass; while Antonio and his Duchess can but grieve at the exactions of a fate which they are powerless to resist. Their passivity takes from the drama that which the drama, above all, needs, — characters who are the visible embodiment of motive force. The conclusion

seems to be that neither play possesses all the virtues, but that the strength of *The White Devil* is dramatic strength, the weakness of *The Duchess of Malfy* dramatic weakness; the saving virtue of *The Duchess of Malfy* being a thing not peculiarly dramatic, and the unpleasant air of *The White Devil* a thing not affecting the vital movement. But the superiority of the latter play is technical, constructive; the former as much excels in beauty and human feeling. For my own part, after yielding the preëminence to the technique of *The White Devil*, I return to *The Duchess of Malfy*, finding in it more, after all, of the permanent appeal of poetry.

In spite of the work that Webster did in collaboration with others, especially Dekker, his position in Elizabethan drama, as indicated by his best work, is rather an isolated one. No school follows him: he helps to close an epoch, not to begin one. Drama had expressed itself with simple power, then with splendid freedom, and then, in various other ways, the impulse sought release. Webster's best plays are in the direct line of descent from *The Spanish Tragedie* and *Hamlet*, dealing with murder and revenge and supernatural horror. Where Kyd develops a situation in terms of vigorous and effective rant, and where Shakespeare lets his dialogue advance in perfect poise of action and restraint, Webster goes to an extreme of concentration and subtlety, requiring of his hearers more than mere listeners can give. There could be no more progress this way; Webster fixes a term to the drama whose power is in the expression of intense moods. But Web-

ster must not be regarded as a decadent: if on the one hand he reaches the limits of a particular form, on the other he is an essential part of the great and sane period of Elizabethan tragedy.

II

The material for the two plays came to Webster from the treasure land of sixteenth century stories, Italy. It is by no means certain that Webster made use of any documents, written or printed, as the material for the plot of *The White Devil:* and if he did, the chances of such documents coming to light seem rather remote. In any event, present knowledge indicates in Webster's sources a mingling of true and false report regarding the famous case of Vittoria Accoramboni, such a mingling as might easily appear in the oral account of a returned Italian traveller who had heard the side of the story prejudicial to the ill-starred heroine. The truth in the sources, whatever they were, lies in the mass of detailed information; the error shows in the general misconception of the situation, and in occasional slips of detail, — such as, indeed, seem unlikely to be made in the writing of any one, however partisan, who felt himself called upon to set down his testimony in black and white. Such slips are the confusing of Marcello with Flamineo, the latter (Flaminio is the real name) being the younger and honorable brother; the mistake in regard to the name and the papal title assumed by the Cardinal; the accrediting of Vittoria to Venice, whereas she sprang from Umbria; the error in calling Peretti Camillo instead of Francesco. These

slips may of course be Webster's and not those of Webster's informant; but, to mention but one point, there is little reason to think that the poet would deliberately substitute the wrong name, Monticelso, for the right one, Montalto, when the latter is so much easier to use metrically. On the whole, I conclude that Webster gained his material from some one who had heard much about the affair, and who, in recounting it, fell into minor inaccuracies besides being on the wrong side of the argument. The result is, that Webster has left to English readers a play which almost irreparably blackens the character of Vittoria, and which in all likelihood, as well, departs equally far from the truth, in presenting Isabella as a faithful wife.

After all, however, our present interest is not chiefly in knowing that Peretti was not a dolt; that Isabella, according to the violent code of the times, met a righteous death at her husband's hands; that the Pope was a great man, not merely an uncompromising cleric; that Vittoria never deserved the brutal name given her by the title-page of 1612; that on the other hand her brother was actually a scoundrel, and the Bracciano of history was well-nigh as repulsive as the playwright makes him. Webster has made a great play out of the materials which he found to his hand; and for truth to history one must go elsewhere.[1] It is of course a thousand pities that we have not a great play, such as Webster might have made it, based upon the true nature of the case; for there is true and terrible tragedy in the

[1] See especially Gnoli, Stendhal, Symonds, and Countess Cesaresco, cited in Bibliography.

actual story. The cry of Vittoria's murderers, "We have killed a saint!" is the farthest remove from Lodovico's proud boast of "having finisht this most noble deede," but it is as full of the sense of the tragic. Later artistic efforts to rehabilitate the character of Vittoria have come to nothing; for example, Tieck's indignation at Webster's play was righteous enough, morally, but Tieck's dreary novel, *Vittoria Accorombona*, has failed of its purpose.

The twenty-sixth novella of Bandello (1554) tells how Signor Antonio of Bologna espouses the Duchess of Amalfi and how both are murdered. There is, in all probability, the basis of actual fact here which Bandello claimed for all his stories. The historical setting of the incident places it, if it occurred, in the decade between 1504 and 1515. Pierre Boaistuau and François de Belle-Forest published in Paris, 1559, a free paraphrase in French of eighteen of Bandello's tales (*Histoires Tragiques*), and Belle-Forest followed up the successful venture by printing in 1565 eighteen more tragic stories, the first of which was the Malfy narrative. In 1566 William Painter offered to English readers a sufficiently close rendering of some of the French paraphrases, in *The Palace of Pleasure*. A second "Tome" (1567) contains the Malfy story as the twenty-third. It is in this version that Webster pretty certainly found his material.

Several other versions and references, however, are to be noted. *The Theatre of Gods Iudgments*, by Th. Beard (London, 1597), tells the story (p. 322) in a few lines more than a page in the unpleasantly titled

chapter, *Of whoredomes committed vnder the colour of Marriage*. Simon Goulart, in *Histoires Admirables et Memorables de Nostre Temps* (Paris, 1600), tells of the miserable end of the Duchess enamoured of her maistre d'hostel, the chapter heading being *Mariage Clandestin & trop inegal, tres malheureux.*[1] A translation — *Admirable and Memorable Histories* — of Goulart (by error called I. Goulart on the title-page) from the hand of Edw. Grimeston appeared in London in 1607; the Duchess story beginning p. 364. Both Beard and Goulart use the story to point a moral, not to attract sympathy. Beard heartily condemns the marriage without religious ceremony; Goulart sees rather the unequal ranks of the contracting parties. Dr. Kiesow[2] is doubtless right in thinking that both Beard and Goulart drew from Belle-Forest rather than from Bandello. (Grimeston's translation has escaped Dr. Kiesow's notice.) Dr. Koeppel[3] mentions three sixteenth century English references, all of them mere allusions: in *The Forrest of Fancy*, 1579, sig. Ni; in Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, sig. Qii; and in Greene's *Carde of Fancie*, 1584 (sig. L of 1608 edition; I have not seen that of 1584). Despite the remark of Soranso in the *Heptameron*, that "this Cardinall, for all his habit and glose of Justice, is for this Act, so often regestred for a Tirant, as I feare mee he will neuer come among ye nūber of Saints," the allusions to the story are surpris-

[1] This edition is not in B. M. In the Rouen 1606 edition the story begins p. 234.

[2] See Bibliography. The paper referred to is a valuable one; the slips are very few, and the conclusions are, in the main, sound.

[3] *Quellen und Forschungen*, lxx, 90.

ingly scant, considering that it has precisely those romantic elements which so greatly appealed to the Elizabethans. It should be added that Geffraie Fenton's *Certaine Tragicall Discourses*, 1567, translated from Bandello by the roundabout French way of Boaistuau-Belle-Forest, does not contain the Malfy story.

Lope de Vega's three act drama, *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, was published in 1618 (Barcelona), the ninth play in the volume entitled *Doze Comedias de Lope de Vega Carpio . . . Onzena Parte*. The date of composition, though before 1609, is not definitely known, but is doubtless anterior to that of Webster's play. There is no indebtedness of either playwright to the other, however; the points in common are all in Bandello, who was Lope's source. In the conduct of the plot, the distribution of interest, the creation of characters, and in the handling of the catastrophe, material differences appear in the work of the Spanish and the English poet. Lope's habitual fertility in the matter of invention of incident may be briefly illustrated from several of the more important situations. The Duchess's confession of her love for Antonio is made thus: she has refused her noble suitor, Otavio, because her heart is given to another; questioned by Antonio, she says that her maid, Livia, will hand him a slip of paper, bearing upon it the name of the favored one; later Antonio reads from the paper his own name. The secret marriage is brought about through disguisings: as a page, the Duchess follows Antonio to his own estate; both, as peasants, come into the presence of a rustic priest, who does not know their real rank,

and secure, through the feigned serious illness of Antonio, the church's sanction of the marriage. The discovery of the birth of the second child follows upon a rather complicated misunderstanding: Livia secretly attempts to convey the child to Antonio, so that he may conceal it; Urbino, the Duchess's secretary, who is in love with Livia, is awaiting her; in the dark she mistakes him for Antonio, gives him the child, and disappears; the slip of paper, previously mentioned, passing from Livia to Antonio, had aroused Urbino's jealousy, and the jealous man now leaps to the conclusion that here is the child of Livia and Antonio; the Duchess, notified by Urbino of the supposed scandal, has no recourse but to dismiss Antonio; and as this news comes to the ears of Otavio, he, keener than Urbino, guesses the truth. Where Webster, then, presents a situation simply and develops it broadly by emphasizing the personality of his characters, Lope throws the stress on incident and reaches his end by skilful devices which crowd the story with action. Lope's catastrophe, made possible through the feigned reconciliation of the Duchess's treacherous brother, Julio, with Antonio, involves the decapitation of Antonio and his two children, and the poisoning of the Duchess, who lives only long enough to see the heads of her dear ones brutally displayed, and to invoke the vengeance of heaven on the cruel murderer, — a conception materially different from Webster's. The superiority of one play to the other may be a matter of opinion, but there can be no real doubt that Webster has surpassed Lope in intensity of feeling and depth of thought.

A little known sequel to *El Mayordomo* was printed in Brussels in 1624, — *La Venganza de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, by Diego Muxet de Solis. This appeared in Muxet's volume, *Comedias humanas y divinas, y rimas morales*. The revenge of the Duchess, who met her death in the last act of Lope's play, is carried out by the young Duke, her son by her first marriage. Here, of course, there is no point of comparison with Webster.

Regarding Webster's use of the material adequately furnished by Painter, it is too much the fashion to glorify Webster at Painter's expense, chiefly by pointing out the immense moral superiority of Webster's heroine over the "wanton widow" portrayed by the follower of Belle-Forest. The lack of artistic power in the prose stories is of course obvious, but the Duchess is made much less unpleasant than one would gather from recent criticism. The truth is that Belle-Forest, and therefore Painter, blow both hot and cold, enforcing a moral wherever possible; sometimes blaming the Duchess for incontinence, sometimes praising her for her wisdom, sometimes pitying her for her sad fate. In this way the authors occasionally find themselves committed to both sides of the question at once, a position wholly undisturbing to the writers, so long as they are upholding the conventional morality of the epoch. The same comfortable attitude is to be marked in Beard, who chiefly blames the Duchess for not being married in church, and then has a fling at the church for being responsible for the wicked Cardinal. In short, the attitude with these writers is that of narrators who feel bound to comment on each action, and who have no

unifying notion of the moral purport of their story as a whole. It was right for Antonio to be killed, but it was a wicked act to kill him: this sufficiently indicates the pose.

Divested of the superfluous moral glossing, the story in Painter shows Antonio to be a valiant, accomplished gentleman, well-beloved by the people, the best horseman in Italy, a musician, versed in letters, comely and of good proportion; who, although independent of fortune, accepts the office of Master of the Household because of his loyalty to the house of Arragon. The Duchess had no ulterior purpose in inviting Antonio into her household, but chose him for his superlative fitness for the duties involved. Then, growing weary of her widowhood, and being wholly unwilling, through illicit pleasure, to "erre or degenerate from the royall bloud" of which she sprang, she casts about for a husband fitting her rank. But none such exists in Italy, save those "to olde of age, the rest being dead in these later Warres:" and "to mary a husband that yet is but a childe, is folly extreeme." So, after much perturbation of mind, she sends for Antonio, whom she has grown to love, and whose love for her she has surmised, and reveals her heart to him, promising "that if you thinke meete, it shalbe none other but your self whom I wil haue, and desire to take to husband and lawful spouse." In the presence of "one onely Gentlewoman," the marriage ("For to loue a man without mariage, God defend my hearte should euer think") is made. Painter is not clear as to the nature of this marriage, but makes no point against it. His sentence,

"And for the present time they passed the same in words," betrays, however, an ignorance which Webster corrects: almost certainly, the real idea here is, "They passed (solemnized) the same (the marriage) in words of present time (*per verba de presenti*).[1] This incident shows that Webster was not obliged to invent a good moral character for his heroine: his invention lies in making her a creature who breathes poetry instead of prose of a rather priggish sort. One must, however, give credit for some flashes of true feeling in the original. This sentence from Belle-Forest (it is not in Bandello), the cry of the Duchess when she is distressed at the constant espial of her brothers, might have a worthy place in Webster himself: "Ie pense que si ie descendroy aux Enfers, encor voudroient ils sçauoir si quelque ombre me feroit point amoureuse."[2] But the comments of Painter (that is to say, always, Belle-Forest) show that his determination to point a moral outweighs his wish to adorn a tale; and it is by these usually unfair comments that some readers have estimated an entirely different thing, the admirable raw material, namely, in this story from *The Palace of Pleasure*.

Minor changes in incident Webster, of course, makes. He lets Bosola counsel the feigned pilgrimage to Loretto; in Painter, the project is suggested by the "bolde Maiden." The reason for the journey, in Painter, is to hide the Duchess's pregnancy; rejoining Antonio

[1] See note on 1, ii, 183, p. 388.

[2] Painter, missing the fine shade of meaning, translates thus: "I thinke if I should descend into Hell, they would know, "whither (*sic*) any shadowe there were in loue with me."

is really a second thought; in Webster, meeting with Antonio is the main object. After Loretto, Painter lets the unhappy pair, "chasid from all places," wander over Italy in search of a refuge; Webster brings about the final parting immediately after the Loretto banishment. And again, Painter uses the Lombard Bosola as the instrument of Antonio's death, only after a "Neapolitane Capitayne" has first accepted the murderous office and has then withdrawn from it; Webster makes Bosola the only one to whom the task is intrusted.

In plot, then, Webster, uses, in the main, the incidents he finds in his original, and invents some incidents of his own, — the episode of the madmen, for instance. His real departure from Painter is in his portrayal of characters, who, under the vivifying power of genius, gain an immortality of sorrow and passion.

The White Devil was printed in 1612; but the date of composition can be fixed, at present, only through the allusions in the play. Most of the writers who have placed a date upon this drama, and upon *The Duchess of Malfy*, have ignored internal evidence. Mr. Fleay, however, notes the reference to the "sprightly Frenchman" at the "last tilting" (III, i, 73) which, taking place in 1607, would give an early limit, and leave "probably 1607–8" as the date of performance. But this is the only evidence submitted. It remains then to offer several overlooked allusions and to draw the required inference. The reminiscence from Ariosto's satires indicates[1] a date after the publication in

[1] Notes, p. 187.

1608 of Tofte's translation of the satires. The New River allusion[1] implies a time when the project was in the public mind, say after Sir Hugh Myddelton's presentation of the matter to the Court of Common Council in 1608–9. The silkworm references[2] may be associated with Verton's mulberry planting in 1609, and the Artillery Yard reference[3] suggests the revival of interest in the Honourable Company in 1610. I have noted nothing indicative of a later date than 1610. These references, while not conclusive, point, at least, to a date later than Mr. Fleay suggests, while certain relationships to *The Duchess of Malfy*, soon to be spoken of, imply a closer proximity to that play, in matter of time, than has hitherto been suggested.

The Duchess of Malfy, published in 1623, is, of course, earlier than March, 1618–19, when Burbage, who played Ferdinand, died: but only Malone, and Mr. Fleay, following him, place the play in 1612; all others suggest 1616 or 1617 without giving reasons, save that Mr. Vaughan sees in the opening lines of the play a reference to the murder of Concini.[4] The Ariosto reminiscences again,[5] and the Galileo allusion,[6] give us 1609 as the early limit. The passage in Act III, Scene v, 12–17, on dreaming of pearls, bears, as is pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, 20 Feb. 1897, a striking resemblance to the dream of Marie de Medici before the assassination of her husband, Henry IV, in 1610. The reference to the Helvetian translation,[7]

[1] Notes, p. 202. [2] Notes, p. 188. [3] Notes, p. 205.
[4] Notes, p. 385. [5] Notes, pp. 390, 397. [6] Notes, p. 393.
[7] Notes, p. 398.

implies some current interest in various versions of the Bible: the Douay version, 1609–10, and the King James version, 1611, are in point. And again, four similarities between the play and *A Monumental Columne*, 1613 [1] (orange-tree and glass-house allusions are in II, ii, 6, 14; IV, ii, 78; *Mon. Col.* 45, 233) suggest, without proving, a reasonable nearness to the time of writing of the elegy. Similarities between *A Monumental Columne* and *The White Devil*, save for the glass-house reference, do not appear.

A few stray resemblances like the above may occur by accident, but between *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy* there are so many parallelisms that the theory of a close relationship in time naturally appears. These parallelisms are in mood more than in expression, and consequently must be read in context, or their bearing will not be obvious. The verbal likeness is purely incidental. The following points in common may be noted: —

"Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing sents . . ." *W. D.* I, i, 47.
"Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being bruiz'd."
D. M. III, v, 73.

"Which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this seaven yeares." *W. D.* I, ii, 154.
"Hell is a meere glasse-house . . . and the fire never goes out."
D. M. IV, ii, 78.

"That I may beare my beard out of the levell
Of my lords stirop." *W. D.* I, ii, 338.
". . . Could have wish'd
His durty stirrop rivited through their noses . . ."
D. M. III, ii, 233.

[1] Notes, pp. 387, 388.

"... 'Sdeath, I shall not shortly
Rackit away five hundreth crownes at tenis ..."
W. D. II, i, 180.

"... He's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crownes at tennis ..."
D. M. I, i, 172.

"I would whip some with scorpions." *W. D.* II, i, 243.
I'll finde scorpions to string my whips ..." *D. M.* II, v, 78.

"Trew, but the cardinals too bitter." *W. D.* III, ii, 107.
"Yet the cardinall
Beares himselfe much too cruell." *D. M.* III, iv, 25.

"Go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone like mee."
W. D. IV, iii, 46.
"Goe, go brag
You have left me heartlesse ..." *D. M.* I, ii, 155.

"Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I have bin." *W. D.* IV, iii, 118.
"There are rewards for hawkes, and dogges ... but
for a souldier ..." *D. M.* I, i, 65.

"Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright,"
But lookt to neare, have neither heat nor light."
W. D. V, i, 43.
Verbatim in D. M. IV, ii, 150.

"'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his own chronicle."
W. D. V, i, 102.
"You
Are your owne chronicle too much ..." *D. M.* III, i, 86.

"Are you cholericke?
I'le purg't with rubarbe." *W. D.* V, i, 222.
"Rubarbe, oh, for rubarbe
To purge this choller!" *D. M.* II, v, 12.

"'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin;
I have heard griefe nam'd the eldest child of sinne."
W. D. v, iv, 26.

"I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin." *D. M.* v, v, 62.

"Mee thinkes feare should dissolve thee into ayre."
W. D. v, vi, 223.

"Yet, me thinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrifie you."
D. M. iv, ii, 218.

These passages, which by no means exhaust the similarities, — there are similar methods of expression, drafts upon the same sources, especially Ariosto, similar points of view, — tend to show that the particular mood of composition passed over from *The White Devil* to *The Duchesss of Malfy* at no great interval of time. In other words, these two tragedies have a distinctive manner among Webster's plays, and hence must be the product of the same intellectual period. I am aware that I am dealing with elusive data here, but repeated readings of the plays strengthen the impression just indicated.

Whether or not *The White Devil* preceded *The Duchess of Malfy* is a question which, I think, has never been raised, the priority of the first-named play by from five years to a decade being always assumed. Yet the assumption, on the part of those who assert the longer period, rests on nothing whatever; and Malone and Mr. Fleay, who make use of the only available evidence, use it only to date the performance of *The Duchess of Malfy*, and do not try to show that its

composition, too, followed that of the other play. The fact is that it is only a presumption (a strong one, however) that *The White Devil* has the priority. This play, as we see from its preface, was not received in a manner satisfactory to Webster, who would naturally wish then to offer it to the fairer judgment of readers when a propitious moment came. The successful presentation (inferable from the tone of the dedication) of *The Duchess of Malfy* would give precisely the opportunity. To state it differently, the fairly good reason for regarding *circa* 1612 as the date of the performance of *The Duchess of Malfy* — because *The White Devil* was printed then — carries with it the reason for thinking *The Duchess of Malfy* the later play.

Gathering up the evidence, we find these to be our certainties: *The White Devil* was written between 1607 and 1612; *The Duchess of Malfy* between 1609 and 1618–19; and there is nothing that requires for the former a date after 1610, or for the latter a date after 1612. The presumption seems strong that the two plays are near together in point of time, that *The Duchess of Malfy* is the later play, that it is not far in time from *A Monumental Columne* (1613). I infer, accordingly, that *The White Devil* was finished in 1610, and *The Duchess of Malfy* in 1611.

Martin W. Sampson.

The White Devil

THE TEXT

The following text is that of the British Museum copy of the first quarto, 1612 (A), collated with the quartos of 1631 (B), 1665 (C), 1672 (D), and with all succeeding editions. ABCD are referred to collectively as Qq. Punctuation and capitalization have been modernized, but all other departures from A have been bracketed, save that meaningless misprints like *bnt* for *but*, *vnd* for *and*, *inseucibly* for *insencibly*, *my-night cap* for *my night-cap*, have been silently corrected. When the punctuation here used changes in the slightest degree the sense of A, the original punctuation is given in a footnote. Bracketed corrections are to be credited to the edition following the one in which the error last occurs: a bracketed addition without footnote means that the part within brackets is supplied by B; if the old reading is specified as being in AB or ABC, then the correction is supplied from C or D, respectively: emendations not supplied from Qq are credited to the editor proposing them. Variants from every edition after A are recorded if they affect the meaning, but the incessant variation in spelling that appears in BCD is passed over as lacking significance. Stage directions unbracketed or in parenthesis are from A; all others are bracketed, and are credited when not obvious. Line rearrangements are always noted, and are credited unless obvious. The present division of acts and scenes is the editor's, and usually agrees with Mr. Greg's division. The footnotes record the act and scene division of all the editions.

THE WHITE DIVEL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano Vrſini*, Duke of *Brachiano*,

With

The Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Curtizan.

Acted by the Queenes Maieſties Servants.

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora ſecutus.

LONDON,
Printed by *N.O.* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1612.

SOURCES

The story of Vittoria Accoramboni, murdered in 1585, is historical, but no printed original used by Webster has been found. Some variations in the play may be due to dramatic exigencies, but certain errors in detail (*cf.* Introduction) indicate that the dramatist had not access to first-hand information. The wealth of actual material in Webster's possession, however, is easily explained by the fact that the case was a celebrated one, arousing much partisan feeling, and returned travellers could not have failed to tell about it.

Two contemporary accounts are known: a Brescia tract of 1586, *Il miserabile e compassionevole caso della morte dell' illustrissima Signora Vittoria Accoramboni*, and Cesare Campana's brief notice of the story in his *Historie del Mondo . . . dall' anno 1580 fino al 1596* (Venice, 1596). The latter (occupying but a page or two) is too brief to have served as original; and the former indicates in its title a point of view not Webster's. Brendola's *Sonetto, et Canzone, fatti nella morte dell' illustriss. Sign. Vittoria Corambona* (Brescia, 1586) contains nothing that Webster used. For later versions of the story, *cf.* Bibliography.

TO THE READER

In publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to my selfe that liberty which other men have tane before mee. Not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil*; onely, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and blacke a theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that since that time I have noted, most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers shoppes, their use is not to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes — I present it to the generall veiw with this confidence:

Nec rhoncos metues maligniorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true drammaticke poem, I shall easily confesse it; *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi.* Willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted: for should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critticall lawes, as heighth of stile, and gravety of person, inrich it with the sententious *Chorus*, and as it were life'n death in the passionate and waighty *Nuntius*; yet after all this divine rapture,

4 *so dull . . . presented in.* Omitted in BCD.
5 *blacke.* Steevens queries, blank; Malone, bleak.
22 *life'n.* CD, enliven; Dyce, liven; Hazlitt, lifen.

O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude, is able to poison it; and ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scœne, this of *Horace*,

—*Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.*

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confesse I do not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needes make it my fault, I must answere them with that of *Eurypides* to *Alcestides*, a tragicke writer. *Alcestides* objecting that *Eurypides* had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas himselfe had written three hundreth, — Thou telst truth (quoth he), but heres the difference: thine shall onely bee read for three daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: for mine owne part I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy labours; especially of that full and haightned stile of Maister *Chapman*, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister *Johnson*, the no lesse worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Maister *Beamont*, & Maister *Fletcher*, and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. *Shake-speare*, M. *Decker*, & M. *Heywood*; wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of *Martiall*:

— *non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

43 *Johnson.* B, Ionson.
45 *Beamont.* So the Qq.

[IN MENTEM AUTHORIS

Scire velis quid sit mulier? quo percitet æstro?
En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.

J. WILSON.]

In Mentem, etc. These verses appear after Dramatis Personæ in C; as here in D; not in AB; signed in C: *J. W.*

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MONTICELSO, a Cardinal, afterwards Pope PAUL THE FOURTH.

FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, Duke of Florence: in the fifth act disguis'd for a Moor, under the name of MULINASSAR.

BRACHIANO, otherwise PAULO GIORDANO URSINI, Duke of Brachiano, Husband to ISABELLA, and in love with VITTORIA.

GIOVANNI, his Son by ISABELLA.

COUNT LODOVICO, an Italian Count, but decay'd.

ANTONELLI, GASPARO, } his Friends, and Dependants of the Duke of Florence.

CAMILLO, Husband to VITTORIA, and Nephew to MONTICELSO.

MARCELLO, an Attendant of the Duke of Florence, and Brother to VITTORIA.

FLAMINEO, his Brother, Secretary to BRACHIANO.

HORTENSIO, one of BRACHIANO'S Officers.

English Ambassador.

Savoyan Ambassador.

ARRAGON, a Cardinal.

JULIO, a Doctor.

CHRISTOPHERO, his Assistant.

JAQUES, a Moor, Servant to GIOVANNI.

Conjurer, Lawyer, Armorer, Page, Courtier, a Young Lord, Ambassadors, Courtiers, Physicians, Officers, Attendants, &c.

ISABELLA, Sister to FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, and Wife to BRACHIANO.

VITTORIA COROMBONA, a Venetian Lady, first marry'd to CAMILLO, afterwards to BRACHIANO.

CORNELIA, Mother to VITTORIA, FLAMINEO and MARCELLO.

ZANCHE, a Moor, Servant to VITTORIA.

Matron of the House of Convertites.

THE SCENE, ITALY, 1581–1585.]

Dramatis personæ not in AB. CD contain a list of 'The Persons,' which omits a few minor characters and the date. The wording only of CD is here followed.

Monticelso, Paul the Fourth. Webster's errors for Montalto and Sixtus V.

Francisco . . disguis'd. Francisco's disguise is by CD assumed in Act IV.

Venetian Lady. Vittoria was not Venetian.

The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria Corombona

[Act I, Scene i.]

[*Rome. A Street.*]

Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

Lodovico. Banisht?

Antonelli. It greev'd me much to heare the sentence.

Lod. Ha, ha! O Democritus, thy gods
That governe the whole world,—courtly reward
And punishment! Fortun's a right whore:
If she give ought, she deales it in smal percels,
That she may take away all at one swope.
This tis to have great enemies, — God quite them!
Your woolfe no longer seemes to be a woolfe

Act I. AB are not divided into acts or scenes; C is partly divided into acts; D is divided into acts and scenes.

3–4 Printed as prose in AB, owing to shortening of line-space by large initial in *Banisht*. 7 *quite*. BCD, quit.

Then when shees hungry.
Gasparo. You terme those enemies
Are men of princely ranke.
Lod. Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it.
Ant. Come, my lord,
You are justly dom'd; looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you have in three yeares
Ruin'd the noblest earldome.
Gasp. Your followers
Have swallowed you like mummia, and being sicke
With such unnaturall and horrid phisicke,
Vomit you up ith kennell.
Ant. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you staggerd through; one cittizen
Is lord of two faire manors cald you master,
Only for caviare.
Gasp. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherin the phœnix scarce could scape your throtes,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeminge you

10 *ranke.* B, ranke?
12 *pasht.* CD, dasht.
13 *dom'd.* B, doom'd.
19 *have you staggerd.* A, have you, you staggerd.

An idle meteor, which, drawne forth the earth,
Would bee soone lost ith aire.
Ant. Jeast upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such faire lordships.
Lod. Very good.
This well goes with two buckets: I must tend
The powring out of eather.
Gasp. Worse then these;
You have acted certaine murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror.
Lod. Las, they were flea-bytinges.
Why tooke they not my head then?
Gasp. O my lord,
The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good
Not ever to steepe violent sinnes in blood.
This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.
Lod. So; but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment: ther's Paulo Giordano Orsini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona,—
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kisse to the duke.
Ant. Have a full man within you.

39 *Orsini*. B, Ursini.

Wee see that trees beare no such pleasant fruite
There where they grew first, as where the[y] are new set.
Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing sents; and so affliction
Expresseth vertue fully, whether trew,
Or ells adulterate.
Lod. Leave your painted comforts:
Ile make Italian cut-works in their guts,
If ever I returne.
Gasp. O sir!
Lod. I am patient.
I have seene some ready to be executed
Give pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar [them,
With the knave hangman: so do I, I thanke
And would account them nobly mercifull,
Would they dispatch me quicklie.
Ant. Fare you well:
Wee shall find time, I doubt not, to repeale
Your banishment.
Lod. I am ever bound to you:

45 *such.* Dyce notes that some copies of A have *sweet* for *such.* Brit. Museum A has *such.* 54 *growne.* Query: growe. 59 *Enter Senate* (*i. e. Sennet*) follows this line in Qq. Dyce placed the direction at beginning of next scene. The text contains several of these premature directions, and thus would seem to have been set up from a prompt copy.

This is the worlds almes; pray make use of it.
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces,
When first they have shorne them bare and
sold their fleeces. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii.]

[Rome. A Room in Camillo's House.]

[Sennet.] Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria Corombona, [and Attendants.]

Brachiano. Your best of rest!
Vittoria. Unto my lord the duke,
The best of wellcome! More lights,—attend
the duke. [*Exeunt Camillo and Vittoria.*]
Brach. Flamineo.
Flamineo. My lord.
Brach. Quite lost, Flamineo!
Flam. Pursew your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service, O my lord!
The faire Vittoria, my happy sister,
Shall give you present audience. Gentlemen,
Whisper.
Let the caroach go on; and tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches and depart.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Brach. Are wee so happy?
Flam. Can't be otherwise?

Camillo's house. Camillo's Garden, Symonds.

Observ'd you not to night, my honor'd lord,
Which way so ere you went, shee threw her eyes?
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the More, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Brach. Wee are happie above thought, because 'bove merrit.

Flam. 'Bove merrit! wee may now talke freely: 'bove merrit! what ist you doubt? her coynesse? thats but the superficies of lust most women have; yet why should ladyes blush to heare that nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are polliticke; they know our desire is increas'd by the difficultie of injoying; where a satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsie passion. If the buttery hatch at court stood continually open, their would be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beverage.

Brach. O but her jealous husband!

Flam. Hang him! a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with quicke-silver is not more could in the liver. The great barriers moulted not more feathers then he hath shed haires, by the confession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe naked, and then

24 *where a.* Dyce, whereas.

wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more venterous. So un-able to please a woman, that like a Dutch doublet, all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord:
Some tricke now must be thought on to devide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow.

Brach. O should she faile to come!

Flam. I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous. I my selfe have loved a lady and peursued her with a great deale of under-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that have enjoyed would with all their harts have bin glad to have bin rid of. Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire and are in a consumption for feare they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord. [*Exit Brachiano.*]

Enter Camillo.

See, here he comes. This fellow by his apparell
Some men would judge a pollititian;
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Merely an asse in's foot cloath. How now, brother?
What, travailing to bed to your kind wife?

57 *find it.* D, find him.
58 *How . . . brother?* Begins following line in Qq.

Camillo. I assure you, brother, no; my voyage lyes
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime;
I do not well remember, I protest,
When I last lay with her.
Flam. Strange you should loose your count.
Cam. Wee never lay together, but eare morning
Their grew a flaw betweene us.
Flam. T'had byn your part
To have made up that flaw.
Cam. Trew, but shee loathes
I should be seene in't.
Flam. Why sir, what's the matter?
Cam. The duke your maister visits me, I thanke him,
And I perceave how, like an earnest bowler,
Hee very passionatelie leanes that way
He should have his boule runne.
Flam. I hope you do not thinke—
Cam. That noble men boule bootie? faith, his cheeke
Hath a most excellent bias; it would faine
Jumpe with my mistris.

62–63 *I do . . her.* One line in Qq. 65 *T'had.* CD, 'Thad.
66–67 *Trew . . in't.* One line in Qq.
71 *should.* CD, would.
72 *cheeke.* Query: chique or check. *Cf.* last note, p. 186.
74 *Jumpe . . . mistris.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Flam. Will you be an asse,
Despight you[r] Aristotle, or a cocould
Contrary to your Ephemerides
Which shewes you under what a smiling planet
You were first swadled?
Cam. Pew wew, sir, tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides:
A man may be made cocould in the day time
When the stars eyes are out.
Flam. Sir, God boy you;
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow
Stuft with horne-shavings.
Cam. Brother—
Flam. God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your onlie course
Weare to locke up your wife.
Cam. T'weare very good.
Flam. Bar her the sight of revels.
Cam. Excellent.
Flam. Let her not go to church, but like a hounde
In [leam] at your heeles.
Cam. Tweare for her honour.
Flam. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,

75 *your.* AB, you.
80 *made.* Dyce, Vaughan, erroneously: made a.
81 *boy.* D, bu'y; Dyce, b'wi'.
88 *leam.* Qq, Leon; Steevens, leam; Dyce, lyam.

Despight her chastity or innocence,
To bee cocoulded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.

Cam. Come, you know not where my night-cap wringes mee.

Flam. Weare it ath' old fashion; let your large eares come through, it will be more easy: —nay, I will be bitter,—barre your wife of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more gloriouslie chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It seemes you would be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcombe; take the height of your owne hornes with a Jacobs staffe afore they are up. These polliticke inclosures for paltry mutton makes more rebellion in the flesh then all the provocative electuaries doctors have uttered sence last jubilee.

Cam. This doth not phisicke me.

Flam. It seemes you are jealous: Ile shew you the error of it by a familiar example. I have seene a paire of spectacles fashiond with such perspective art, that lay downe but one twelve pence ath' bord, twill appeare as if there were twenty; now, should you weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shooe, you would imagine twenty hands were

103 *makes.* D, make.

taking up of your wives clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury.

Cam. The fault there, sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Flam. True, but they that have the yellow jaundeise thinke all objects they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worser; her fits present to a man, like so many bubles in a bason of water, twenty severall crabbed faces; many times makes his owne shadow his cocould-maker. [*Enter Vittoria.*] See, she comes. What reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or ivorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis liker the blacke birds feather! This is all: be wise, I will make you freinds, and you shall go to bed together. Marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking; do you stand upon that by any meanes; walk you a loofe; I would not have you seene in't. [*Camillo retires.*] Sister—(my lord attends you in the banquetting house), your husband is wondrous discontented.

122 *worser.* BCD, worse.

126 *See* is preceded by a * in Qq, to indicate an entrance. A gives in margin (clipped by binder): er Corom-; D has, Enter Vit. A similar * occurs after *wisdome*, p. 143, l. 74.

Vit. I did nothing to displease him; I carved to him at supper-time.

Flam. You need not have carved him infaith. (They say he is a capon already.—I must now seemingly fall out with you.) Shall a gentleman so well descended as Camillo,—(a lousy slave that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes)—

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Flam. An excellent scholler (one that hath a head fild with calves braynes without any sage in them)—come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging? (that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this seaven yeares.) Is hee not a courtly gentleman? (When he weares white sattin, one would take him by his blacke mussel to be no other creature then a maggot.) You are a goodly foile, I confesse, well set out —(but coverd with a false stone, yon conterfaite dyamond).

Cam. He will make her know what is in mee.

142 *You need, etc.* Flamineo's speeches in this dialogue are full of asides to Vittoria.

158 *mussel.* D, muzzle.

160 *yon.* BD, you. Dyce notes that some copies of A have: cover . . . your. The reading of B.M. copy of A, here given, is certainly correct.

Flam. Come, my lord attends you—(thou shalt go to bed to my lord)—

Cam. Now he comes to't.

Flam. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine. (I am opening your case hard.)

Cam. A vertuous brother, a my credit.

Flam. He will give thee a ringe with a philosophers stone in it.

Cam. Indeede I am studying alcumye.

Flam. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuft with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed lynnen like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him; tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to inevitable necessitie.

Vit. [*aside.*] How shals rid him hence?

Flam. I will put brees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie. [*To Camillo.*] I have almost wrought her to it, I find her comming; but might I advise you now, for this night I would not lye with her; I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

169 *a my.* BCD, on my.
182 *brees.* Dyce, [the] breese.

Flam. It will shew in you a supremacie of judgement.

Cam. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for *quæ negata grata*.

Flam. Right: you are the adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of[f].

Cam. A philosophicall reason.

Flam. Walke by her a' the noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the progresse.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say incited—

Vit. To do what, sir?

Cam. To lye with you to night. Your silke-worme useth to fast every third day, and the next following spinnes the better. To morrow at night I am for you.

Vit. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

Flam. But do you heare, I shall have you steale to her chamber about midnight.

Cam. Do you thinke so? why looke you, brother, because you shall not thinke Ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flam. Introth I will. Ile be your jaylor once. But have you nere a false dore?

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian. Tell

194 *off.* AB, of. 212 *say.* Mr. Daniel suggests: so.

mee to morrow how scurvelie shee takes my unkind parting.

Flam. I will.

Cam. Didst thou not [mark] the jeast of the silke-worme? Good night: in faith I will use this tricke often.

Flam. Do, do, do. So now you are safe. Ha ha ha! thou intanglest thyselfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme. *Exit Camillo.* Come sister; darkenesse hides your blush. Women are like curst dogges: civilitie keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight; then they do most good or most mischeefe. My lord, my lord!

Enter Brachiano. Zanche brings out a carpet, spreads it and layes on it two faire cushions.

Brachiano. Give credit: I could wish time would stand still,
And never end this entervew, this hower;
But all delight doth it selfe soon'st devour.

Enter Cornelia [*listening.*]

Let me into your bosome, happy ladie,
Powre out, in stead of eloquence, my vowes.

219 *mark.* ABC, make.

224 *silke-worme.* Brachiano's entrance comes here in ABC. D here marks Act. I. Scen. 3., and places Brachiano's entrance as here given.

226 *civilitie.* BCD, cruelty.

Enter Cornelia, etc. Listening is added in MS in A.

Loose me not, madam, for if you forego me,
I am lost eternallie.
Vit. Sir, in the way of pittie
I wish you hart-hole.
Brach. You are a sweet phisition.
Vit. Sure, sir, a loathed crueltie in ladyes
Is as to doctors many funeralls:
It takes away their credit.
Brach. Excellent creature!
Wee call the cruell fayre; what name for you
That are so mercifull?
Zanche. See now they close.
Flam. Most happie union.
Cornelia. My feares are falne upon me: oh my heart!
My sonne the pandar! now I find our house
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leave behind,
Where they have tyrannised, iron, lead, or stone:
But woe to ruine, violent lust leaves none!
Brach. What valew is this jewell?
Vit. Tis the ornament
Of a weake fortune.
Brach. In sooth Ile have it; nay, I will but change
My jewell for your jewell.

236 *I . . . . eternallie.* Ends preceding line in Qq.
236–237 *Sir . . . hart-hole.* One line in Qq.
239–240 *Is . . . credit.* One line in Qq.
247 *lead.* A, or lead.

Flam. Excellent,—
His jewell for her jewell,—well put in, duke.
Brach. Nay, let me see you weare it.
Vit. Heare, sir.
Brach. Nay, lower, you shall weare my jewell lower.
Flam. That's better, she must weare his jewell lower.
Vit. To passe away the time, Ile tell your grace
A dreame I had last night.
Brach. Most wishedly.
Vit. A foolish idle dreame:
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night
Into a church-yard, where a goodly Eu tree
Spred her large roote in ground. Under that Eu,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,
Checkered with crosse-sticks, their came stealing in
Your dutchesse and my husband; one of them
A picax bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,
About this Eu.
Brach. That tree?
Vit. This harmelesse Eu.
They told me my entent was to root up
That well-growne Eu, and plant i'th steed of it

261 *Eu.* BCD, Ewe, as throughout the narrative.

A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive. My husband straight
With picax gan to dig, and your fell dutchesse
With shovell, like a fury, voyded out
The earth, & scattered bones. Lord, how me thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.
Flam. No, the divell was in your dreame.
Vit. When to my rescue there arose, me thought,
A whirlewind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant,
And both were strucke dead by that sacred Eu
In that base shallow grave that was their due.
Flam. Excellent divell! Shee hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his dutchesse and her husband.
Brach. Sweetly shall I enterpret this your dreame:
You are lodged within his armes who shall protect you,
From all the feavers of a jealous husband,
From the poore envy of our flegmaticke dutchesse:
I'le seate you above law and above scandall,

283 *Shee . . . dreame.* Separate line in Qq.
286 *lodged.* B, lodgd.

Give to your thoughts the invention of delight
And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer then a care
To keepe you great: you shall to me at once
Be dukedome, health, wife, children, friends and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still forerun our fall!

Flam. What fury rais'd thee up? Away, away! *Exit Zanche.*

Cor. What make you heare, my lord, this dead of night?
Never dropt meldew on a flower here tell now.

Flam. I pray will you go to bed then,
Least you be blasted?

Cor. O that this faire garden,
Had all [with] poysoned hearbes of Thessaly
At first bene planted; made a nursery
For witch-craft; rather [then] a buriall plot
For both your honours.

Vit. Dearest mother, heare me.

Cor. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature! See the curse of children,—
In life they keepe us frequently in teares,
And in the cold grave leaves us in pale feares.

298 *tell.* B, till. 301 *with.* MS note in A.
303 *then.* Omitted in AB. 308 *leaves.* D, leave.

Brach. Come, come, I will not heare you.
Vit. Deere my lord—
Cor. Where is thy dutchesse now, adulterous duke?
Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to Rome.
Flam. How? come to Rome?
Vit. The dutchesse?
Brach. She had bene better—
Cor. The lives of princes should like dyals move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.
Flam. So, have you done?
Cor. Unfortunate Camillo!
Vit. I do protest, if any chast deniall,
If anything but bloud could have alayed
His long suite to me—
Cor. I will joyne with thee,
To the most wofull end ere mother kneel'd:
If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares
In great mens.
Brach. Fye, fye, the womans mad.
Cor. Bee thy act Judas-like, betray in kissing:
Maiest thou be envied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after his death!

323 *mens.* Dyce, men's— 326 *his.* A, this.

Vit. O me accurst! *Exit Victoria.*

Flam. Are you out of your wits, my lord?
Ile fetch her backe againe.

Brach. No, I'le to bed:
Send Doctor Julio to me presently.
Uncharitable woman, thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme:
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme!
Exit Brachiano.

Flam. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night, thinke you,
To send a duke home without ere a man?
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you have whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the levell
Of my lords stirop.

Cor. What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vitious?

Flam. Pray, what meanes have you
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallowes?
My father prov'd himselfe a gentleman,
Sold al's lands, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
At Padua, I confesse, where, I protest,

337 *whoorded.* Dyce, hoarded.

For want of meanes, the university judge me,
I have bene faine to heele my tutors stockings
At least seven yeares: conspiring with a beard
Made me a graduate; then to this dukes service.
I visited the court, whence I return'd
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer: and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
I'le arme and fortefie with lusty wine
'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne're had borne thee.

Flam. So would I.
I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
Had bene my mother rather then thy selfe.
Nature is very pitt[i]full to whoores,
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers: they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complaine unto my great lord cardinall:
Yet may be he will justifie the act.
Lycurgus wondred much men would provide
Good stalions for their mares, and yet would suffer
Their faire wives to be barren.

351 *courteous.* courteous &, MS correction in A.
366 *yet may.* BCD, It may.

Cor. Misery of miseries! *Exit Cornelia.*
Flam. The dutchesse come to court? I like not that.
Wee are ingag'd to mischiefe and must on.
As rivers to finde out the ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,
Or, as wee see, to aspire some mountaines top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The suttle fouldings of a winters snake;
So who knowes policy and her true aspect,
Shall finde her waies winding and indirect.
Exit.

377 *winters.* BC, winter.

[Act II, Scene i.]

[*Rome. A Room in Francisco's Palace.*]

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello, Isabella, young Giovanni, with little Jaques the Moore.

Francisco. Have you not seene your husband since you arived?

Isabella. Not yet sir.

Fran. Surely he is wondrous kind.
If I had [such a] dove-house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy
The pole-cats that haunt to't.—My sweet cossin!

Giovanni. Lord unkle, you did promise mee a horse
And armour.

Fran. That I did, my pretty cossin.
Marcello, see it fitted.

Marcello. My lord, the duke is here.

Fran. Sister, away!
You must not yet bee seene.

Isab. I do beseech you
Intreate him mildely; let not your rough tongue

2 *wondrous.* BCD, wonderfull. 3 *such a.* A, a such.
8 *lord.* In A there is no pause after this word.
10–11 *I . . . mildely.* Forms one line in Qq.

Set us at louder variance; all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt,
As men to try the precious unicornes horne
Make of the powder a preservative circle
And in it put a spider, so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying,
And keepe him chast from an infected straying.
Fran. I wish it may. Be gone. Void the chamber:

[*Exeunt Isabella, Giovanni and Jaques.*]

Enter Brachiano and Flamineo.

You are welcome; will you sit? I pray, my lord,
Bee you my orator, my hearts too full;
I'le second you anon.
Monticelso. E're I beginne,
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.
Brachiano. As silent as i'th church you may proceed.
Mont. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you have as 'twere entred the world
With a free scepter in your able hand,
And have to th' use of nature well applyed

Exeunt, etc. ABC have merely: Exit. The directions in Qq precede *Void.*

25 *church.* D places a comma after *church*; Dyce, a colon.

27 *have.* BCD, Dyce, having.

29 *have.* Dyce omits *have* rather than change to having, which the BCD reading adopted by him requires.

High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. Oh my lord,
The drunkard after all his lavish cuppes
Is dry, and then is sober; so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dreame,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Plac't in the adders tayle. Wretched are princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unweldy crownes; or ravesheth
But one pearle from their scepter[s]: but alas!
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good fame,
All princely titles perish with their name.

Brach. You have said, my lord.

Mont. Inough to give you tast
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

Brach. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about:
Your game flies faire and for you.

Fran. Do not feare it:
I'le answere you in your owne hawking phrase.
Some eagles that should gaze upon the sunne
Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease,
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can ceaze:
You know Vittoria?

41 *loose.* Dyce, lose.

Brach. Yes.
Fran. You shift your shirt there
When you retire from tennis?
Brach. Happely.
Fran. Her husband is [the] lord of a poore fortune,
Yet she wears cloth of tissue.
Brach. What of this?
Will you urge that, my good lord cardinall,
As part of her confession at next shrift,
And know from whence it sailes?
Fran. She is your strumpet.
Brach. Uncivill sir, ther's hemlocke in thy breath,
And that blacke slander. Were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her.
Fran. Let's not talke on thunder.
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gave thee
But one!

54 *the.* A MS note in A inserts *the* before *Lord*, doubtless correctly. 63 *talke on.* D, talk of.

Brach. Thou hadst given a soule to God then.
Fran. True:
Thy ghostly father, with al's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee.
Brach. Spit thy poyson.
Fran. I shall not need; lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her own girdle. Looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.
Brach. Thunder? infaith,
They are but crackers.
Fran. Wee'le end this with the cannon.
Brach. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrels.
Fran. Better that,
Then change perfumes for plaisters.
Brach. Pitty on thee!
'Twere good you'ld shew your slaves or men condemn'd
Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le meete thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.
Mont. My lords, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit.

78 *Your . . . defiance.* Dyce reads *forehead-defiance*, and queries plum'd for *plow'd*.
80 *lords.* BCD, lord.

Fran. Willingly.
Brach. Have you proclaimed a triumph, that you baite
A lyon thus?
Mont. My lord!
Brach. I am tame, I am tame, sir.
Fran. We send unto the duke for conference
Bout leavyes 'gainst the pyrates; my lord duke
Is not at home; we come our selfe in person;
Still my lord duke is busied: but we feare
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discovers flockes of wilde-duckes; then, my lord,—
'Bout moulting time, I meane,—wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough and speake with you.
Brach. Ha!
Fran. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle.
But to expresse the sonnet by naturall reason,
Enter Giovanni.
When stagges grow melancholike, you'le finde the season.
Mont. No more, my lord, heare comes a champion

83 *A* ends preceding line in AB; in C the line ends in *Lion*; in D in *thus*. 88 *proling*. Dyce, prowling.

Shall end the difference betweene you both,
Your sonne the Prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him: this is a casket
For both your crowns, & should be held like deere.
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know
It is a more direct and even way
To traine to vertue those of princely bloud,
By examples then by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Then his owne father? be his patterne, then;
Leave him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.
Brach. Your hand, boy; growing to [a] souldier?
Giovanni. Give me a pike.
Fran. What, practising your pike so yong, faire cous?
Giov. Suppose me one of Homers frogges, my lord,
Tossing my bul-rush thus: pray sir, tell mee
Might not a child of good descretion
Be leader to an army?
Fran. Yes, cousin, a yong prince
Of good descretion might.
Giov. Say you so?
Indeed I have heard 'tis fit a generall

108 *a*. Omitted in A, perhaps correctly.

Should not endanger his owne person oft;
So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horse-
backe,
Like a danske drummer, O 'tis excellent!—
Hee need not fight;—me thinkes his horse as
well
Might lead an army for him. If I live,
I'le charge the French foe, in the very front
Of all my troupes, the formost man.
Fran. What, what!
Giov. And will not bid my souldiers up and
follow,
But bid them follow me.
Brach. Forward lap-wing!
He flies with the shell on's head.
Fran. Pretty cousin!
Giov. The first yeare, unkle, that I go to
warre,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransome.
Fran. Ha, without thier ransome!
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you?
Giov. Thus, my lord:
I'le marry them to all the wealthy widowes
That fals that yeare.

118 *danske.* C, Dantzicke.
124 *Forward.* MS suggestion in A: A forward; Dyce, Forward, lapwing. 132 *fals.* D, fall.

Fran. Why then, the next yeare following
You'le have no men to go with you to warre.
Giov. Why then, I'le presse the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.
Mont. Witty prince!
Fran. See, a good habite makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.
Come, you and I are friends.
Brach. Most wishedly;
Like bones which, broke in sunder and well set,
Knit the more strongly.
Fran. Call [Isabella] hither. [*Exit Servant.*]
You have received the rumor, how Count Lodowicke
Is turn'd a pyrate?
Brach. Yes.
Fran. We are now preparing
Some shippes to fetch him in. Behold your dutchesse.
Wee now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind intreaty.

139 *broke.* D, broken.
140 *Call Isabella.* ABC, Call Camillo.
Exit Servant. Dyce, Exit Marcello.

Brach. You have charm'd mee.

Exeunt Fr[ancisco,] Mon[tiscelso,] Giov[anni, Marcello and Flamineo.]

[*Enter Isabella.*]

You are in health, we see.

Isabella. And above health,
To see my lord well.

Brach. So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlewind hurryed you to Rome?

Isab. Devotion, my lord.

Brach. Devotion?
Is your soule charg'd with any grievous sinne?

Isab. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke
The oftner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleepes will be the sounder.

Brach. Take your chamber.

Isab. Nay, my deere lord, I will not have you angry;
Doth not my absence from you [these] two moneths,
Merit one kisse?

Brach. I do not use to kisse:
If that will dispossesse your jealousy,
I'le sweare it to you.

147 *So I.* D, So, I; Dyce, So. I.
155 *these* is suggested in MS in A. CD, now.

Isab. O my loved lord,
I do not come to chide; my jealousy!
I [am] to learne what that Italian meanes.
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a virgine.
Brach. O your breath!
Out upon sweete meates, and continued phys-
icke.
The plague is in them!
Isab. You have oft for these two lippes
Neglected cassia or the naturall sweetes
Of the spring-violet; they are not yet much
whithered.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frownes
Shew in a helmet lovely, but on me,
In such a peacefull enterveiw, me thinkes
They are to[o] too roughly knit.
Brach. O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you
learn't
The trick of impudent basenes, to complaine
Unto your kindred?
Isab. Never, my deere lord.
Brach. Must I be haunted out, or wast your
trick
To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?

160 *I am.* A, I come. 174 *haunted.* D, hunted.

Isab. I pray, sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turne to your antient pitty, though not love.
Brach. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke, 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Rackit away five hundreth crownes at tenis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorne him
Like a shav'd Pollake; all his reverent wit
Lies in his wardrope; hee's a discret fellow
When hee's made up in his roabes of state.
Your brother the great duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soule!)
First made this match. Accursed be the priest
That sang the wedding masse, and even my issue!
Isab. O to[o] too far you have curst!
Brach. Your hand I'le kisse:
This is the latest ceremony of my love;
Hence-forth I'le never lye with thee, — by this,
This wedding-ring, I'le ne're more lye with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truely kept
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well,
Our sleeps are sever'd.

181 *hundreth.* B, hundred.

Isab. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessed! why the saints in heaven
Will knit their browes at that.
Brach. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeleever; this my vow
Shall never, on my soule, bee satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed.
Isab. O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly. Deere my lord,
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
Never.
Brach. Never.
Isab. O my unkind lord, may your sins find mercy,
As I upon a woefull widowed bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you'le fix them upon heaven.
Brach. No more; go, go, complaine to the great duke.
Isab. No my deere lord, you shall have present witnesse
How I'le worke peace betweene you. I will make

207 *Never. Never.* So D; ABC, Never. Never? Dyce, Never? Never.

My selfe the author of your cursed vow:
I have some cause to do it, you have none;
Conceale it, I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
Of such a separation; let the fault
Remaine with my supposed jealousy,
And thinke with what a pitteous and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello.

Brach. Well, take your course. My honourable brother.

Francisco. Sister! this is not well, my lord; why sister!
She merits not this welcome.

Brach. Welcome, say?
Shee hath given a sharpe welcome.

Fran. Are you foolish?
Come dry your teares; is this a modest course,
To better what is nought, to raile and weepe?
Grow to a reconcilement, or, by heaven,
I'le nere more deale betweene you.

Isab. Sir, you shall not;

Enter Francisco, etc. Qq add, Camillo. D marks Act. 2. Scen. 2.
224 *course. My.* ABC have no punctuation between these words.
227 *given.* MS note in A, given me.
228 *course.* A puts a period, BCD an interrogation after this.

No, though Vittoria upon that condition
Would become honest.
Fran. Was your husband loud
Since we departed?
Isab. By my life, sir, no;
I sweare by that I do not care to loose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty
Laid out for a whores triumph?
Fran. Do you heare:
Looke upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, [and] with what justice
They study to requite them; take that course.
Isab. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes!
I would whip some with scorpions.
Fran. What? turn'd fury?
Isab. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like Mummia, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water. By your favour, sir,—
Brother, draw neere, and my lord cardinall,—
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kisse:

239 *with*. MS in A, & with; Qq, with.
241 *or that*. MS erasure of *or* in A.

Hence-forth I'le never lye with you, by this,
This wedding-ring.
Fran. How? nere more lie with him?
Isab. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged court, a thousand eares
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers hands
Seal'd to the separation.
Brach. Nere lie with me?
Isab. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbelever: this my vow
Shall never, on my soule, be satisfied
With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*
Fran. Now by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman.
Brach. You see 'tis not my seeking.
Fran. Was this your circle of pure unicornes horne,
You said should charme your lord? Now hornes upon thee,
For jealousy deserves them! Keepe your vow,
And take your chamber.
Isab. No sir, I'le presently to Padua;
I will not stay a minute.
Monticelso. O good madame!
Brach. 'Twere best to let her have her humor;

261 *repentance.* Query: thy repentance. *repostum.* A, repositum.

Some halfe daies journey will bring downe her stomacke,
And then she'le turne in post.
Fran. To see her come
To my lord cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.
Isab. "Unkindnesse, do thy office; poore heart, breake;
"Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. *Exit.*
Mar. Camillo's come, my lord. *Enter Camillo.*
Fran. Where's the commission?
Mar. Tis here.
Fran. Give me the signet.
[*Exeunt Francisco, Monticelso, Camillo, Marcello.*]
Flamineo. My lord, do you marke their whispering? I will compound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then garlick, deadlier then stibium; the cantarides which are scarce seene to sticke upon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*
Brach. About the murder?
Flam. They are sending him to Naples, but I'le send him to Candy. Here 's another property to [o].

Enter Camillo. Dyce places Marcello's entrance here.
287 *Here's.* AB, her's. 288 *too.* D corrects.

Brach. O the doctor!

Flam. A poore quackesalving knave, my lord; one that should have bene lasht for's letchery, but that he confest a judgement, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*.

Doctor. And was cosin'd, my lord, by an arranter knave then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them have more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey; hee will poyson a kisse; and was once minded, for his master-peece, because Ireland breeds no poyson, to have prepared a deadly vapour in a Spaniards fart, that should have poison'd all Dublin.

Brach. O Saint Anthony fire!

Doc. Your secretary is merry, my lord.

Flam. O thou cursed antipathy to nature! Looke, his eyes bloud-shed, like a needle a chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with. Let me embrace thee, toad, & love thee, O thou abhominable lothsome gargarisme, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples!

Brach. No more: I must employ thee, honest doctor:

299 *cornet.* Query: coney. Cf. note 47, 299, p. 190.
305 *Anthony.* BC, Anthonies.
311 *lothsome.* Dyce notes that some copies of A have lethan.

You must to Padua, and by the way,
Use some of your skil for us.

Doc. Sir, I shall.

Brach. But for Camillo?

Flam. He dies this night, by such a polliticke straine,
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your dutchesse death?

Doc. I'le make her sure.

Brach. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

Flam. Remember this, you slave; when knaves come to preferment they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one upon anothers shoulders. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter Monticelso, Camillo, Francisco, Marcello.*]

Monticelso. Here is an embleme, nephew, pray peruse it.
'Twas throwne in at your window.

Camillo. At my window?
Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his hornes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes;
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.*

315 *Use . . . us.* Ends preceding line in Qq.
315 *Sir, I shall.* Omitted, Dyce notes, in some copies of A.
324 *anothers.* AB, another.
Exeunt. So ABC; D adds: Ent. Monc. Cam. Fra.
Enter Monticelso. Symonds marks here a new scene.

Mont. That is,
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.
Cam. What should this meane?
Mont. Ile tell you; 'tis given out
You are a cocould.
Cam. Is it given out so?
I had rather such report as that, my lord,
Should keepe within dores.
Fran. Have you any children?
Cam. None, my lord.
Fran. You are the happier:
Ile tell you a tale.
Cam. Pray, my lord.
Fran. An old tale.
Uppon a time Phœbus, the god of light,
Or him wee call the Sunne, would needе be married.
The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the generall world.
But what a pitious cry their straight arose
Amongst smiths, & felt-makers, brewers & cooks,
Reapers and butter-women, amongst fishmongers,
And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessive heate; twas lamentable:
They came to Jupiter all in a sweat

332 *Is it.* BCD, It is. 338 *neede.* BCD, needs.

And do forbid the banes; a great fat cooke
Was made their speaker, who intreates of Jove
That Phœbus might bee guelded, for if now
When there was but one sunne, so many men
Weare like to perish by his violent heate,
What should they do if hee were married
And should beget more, and those children
Make fier-workes like their father? So say I;
Only I will apply it to your wife;
Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Mont. Looke you, cossin.
Go change the aire, for shame, see if your absence
Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello
Is chosen with you joint commissioner
For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirats.

Mar. I am much honord int.

Cam. But sir,
Ere I returne, the stagges hornes may be sprouted
Greater then these are shed.

Mont. Do not feare it;
I'le bee your ranger.

Cam. You must watch i'th nights;
Then's the most danger.

365 *these.* BCD, those.

Fran. Farewell, good Marcello.
All the best fortunes of a souldiers wish
Bring you a ship-board!
Cam. Were I not best now I am turn'd souldier,
E're that I leave my wife, sell all shee hath,
And then take leave of her?
Mont. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.
Cam. Merry, my lord? a'th captaines humor right,
I am resolved to be drunke this night. *Exit.*
Fran. So, 'twas well fitted: now shall we descerne
How his wisht absence will give violent way
To Duke Brachiano's lust.
Mont. Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea captaine? and besides,
Count Lodowicke, which was rumor'd for a pirate,
Is now in Padua.
Fran. Is't true?
Mont. Most certaine.

370 *turn'd.* Query: turned.
Exit. Dyce gives (probably correctly): Exeunt Camillo and Marcello.

I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To worke his quicke repeale from banishment;
He meanes to adresse himselfe for pention
Unto our sister dutchesse.
Fran. O 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past sixe daies.
I faine would have the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandale; for their's nought
In such curst dotage to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame.
Mont. It may be objected I am dishonourable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere,
For my revenge I'de stake a brothers life,
That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himselfe.
Fran. Come to observe this strumpet.
Mont. Cursse of greatnes,
Sure hee'le not leave her.
Fran. There's small pitty in't;
Like mistle-tow on seare elmes spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her and both rot together.
Exeunt.

[Scene ii.]

[*Rome. Camillo's House.*]

Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Conjurer.

Brachiano. Now sir, I claime your promise: 'tis dead midnight,

Scene ii. D, Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The time prefixt to shew me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loathed dutchesse grow to action.
Conjurer. You have won me by your bounty to a deed
I do not often practise. Some there are,
Which by sophisticke tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly loose, of nigromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cardes,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheate:
Others that raise up their confederate spirits,
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne neckes,
For making of a squib: and some their are
Will keepe a curtall to shew juggling trickes,
And give out 'tis a spirit: besides these,
Such a whole reame of almanacke-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellowes indeed that onely live by stealth,
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the divell were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Lattine. Pray sit downe,
Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd; and now
I'le shew you by my strong-commanding art
The circumstance that breakes your dutch[e]sse heart.

A Dumbe Shew.

Enter suspiciously, Julio and Christophero; they draw a curtaine wher Brachian's picture is; they put on spectacles of glasse, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her; Count Lodovico, Giovanni, [*Gasparo, Antonelli,*] *and others waighting on her; shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice; shee faints; and will not suffer them to come nere it; dies; sorrow exprest in Giovanni and in Count Lodovico; shees conveid out solemnly.*

Brach. Excellent! then shee's dead.
Con. She's poysoned
By the fum'd picture. 'Twas her custome nightly,
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oile
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.

Gasparo, Antonelli. All editions read Guid-Antonio, which is meaningless. In all probability the MS read: Gasp. Anton.

Brach. Me thought I saw
Count Lodowicke there.
Con. He was; and by my art
I finde hee did most passionately doate
Upon your dutchesse. Now turne another way,
And veiw Camillo's farre more polliticke [fate]. 35
Strike louder, musicke, from this charmed ground,
To yeeld, as fits the act, a tragicke sound.

The Second Dumbe Shew.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines; they drinke healths, and dance: a vauting horse is brought into the roome; Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault; complement who shall beginne: as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his necke, and with the help of the rest, writhes his necke about; seemes to see if it be broke, and layes him foulded double, as 't were, under the horse; makes shewes to call for helpe; Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men; wonder at the act; commands the bodie to be carried home; apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.

35 *fate.* ABC, face.
Dumbe Shew (6) *complement.* BCD, they complement.
Dumbe Shew (13) *comes.* D, come. (14) *commands.* D, command.

Brach. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance
I tast not fully.
Con. O 'twas most apparant.
You saw them enter, charged with their deepe helthes
To their boone voyage; and to second that,
Flamineo cals to have a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the roome;
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all.
Brach. It seemes Marcello and Flamineo
Are both committed.
Con. Yes, you saw them guarded;
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your mistresse, faire Vittoria. Wee are now
Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne.
Brach. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you: this shall stand
As the firme seale annexed to my hand.
It shall inforce a payment.

40 *charged.* D, charg'd.
51 *friend.* A puts a period after this.

Con. Sir, I thanke you.
Exit Brac[*hiano.*]
Both flowers and weedes spring when the sunne is warme,
And great men do great good, or else great harme.
Exit Con[*jurer.*]

Exit Brachiano. Follows *hand* in ABC for typographical reasons; placed as here in D.

[Act III, Scene i.]

[*Rome. Monticelso's Palace.*]

Enter Francisco and Monticelso, their Chancellor and Register.

Francisco. You have dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence
Of all the grave leiger embassadours
To heare Vittorias triall.
Monticelso. 'Twas not ill;
For sir, you know we have nought but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death;
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdomes. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here.
Fran. O fye!
'Twere impudence too palpable. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Lawyer. What, are you in by the weeke? so,
I will try now whether thy wit be close pris-

Act III, etc. D, Scen. 2.; Symonds, Act 2, Sc. iv. Mr. Greg suggests that this and the two following scenes are in Francisco's palace.

10 *'Twere . . . palpable.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

11 *What.* ABC have no punctuation after *what*.

oner. Mee thinke's none should sit upon thy sister but old whoore-maisters.

Flamineo. Or cocoulds; for your cocould is your most terrible tickler of letchery: whoore-maisters would serve, for none are judges at tilting, but those that have bene old tilters.

Law. My lord duke and shee have bene very private.

Flam. You are a dull asse; 'tis threatned they have bene very publicke.

Law. If it can be proved they have but kist one another—

Flam. What then?

Law. My lord cardinall will ferit them.

Flam. A cardinall, I hope, will not catch conyes.

Law. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say), to sowe kisses is to reape letchery; and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing is halfe won.

Flam. True, her upper part by that rule; if you will win her nether part to[o], you know what followes.

Law. Harke, the embassadours are lighted.

Flam. I do put on this feigned garbe of mirth,
To gull suspition.

34 *too.* D corrects. 37 *I . . . suspition.* D notes this speech as an aside. 38 *gull.* B, gall.

Marcello. O my unfortunate sister!
I would my daggers point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano. You, 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stauking horse,
To undo my sister.
Flam. I made a kind of path
To her & mine owne preferment.
Mar. Your ruine.
Flam. Hum! thou art a souldier,
Followest the great duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigall bloud: what hast got,
But like the wealth of captaines, a poore handfull,
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water?
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers.
Mar. Sir!
Flam. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes.
Mar. Brother!
Flam. Heare me,—
And thus when we have even powred our selves,
Into great fights, for their ambition

42 *I made.* BCD, followed by Dyce, I am a.
45 *Followest . . . feedest.* D, Follow'st . . . feed'st.
53 *powred.* D, *poured.*

Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward?
But as we seldome find the mistle-towe
Sacred to physicke, or the builder oke,
Without a mandrake by it; so in our quest of gaine.
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes!
This is lamented doctrine.
Mar. Come, come.
Flam. When age shall turne thee,
White as a blooming hauthorne—
Mar. I'le interrupt you.
For love of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride over every polliticke respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.
Flam. I'le think on't. *Enter Savoy.*
The lord embassadors.

Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadours over the Stage severally. Enter French Embassadour.

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman! Do you know him? he's an admirable tilter.

55 *reward.* C, rewards.
69–70 *A . . . embassadors.* One line in ABC.

Flam. I saw him at last tilting: he shewed like a peuter candlesticke fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a tilting staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelve i' th pound.

Law. O but he's an excellent horseman.

Flam. A lame one in his lofty trickes; hee sleepes a horsebacke like a poulter.

Enter English and Spanish [*Ambassadors.*]

Law. Lo you, my Spaniard!

Flam. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I have seene a serving-man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous steddy, for feare of breaking. He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, first salted and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii.]

[*Rome. The Hall in Monticelso's Palace.*]

The Araignement of Vittoria

Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the sixe lieger Embassadours, Brachiano, Vittoria, [*Flamineo, Marcello,*] *Lawyer, and a Guard.*

Monticelso. Forbeare, my lord, here is no place assign'd you;

Enter English, etc. Qq omit *Ambassadors.*

Scene ii. This ensuing scene is marked in A (followed by BCD), The Araignement of Vittoria. D indicates no new scene. Symonds marks Act III, Sc. i.

Enter Francisco, etc. Isabella's name appears in ABC, but not in D.

This businesse by his holinesse is left
To our examination.
Brachiano. May it thrive with you!
Laies a rich gowne under him.
Francisco. A chaire there for his lordship!
Brach. Forbeare your kindnesse: an unbidden guest
Should travaile as Dutch-women go to church,
Beare their stooles with them.
Mont. At your pleasure, sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman. Now signior,
Fall to your plea.
Lawyer. Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.
Vittoria. Whats he?
Fran. A lawyer, that pleades against you.
Vit. Pray my lord, let him speake his usuall tongue;
Ile make no answere else.
Fran. Why, you understand Lattin.
Vit. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or more
May bee ignorant in't.
Mont. Go on, sir.

3 *To our.* BC, to your. AD, to our.
8 *gentlewoman.* ABC, gentlewomen.
10 *Domine . . . corruptissimam.* This speech is not assigned in A.

Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge mee with.
Fran. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray change your language.
Mont. Oh for God sake! Gentlewoman, your credit
Shall bee more famous by it.
Law. Well then, have at you!
Vit. I am at the marke, sir: Ile give aime to you,
And tell you how neare you shoote.
Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships,
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debausht and diversivolent woman,
Who such a blacke concatenation
Of mischiefe hath effected, that to exterpe
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections—
Vit. What's all this?
Law. Hould your peace.
Exorbitant sinnes must have exulceration.

20, 21 *Signior, language.* In the B. M. copy of A, defective impression makes these *Sig* and *languag*.
29 *blacke.* BCD omit.

Vit. Surely, my lords, this lawier here hath swallowed
Some poticaryes bils, or proclamations;
And now the hard and undegestable wordes
Come up like stones wee use give haukes for phisicke.
Why, this is Welch to Lattin.
Law. My lords, the woman
Know's not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect
In the accademick derivation
Of grammaticall elocution.
Fran. Sir, your paynes
Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Bee worthely applauded amongst those
Which understand you.
Law. My good lord—
Fran. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag,—
Cry mercy sir, tis buckeram,—and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
Francisco speakes this as in scorne.
Law. I most graduatically thanke your lordship.
I shall have use for them elswhere.
Mont. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out

35 *here.* BCD omit. Similarly in ll. 68 and 105.
36 *poticaryes.* BCD, apothecaries.
40 *nor figures.* BCD omit.
50 Query: Exit Lawyer.

Your folies in more naturall red and white,
Then that upon your cheeke.
Vit. O you mistake.
You raise a blood as noble in this cheeke
As ever was your mothers.
Mont. I must spare you till proofe cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honoured lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected.
Vit. Honorable my lord,
It doth not sute a reverend cardinall
To play the lawier thus.
Mont. Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see my lords what goodly fruict she seemes:
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomora stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
Sheele fall to soote and ashes.
Vit. Your invenom'd
Poticary should doo't.
Mont. I am resolved,
Were there a second Paradice to loose,
This devell would betray it.

59 *in her effected.* CD omit. *Honorable my.* B, My honorable; D, Lords.
67–68 *Your . . . doo't.* One line in Qq. *resolved.* D puts a period after this word.

Vit. O poore charity!
Thou art seldome found in scarlet.
Mont. Who knowes not how, when severall night by night
Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her roomes
Out-brav'd the stars with severall kind of lights,
When shee did counterfet a princes court?
In musicke, banquets and most ryotous surfets,
This whore, forsooth, was holy.
Vit. Ha! whore? what's that?
Mont. Shall I expound whore to you? sure, I shal;
Ile give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweete meates which rot the eater; in mans nostrill
Poison'd perfumes; they are coosning alcumy,
Shipwrackes in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the trew matteriall fier of hell,
Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,
Exactions upon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe,
I even on mans perdition, his sin.

80 *nostrill.* BCD, nostrils.

They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfait all a wretched mans estate
For leaving out one sillable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bels have all one tune,
At weddings, and at funerals. Your ritch whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fild,
And empted by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gallowes,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore?
Shees like the guilty conterfetted coine
Which, who so eare first stampes it, bring[s] in trouble
All that receave it.

Vit. This carracter scapes me.

Mont. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls
Their deadly poison—

Vit. Well, what then?

Mont. Ile tell thee;
Ile find in thee a poticaries shop,
To sample them all.

French Ambassador. Shee hath lived ill.

English Ambassador. Trew, but the cardinals too bitter.

96 *at.* BCD, at th'. 99 *the guilty.* BCD, the gilt.

Mont. You know what whore is: next the devell, Adultry,
Enters the devell, Murder.
Fran. Your unhappy
Husband is dead.
Vit. O hees a happy husband,
Now hee owes nature nothing.
Fran. And by a vaulting engine.
Mont. An active plot,
Hee jumpt into his grave.
Fran. What a prodigy wast,
That from some two yardes height a slender man
Should breake his necke!
Mont. Ith' rushes!
Fran. And what's more,
Upon the instant loose all use of speach,
All vitall motion, like a man had laine
Wound up three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.
Mont. And looke upon this creature was his wife.
Shee comes not like a widow; shee comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence. Is this a mourning habit?

108 *is.* Qq have no pause after this. *know what, etc.* D, You know a Whore is next the Devil: Adultery Enters, the Devil and Murder. 110 *Husband* ends preceding line in Qq.
114 *height.* BCD, high.

Vit. Had I forknowne his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mont. O you are conning.
Vit. You shame your wit and judgement
To call it so. What, is my just defence
By him that is my judge cal'd impudence?
Let mee appeale, then, from this Christian court
To the uncivill Tartar.
Mont. See, my lords!
Shee scandals our proceedings.
Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leigier embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like [Portia's],
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Find mee but guilty, sever head from body:
Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my life
At yours or any mans intreaty, sir.
Eng. Amb. Shee hath a brave spirit.
Mont. Well, well, such counterfet jewels
Make trew [ones] oft suspected.

123 *conning*. B, cunning. 129 *thus*. A puts a period after *thus*. 134 *Portia's*. Qq, Perseus. Mitford, according to Dyce, conjectured Portia; according to Hazlitt, Portia's. Cf. note, p. 193. 135 *vertue to*. Dyce, virtue. To. 141 *ones*. A, on's.

Vit. You are deceaved.
For know that all your strickt combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall breake.
These are but faigned shadowes of my evels:
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needlesse palsy. For your names
Of whoore and murdresse, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returne's in's face.

Mont. Pray you, mistresse, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke?

Brach. That question
Inforceth me breake silence: I was there.

Mont. Your businesse?

Brach. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for setling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.

Mont. He was.

Brach. And 'twas strangely fear'd
That you would cosen her.

Mont. Who made you over-seer?

Brach. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow

From every generous and noble spirit
To orphans and to widdows.
Mont. Your lust.
Brach. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah priest,
Ile talke with you hereafter,—do you heare?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'le sheath in your owne bowels.
There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post-boyes.
Mont. Ha!
Brach. Your mercinary post-boyes:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with grosse and impudent lies.
Servant. My lord, your gowne.
Brach. Thou liest, 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't upon thy maister, that will challenge
The rest a'th houshold-stuffe; for Brachiano
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,
For his most reverent moile. Monticelso,
Nemo me impune lacessit. *Exit Brachiano.*

173 *maister.* A has no punctuation after this word.
178 *moile.* Qq have a comma only after *moile.*
179 *lacessit.* A, lacescit.

Mont. Your champions gon.
Vit. The wolfe may prey the better.
Fran. My lord, there's great suspition of the murder,
But no sounde proofe who did it. For my part,
I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke
To act a deed so bloudy; if shee have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warme bloud manure them, even so
One summer she will beare unsavory fruite,
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.
The act of bloud let passe; onely descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vit. I decerne poison,
Under your guilded pils.
Mont. Now the duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, [he] and you should meete
At an appoticaries summer-house,
Downe by the river Tiber,—veiw't, my lords,—
Where, after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet—I pray read it,
I shame to speake the rest.
Vit. Grant I was tempted,
Temptation to lust proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

193 *he and you.* AB, her and you.

You reade his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answere.

Mont. Frost i'th dog-daies! strange.

Vit. Condemne you me for that the duke did love mee?

So may you blame some faire and christall river
For that some melancholike distracted man
Hath drown'd himselfe in't.

Mont. Truly drown'd indeed.

Vit. Summe up my faults I pray, and you shall finde
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to [a] feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with.
Infaith, my lord, you might go pistoll flyes,—
The sport would be more noble.

Mont. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course: it seemes you have beggerd me first,
And now would faine undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poore remnant of crusado's,
Would those would make you charitable.

Mont. If the devill
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vit. You have one vertue left,—you will not flatter me.

Fran. Who brought this letter?

209 *to a.* Dyce added the *a.* 213 *take you.* Query: omit *you.* 218–219 *You will . . . letter?* One line in Qq.

Vit. I am not compel'd to tell you.
Mont. My lord duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August.
Vit. 'Twas to keepe your cosen
From prison: I paid use for't.
Mont. I rather thinke
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge, come from the bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinall,
Were your intelligencing eares as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mont. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'le give you a choake peare.
Vit. A' your owne grafting?
Mont. You were borne in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vitelli; 'twas my cossins fate,—
Ill may I name the hower,—to marry you;
Hee bought you of your father.
Vit. Ha!
Mont. Hee spent there in sixe monthes,
Twelve thousand dukets, and to my acquaintance

Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio:
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.
Vit. My lord,—
Mont. Nay heare me;
You shall have time to prate. My Lord Brachiano—
Alas I make but repe[ti]tion
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Onely you must remaine upon your suerties,
For your appearance.
Fran. I stand for Marcello.
Flam. And my lord duke for me.
Mont. For you, Vittoria, your publicke fault,
Joyn'd to'th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pitty;

242 *curtaine.* D puts a comma, Dyce a semi-colon after this word. 249 *loud freinds.* B, lou'd (*i.e.* lov'd) friends.

Such a corrupted triall have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd
No lesse [an] ominous fate then blasing starres
To princes: heare your sentence; you are con-
fin'd
Unto a house of convertites and your baud—
Flam. Who, I?
Mont. The Moore.
Flam. O I am a sound man againe.
Vit. A house of co[n]vertites! what's that?
Mont. A house
Of penitent whoores.
Vit. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?
Fran. You must have patience.
Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I faine would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.
Mont. Away with her! Take her hence.
Vit. A rape, a rape!
Mont. How?
Vit. Yes, you have ravisht justice,
Forc't her to do your pleasure.

261 *an.* A, in. 262 *princes: heare.* A, princes heares; Dyce conjectures, here's. Barely possible is: princes heires.
263 This line is assigned in AB to Vittoria. BCD, converts.
264 *Who, I?* This, and the next speech of Flamineo, are marked as asides by Dyce. 265 *convertites.* BCD, converts. *A house* begins following line in Qq.

Mont. Fy, shee's mad!
Vit. Dye with these pils in your most cursed mawe,
Should bring you health! or while you sit a'th bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you!
Mont. She's turn'd fury.
Vit. That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leave you the same devill you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-lech, to speak treason;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for wordes: O womans poore revenge,
Which dwels but in the tongue! I will not weepe,—
No, I do scorne to call up one poore teare
To fawne on your injustice: beare me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mittigating title?
Mont. Of convertites.
Vit. It shal not be a house of convertites;
My minde shall make it honester to mee
Then the Popes pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy soule, though thou art a cardinall:

275 *these.* D, those. *mawe.* A, mawes.
285 *on your.* A, one your.
287, 288 *convertites.* BCD, converts.
291 *Then thy.* CD, Then my.

Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkenesse, diamonds spred their ritchest light. *Exit Vittoria.*

Enter Brachiano.

Brachiano. Now you and I are friends, sir, wee'le shake hands
In a friends grave, together; a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace, t' attone our hatred.

Fran. Sir, what's the matter?

Brach. I will not chase more bloud from that lov'd cheeke;
You have lost too much already, fare-you-well. [*Exit.*]

Fran. How strange these words sound! what's the interpretation?

Flam. [*aside.*] Good; this is a preface to the discovery of the dutches death: hee carries it well. Because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my lady, I will faine a madde humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle questions. Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't; I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a polliticke mad-man. [*Exit.*]

Exit Vittoria. Dyce adds: Lawyer, and Guards. D here marks Act. 3. Scen. 3.

307 *hath a.* BCD, with a.

Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.

Fran. How now, my noble cossin! what, in blacke?

Giovanni. Yes, unckle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue, and you must imitate mee
In couloures of your garments: my sweete mother
Is—

Fran. How? where?

Giov. Is there; no, yonder; indeed sir, Ile not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe.

Fran. Is dead.

Giov. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

Fran. Dead!

Mont. Blessed lady; thou art now above thy woes!
Wilt please your lordships to with-draw a little? [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Giov. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie,
As wee that live?

Enter . . . Lodovico. Dyce adds: and Attendant.
312 *you must.* Mr. Swinburne has suggested: you now must.
319 *thou . . . woes.* Separate line in Qq.
323 *As . . . live.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Fran. No, cose; they sleepe.
Giov. Lord, Lord, that I were dead!
I have not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?
Fran. When God shall please.
Giov. Good God let her sleepe ever!
For I have knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you, sir.
Ile tell you how they have used her now shees dead:
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her.
Fran. Thou didst love her.
Giov. I have often heard her say shee gave mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lov'd mee,
Since princes seldome doe it.
Fran. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!
Take him away, for Gods sake!
[*Exeunt Giovanni, Lodovico, and Marcello.*]
Mont. How now, my lord?

326 *Good . . . ever.* This speech is assigned to Fran. in AB.
327 *hundreth.* D, hundred.

Fran. Beleeve mee, I am nothing but her grave,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie
Longer then thousand epitaphs.
[*Exeunt Francisco and Monticelso.*]

[Scene iii.]

[*Rome. Monticelso's Palace.*]

Enter Flamineo as distracted.

Flamineo. Wee indure the strokes like anviles or hard steele,
Till paine it selfe make us no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now? is this the end of service? Ide rather go weede garlicke; travaile through France, and be mine owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars in Poland.

Enter Savoy, [*Marcello and Lodovico.*]

Would I had rotted in some surgeons house at Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd Brachiano!

Savoy Ambassador. You must have comfort.

Flam. Your comfortable wordes are like honie: they rellish well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded they go downe as if the sting of the bee were in them.

Oh they have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seeme to doe it of malice! In this a polititian imitates the devill, as the devill imitates a canon: wheresoever he comes to doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towardes you.

Enter the French [*Ambassador.*]

French Ambassador. The proofes are evident.

Flam. Proofe! 'twas corruption. O gold, what a god art thou! and O man, what a devill art thou to be tempted by that cursed minerall! You[r] diversivolent lawyer, marke him; knaves turne informers, as maggots turne to flies; you may catch gudgions with either. A cardinal! I would hee would heare mee: theres nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it, like vittell under the line. You are happie in Eng-

[*Enter E*]*nglish* [*Ambassa*]*dor.*

land, my lord; here they sell justice with those weights they presse men to death with. O horrible salarie!

English Ambassador. Fie, fie, Flamineo!

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Flam. Bels nere ring well, till they are at

27 *your.* ABC, You.

Enter . . . Ambassador. In clipped margin of A is: *nglish dor;* nothing in BCD.

Exeunt, etc. Supplied by Dyce.

their full pitch; and I hope yon cardinall shall never have the grace to pray well till he come to the scaffold. If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your noblemen are priviledged from the racke; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came to their arraignement. Religion: oh how, it is commeddled with policie! The first bloudshed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Jew!

Marcello. O, there are too many.

Flam. You are deceiv'd: there are not Jewes enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough.

Mar. How?

Flam. Ile prove it. For if there were Jewes enough, so many Christians would not turne usurers; if preists enough, one should not have sixe benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others live by begging. Bee thou one of them; practize the art of Wolnor in England, to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in [a] saw-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle. *Exit.*

59 *of them.* Dyce puts no stop between *them* and *practize.*

Lodovico. This was Brachiano's pandar, and 'tis strange
That, in such open and apparant guilt
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter Flamineo.

Flamineo. [*aside.*] How dares this banisht count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchast? I have heard
The deceast dutchesse gave him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I'th' traine of the yong prince. There's somewhat in't:
Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counterpoisons.

Mar. Marke this strange incounter.

Flam. The god of melancholie turne thy gall to poison,
And let the stigmaticke wrincles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide,
One still overtake an other.

Lod. I doe thanke thee,
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-daies all yeare long.

Flam. How crokes the raven? Is our good dutchesse dead?

Lod. Dead.

64–67 *This . . . wind him.* Dyce marks this speech as an aside.

Flam. O fate!
Misfortune comes like the crowners businesse,
Huddle upon huddle.
Lod. Shalt thou & I joyne housekeeping?
Flam. Yes, content.
Let's bee unsociably sociable.
Lod. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.
Flam. Onely with making faces; lie in our clothes.
Lod. With faggots for our pillowes.
Flam. And bee lowsie.
Lod. In taffeta lininges; that's gentile melancholie:
Sleepe all day.
Flam. Yes: and, like your melancholike hare,
Feed after midnight.
Wee are observed: see how yon couple greve!
Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing foole!
As if man were created to no use
But onely to shew his teeth.
Flam. Ile tell thee what:
It would doe well, in stead of looking glasses,
To set ones face each morning by a sawcer
Of a witches congealed bloud.

84 *Shalt.* D, Shall. 87 *lie . . . clothes.* Begins following line in Qq. 89 *gentile.* Dyce, genteel
98 *by a.* BCD, by the.

Lod. Pretious gue.
Weel never part.
Flam. Never: till the beggerie of courtiers,
The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
Of fortunes wheele, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorne that world which life of meanes deprives.

Enter Antonelli [*and Gasparo.*]

Antonelli. My lord, I bring good newes. The Pope, on's death-bed,
At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you—
Lod. I thanke you for your news. Look up againe,
Flamineo; see my pardon.
Flam. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant.
Lod. Why?
Flam. You shall not seeme a happier man then I;
You know our vow, sir; if you will be merry,

99 *gue.* A (B. M. copy), Pretious grine rouge; B, and some copies of A (Dyce), Pretious gue; CD, Precious Rogue. The puzzling reading of A (B. M. copy) may possibly be explained thus: *ine*, a clerical error for *gue* or *gueux*, changed without erasure to *gue*, which was then misprinted *rouge*.

Enter, etc. Follows *lives* in Qq.

Do it i'th like posture as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed:
Though it be very letchery unto thee,
Doo't with a crabbed polititian's face.
Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore.
Flam. Ha!
Lod. Looke you; I spake that laughing.
Flam. Dost ever thinke to speake againe?
Lod. Do you heare?
Wil't sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,
To water a mandrake?
Flam. Poore lord, you did vow
To live a lowzy creature.
Lod. Yes.
Flam. Like one
That had for ever forfaited the day-light
By being in debt.
Lod. Ha, ha!
Flam. I do not greatly wonder you do breake:
Your Lordship learn't long since. But Ile tell you—
Lod. What?
Flam. And't shall sticke by you—
Lod. I long for it.
Flam. This laughter scurvily becomes your face.

117 *crabbed.* BCD, sabby.

If you will not be melancholy, be angry.
See, now I laugh too. *Strikes him.*
Mar. You are to blame: Ile force you hence.
Lod. Unhand me! *Exit Mar. & Flam.*
That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe
Upon a pandar!
Anto. My lord!
Lod. H'had bene as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.
Gasparo. How this shewes!
Lod. Uds' death, how did my sword misse him?
These rogues that are most weary of their lives
Still scape the greatest dangers,
A pox upon him! all his reputation,
Nay, all the goodnesse of his family,
Is not worth halfe this earthquake!
I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus:
Come, I'le forget him, and go drinke some wine.
Exeunt.

[Act IV, Scene i.]

[*Rome. Francisco's Palace.*]

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

Monticelso. Come, come, my lord, untie your foulded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a brid[e]'s haire.
Your sister's poisoned.

Francisco. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke revenge.

Mont. What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fran. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subjects neckes,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horred lust of warre,
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his grave and in his seed.

Mont. That's not the course I'de wish you: pray, observe me:
We see that undermining more prevailes
Then doth the canon. Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the tortoise, let this cammell

Act IV, Scene i. D, Act. 3. Scen. 4.
12 *observe me.* CD, omit *me*.

Stalke o're your back unbruis'd: sleep with the lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nosthrils, till the time bee ripe
For th' bloudy audit and the fatall gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,
That you the better may your game espy.
Fran. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous actes!
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'le stand
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,—
It is reported you possesse a booke
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the citty.
Mont. Sir, I do;
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurke
The names of many devils.
Fran. Pray let's see it.

Mont. I'le fetch it to your lordship.
Exit Monticelso.

Fran. Monticelso,
I'le not trust thee; but in all my plots
I'le rest as jealous as a towne besieg'd.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remaine.

Enter Mont[icelso,] presents Fra[ncisco] with a booke.

Monticelso. 'Tis here, my lord.

Fran. First your intelligencers pray let's see.

Mont. Their number rises strangely, and some of them
You'd take for honest men. Next are pandars:
These are your pirats: and these following leaves,
For base rogues that undo yong gentlemen
By taking up commodities: for pollitick bankroupts:
For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wives,
Onely to put off horses, and slight jewels,

38 *I'le.* BCD, I will.
presents, etc. Added by BCD.
45–46 In A the lines end in *strangely, them, men, pandars.* Query: for *and some* read *some*, and for *Next* read *And next.*

Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.
Fran. Are there such?
Mont. These are for impudent baudes,
That go in mens apparell: for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage:
For lawyers that will antedate their writtes:
And some divines you might find foulded there;
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.
Here is a generall catalogue of knaves:
A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet never attaine this knowledge.
Fran. Murderers—
Fould downe the leafe I pray.
Good my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine.
Mont. Pray use't, my lord.
Fran. I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offendors.
Mont. Some-what, sir.
Fran. O God!
Better then tribute of wolves paid in England.
'Twill hang their skinnes o'th hedge.
Mont. I must make bold
To leave your lord-ship.

Fran. Deerely, sir, I thanke you;
If any aske for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves.
Exit Mont[*icelso.*]
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my lords officer, one that lately skipt
From a clerkes deske up to a justice chaire,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intendes,
As th' Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poore rogues pay for't, which have not the meanes
To present bribe in fist: the rest o'th' band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else
My lord he winkes at them with easy will;
His man growes rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use I'le make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a [list] of murderers,
Agents for any villany. Did I want
Ten leash of curtisans, it would furnish me;

71 *Deerely.* B, Deere; CD, Dear.
75 *one that.* A (B. M. copy), and that. Dyce indicates that some copies of A read *one that.* So BCD.
76 *justice.* BCD, Justices.
78 *wont were.* BCD, were wont. 80 *not the.* BCD omit *the.*
86 *list.* A (B. M. copy), life. Dyce queries misprint for file, which is improbable. BCD, list, and, Dyce says, some copies of A.

Nay, lawndresse three armies. That so little paper
Should be th' undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of bookes:
Divinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
Draws swords, swels battels, & orethrowes all good.
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sisters face:
Looke for her picture: no; I'le close mine eyes,
And in a melancholicke thought I'll frame

Enter Isabela's Ghost.

Her figure 'fore me. Now I—— d'foot how strong
Imagination workes! how she can frame
Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;
And by the quicke idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.

89 *That so . . . should be.* BCD, and some copies of A (Dyce), That in so . . . lye th' undoing. The reading of the text is that of the B. M. copy of A.

97 *looke for.* BCD, call for. Some copies of A have *looke for* (Dyce); so the B. M. copy.

99 *Now . . . d'foot.* B, Now I—hav't; CD, Now I hav't—. Dyce reads, ha't: — and notes: some copies of A have *d'foot.* Query: Her figure 'fore me now — uds foot how strong.

Thought, as a subtile jugler, makes us deeme
Things supernaturall which [yet] have cause
Common as sickenesse. 'Tis my melancholy.
How cam'st thou by thy death?—how idle am I
To question mine owne idlenesse!—did ever
Man dreame awake till now?—Remove this object!
Out of my braine with't! what have I to do
With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
That have to meditate upon revenge?
[*Exit Ghost.*]
So now 'tis ended, like an old wives story.
States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
Then mad-men. Come, to this waighty businesse.
My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,
Else it will never passe. I am in love,
In love with Corombona; and my suite
Thus haltes to her in verse. *He writes.*
I have done it rarely: O the fate of princes!
I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
That, being alone, I now flatter my selfe
But it will serve; 'tis seal'd. Beare this
Enter Servant.
To th' house of convertites; and watch your leisure

105 *whicb yet.* CD, supply *yet.* 119 *He writes.* This, in A, follows l. 121. 124 *convertites.* BCD, converts.

To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by. Away! *Exit Servant.*
He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a mans head goes through, each limbe will follow.
The engine for my busines, bold Count Lodowicke:
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure;
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Irish, I'le nere thinke thee dead,
Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.
Exit.

[Scene ii.]

[*Rome. The House of Convertites.*]

Enter the Matron and Flamineo.

Matron. Should it be knowne the duke hath such recourse
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
T' incur much damage by it.
Flamineo. Not a scruple.

132 *man doth.* BC, man do.
Exit. ABC, exit Mon. C adds: The end of the Third Act.
Scene ii. C, Act 4. D, Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Than guarding of a ladie.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
With the matrona. Let mee speake with you.
I would intreat you to deliver for mee
This letter to the faire Vittoria.

Matron. I shall, sir.

Serv. With all care and secrecie;
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receive
Thankes for this curtesie. [*Exit*]

Flam. How now? what's that?

Matron. A letter.

Flam. To my sister: Ile see't delivered.

Enter Brachiano.

Brachiano. What's that you read, Flamineo?

Flam. Looke.

Brach. Ha!
To the most unfortunate, his best respected
Vittoria. — Who was the messenger?

Flam. I know not.

Brach. No! Who sent it?

Flam. Ud's foot, you speake as if a man

10 *faire Vittoria.* AB have here: Enter Brachiano; C omits the direction, and D places it as here given.
15–17 *Ha! . . . Vittoria.* One line in Qq.

Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't meate
Afore you cut it up.

Brach. Ile open't, were't her heart. What's heere subscribed!
Florence? This jugling is grosse and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance. Read it, read it.

Flam. Your teares Ile turne to triumphes, bee but mine. *Reades the letter.*
Your prop is fall'n; I pittie that a vine
Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine, yfaith, my lord, with lees would serve his turne.
Your sad imprisonement Ile soone uncharme,
And with a princelie uncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver haire.
A halter on his strange æquivocation!
Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow:
Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow?
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The gods never wax old, no more doe princes.

23 *Florence?* Ends preceding line in Qq.
36 *mellow?* The Qq put a period after *mellow*.

A pox on't, teare it, let's have no more atheists,
For Gods sake.

Brach. Udsdeath, Ile cut her into atomies
And let th' irregular north-winde sweepe her up
And blow her int' his nosthrils! Where's this whore?

Flam. What? what doe you call her?

Brach. Oh, I could bee mad,
Prevent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to,
And teare my haire of[f]! Where's this changeable stuffe?

Flam. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing.

Brach. No, you pandar?

Flam. What, mee, my lord? am I your dog?

Brach. A bloud-hound: doe you brave? doe you stand mee?

Flam. Stand you? let those that have diseases run;
I need no plaisters.

Brach. Would you bee kickt?

40–41 *A . . . sake.* One line in Qq.
42 *atomies.* B, atomes; CD, atoms.
45 *What? what.* BC, That? what. D follows A, as here. Dyce over-ingeniously reads: *That what do you call her?*
49 *No, you.* Some copies of A (Dyce), In you; B, Ee'n you; CD, You! Pandar!
50 *What, mee.* D, What of me.
53 *plaisters.* BCD, plaister.

Flam. Would you have your necke broke?
I tell you, duke, I am not in Russia;
My shinnes must be kept whole.
Brach. Do you know mee?
Flam. O my lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of evils,
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You'r a great duke; I your poore secretarie.
I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.
Brach. Pandar, plie your convoy, and leave your prating.
Flam. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable curtesie of Polyphemus to Ulisses; you reserve mee to be devour'd last: you would dig turves out of my grave to feed your larkes; that would bee musicke to you. Come, I'le lead you to her.
Brach. Do you face mee?
Flam. Sir, I would not go before a pollitique enemie with my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirlepoole.

[*Exeunt.*]

71 *Sir.* BCD and some copies of A (Dyce) read: *O sir.*

[Scene iii.]

[*Another Room in the House of Convertites.*]

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

Brachiano. Can you read, mistresse? looke upon that letter:
There are no characters nor hieroglyphicks.
You need no comment; I am growne your receiver.
Gods pretious, you shall bee a brave great ladie,
A statelie and advanced whore!
Vittoria. Say, sir?
Brach. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasurie of love-letters. Death and furies,
Ile see them all!
Vit. Sir, upon my soule,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?
Brach. Confusion on your politicke ignorance!
You are reclaimed, are you? Ile give you the bels
And let you flie to the devill.
Flamineo. Ware hawke, my lord.
Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my lord;

Scene iii. Hazlitt first marked a new scene here.

To mee he nere was thought on, I protest,
So much as in my sleepe.
Brach. Right: they are plots.
Your beautie! O, ten thousand curses on't!
How long have I beheld the devill in christall?
Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man
Is either a god or a wolfe.
Vit. My lord—
Brach. Away!
Wee'l bee as differing as two adamants;
The one shall shunne the other. What? do'st weepe?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
[W]ee'ld furnish all the Irish funeralls
With howling, past wild Irish.
Flam. Fie, my lord!
Brach. That hand, that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest dutchesse
How lovelie art thou now! [My] loose thoughtes
Scatter like quicke-silver. I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speakes ill of thee.

14 *was thought on.* BC, was lovely. Dyce notes *thought on* in some copies of A: so the B. M. copy.
25 *Wee'ld.* A (B. M.), ee'ld; B, Wee'l; C, Weel; D, We'l; Dyce, Ye'd.
29 *My loose.* ABC, Thy loose.

Vit. No matter.
Ile live so now, Ile make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name your dutchesse.
Brach. Whose death God pardon!
Vit. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godlesse duke!
Flam. Now for ten whirlewindes.
Vit. What have I gain'd by thee but infamie?
Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble societie:
Like those, which sicke o'th' palsie, and retaine
Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nosthrills. What doe you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the judge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent colledge? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone like mee.
Fare you well, sir; let me heare no more of you.
I had a limbe corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off: and now I'le go

35 *for ten.* BCD, for the; Dyce, for two, following 'some copies' of A. A (B. M.) as here.

Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your giftes,
I will returne them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sinnes: O that I could tosse my selfe
Into a grave as quickly! for all thou art worth
Ile not shed one teare more:—Ile burst first.
She throwes her selfe upon a bed.
Brach. I have drunke Lethe. Vittoria!
My dearest happinesse! Vittoria!
What doe you aile, my love? why doe you weepe?
Vit. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.
Brach. Are not those matchlesse eies mine?
Vit. I had rather
They were not matches.
Brach. Is not this lip mine?
Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee.
Flam. Turne to my lord, good sister.
Vit. Hence, you pandar!
Flam. Pandar! am I the author of your sinne?
Vit. Yes: hee's a base theif that a theif lets in.

57 *Vittoria.* Begins next line in Qq.
62 *matches.* B, matchles; CD, Dyce, Hazlitt, matchless.

Flam. Wee're blowne up, my lord.
Brach. Wilt thou heare mee?
Once to bee jealous of thee, is t' expresse
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more bee jealous.
Vit. O thou foole,
Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!
What dar'st thou doe that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that,
In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire.
Flam. O, no othes, for Gods sake!
Brach. Will you heare mee?
Vit. Never.
Flam. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will!
Can nothing breake it?—Fie, fie, my lord!
Women are caught as you take tortoises;
Shee must bee turn'd on her backe.—Sister, by this hand,
I am on your side.—Come, come, you have wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence would love her!
Will any mercer take an others ware

83 *would.* Some copies of A (Dyce), could.

When once 't is tows'd and sullied?—And yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardnesse becomes you!
Yong leverets stand not long; and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;
And then bee put to th' dead quat.
Brach. Shall these eies,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?
Flam. No cruell land-lady i'th' world,
Which lends forth grotes to broome-men, & takes use for them,
Would doe't.
Hand her, my lord, and kisse her: be not like
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.
Brach. Let us renew right handes.
Vit. Hence!
Brach. Never shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make mee commit like fault.
Flam. Now you are ith' way ont, follow't hard.
Brach. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world
Threaten the cannon.
Flam. Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,

When they're giv'n ore to jealosie; as best wine,
Dying, makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you:
The sea's more rough and raging than calme rivers,
But not so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely.
Vit. O yee dissembling men!
Flam. Wee suckt that, sister,
From womens brestes, in our first infancie.
Vit. To ad miserie to miserie!
Brach. Sweetest,—
Vit. Am I not low enough?
I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold.
Flam. Ud'foot, it shall melt
To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.
Vit. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I have bin. Ile speake not one word more.
Flam. Stop her mouth with a sweet kisse, my lord. So,
Now the tide's turne'd, the vessel's come about.

108 *Is a . . . bridge.* CD, Is like a . . . under London-Bridge.
110–111 *Wee . . . infancie.* One line in Qq.
120 *Stop . . . lord.* Two lines in Qq, ending in *mouth*, *Lord.*

Hee's a sweet armefull. O wee curl'd-haird men
Are still most kind to women! This is well.
Brach. That you should chide thus!
Flam. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe ever cast most smoke! I swet for you.
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.
My lord, supplie your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.
Brach. Stay ingratefull Rome.
Flam. Rome! it deserves
To be cal'd Barbarie, for our villainous usage.
Brach. Soft; the same project which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullerie I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.
Flam. And no time fitter than this night, my lord:
The Pope being dead; and all the cardinals entred
The conclave for th' electing a new Pope;
The cittie in a great confusion;
Wee may attire her in a pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.

130 *Stay ingratefull Rome.* AB, Stay ingratefull Rome. C, Stay ingrateful Rome. D, Stay, ingrateful Rome! Dyce queries: Stay in ingrateful Rome!

130–31 *Rome! . . . usage.* One line in Qq.

Brach. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old mother,
And yong Marcello, that attendes on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee.
I will advance you all: for you, Vittoria,
Thinke of a dutchesse title.

Flam. Lo you, sister!
Stay, my lord; I'le tell you a tale. The crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worme breds i'th teeth of't, which puts it to extreame anguish: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is barbor-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the jawes of't; pickes out the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease, but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th mouth; forceth her open her bloudy prison; and away

142 *Ile instantly.* BCD omit *Ile.*

148-164 A definite rhythmical movement is discernible here and there in this speech, but it is hardly possible to print the speech otherwise than as the prose in which it appears in Qq.

161 *head, top o'th which.* CD, head top, which.

flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

Brach. Your application is, I have not rewarded
The service you have done me.

Flam. No, my lord:
You, sister, are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, my lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every particle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the pricke i'th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude.
It may appeare to some ridiculous [*Aside.*]
Thus to talke knave and madman; and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stuft with sage.
But this allowes my varying of shapes,
Knaves do grow great by being great mens apes.

Exeunt.

[Scene iv.]

[*Rome. Without the Vatican.*]

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadours.

Francisco. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclave; and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Scene iv. D, Act. 4. Scen. 2. *Enter . . . Embassadours.* AB add: At another dore the Duke of Florence.

Lodovico. I shall, my lord. Roome for the embassadors!

Gasparo. They're wondrous brave to day: why do they weare
These severall habits?

Lod. O sir, they'r knights
Of severall orders.
That lord i'th blacke cloak with the silver crosse
Is Knight of Rhodes; the next, Knight of S. Michael;
That, of the Golden Fleece; the French-man there,
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my lord of Savoy
Knight of th' Annuntiation; the Englishman
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated
Unto their saint, S. George. I could describe to you
Their severall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their orders, but that time
Permits not such discovery.

Fran. Where's Count Lodowicke?

Lod. Here, my lord.

Fran. 'Tis o'th point of dinner time;
Marshall the cardinals service.

Lod. Sir, I shall.

Enter Servants with severall dishes covered.

Stand, let me search your dish: who's this for?

20 *dish.* Query: dishes.

Servant. For my Lord Cardinall Monticelso.
Lod. Whose this?
Serv. For my Lord Cardinall of Burbon.
French Ambassador. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe
What meate is drest?
English Ambassador. No, sir, but to prevent,
Least any letters should be convei'd in
To bribe or to sollicite the advancement
Of any cardinall. When first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the embassadours of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.
Lod. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands.
A Cardinal. [*From the window.*] You must returne the service; the L. cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope;
They have given o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration.
Lod. Away, away.
Fran. I'le lay a thousand duckets you here news *A Cardinal on the Tarras.*

23 *dishes.* A puts a comma after *dishes.*
35 *the L.* CD, the Lord. 36 *'bout.* CD, about.
38 *admiration.* Query: adoration.

Of a Pope presently. Hearke; sure, he's elected.
Behold! my Lord of Arragon appeares,
On the church battlements.

Arragon. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendissimus Cardinalis* Lorenso *de* Monticelso *electus est in sedem Apostolicam, & elegit sibi nomen* Paulum *Quartum.*

Omnes. *Vivat sanctus Pater* Paulus *Quartus.*

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. Vittoria, my lord,—

Fran. Wel: what of her?

Serv. Is fled the citty—

Fran. Ha!

Serv. With Duke Brachiano.

Fran. Fled? Where's the Prince Giovanni?

Serv. Gone with his father.

Fran. Let the matrona of the convertites
Be apprehended! Fled? O damnable!

[*Exit Servant.*]

How fortunate are my wishes! why, 'twas this
I onely laboured. I did send the letter
T' instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond duke,
I first have poison'd; directed thee the way

43 *Denuntio.* BCD, Annuntio.
51 *matrona.* BC, matrone; D, matron. *convertites.* BCD, converts.

To marrie a whore: what can be worse? This followes:
The hand must act to drowne the passionate tongue.
I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in state.

Monticelso. Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem & remissionem peccatorum.
My lord reportes Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'ne from forth the house of convertites
By Brachiano, and they're fled the cittie.
Now, though this bee the first daie of our seate,
Wee cannot better please the divine power,
Than to sequester from the holie church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,
Wee doe denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
Wee likewise banish. Set on.

Exeunt [*Monticelso, his train, Ambassadors, &c.*]

Fran. Come, deare Lodovico,
You have tane the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murder.

Enter Monticelso. D, Act. 4. Scen. 3.
60 *Concedimus, etc.* The benediction is not given in some copies of A (Dyce). 61 *peccatorum.* A, peccatorem.
63 *convertites.* BCD, converts. 65 *seate.* So A (B. M.), B; CD, seat; Dyce reads *state*, and notes *seat* in some copies of A.
Exeunt . . . Ambassadors. The Qq have only *Exeunt.*

Lod. With all constancie.
But, sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe
In person, being a great prince.
Fran. Divert mee not.
Most of his court are of my faction,
And some are of my councell. Noble freind,
Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,
Give leave, part of the glorie may bee mine.
Exit Fran. [*and Gasparo.*]
Enter Monticelso.
Monticelso. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon? say.
Lod. Italian beggars will resolve you that,
Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of
Doe good for their owne sakes; or 't may bee
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand,
Like kinges, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.
Mont. I know you're cunning. Come, what devill was that
That you were raising?

78 *'like.* D, like.
80 *Monticelso.* Some copies of A give this speech to Francisco (Dyce). B. M. copy as in text.
83 *beg of.* ABC here repeat the direction for Monticelso's entrance.

Lod. Devill, my lord?
Mont. I aske you,
How doth the duke imploy you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement unto his knee,
When hee departed from you?
Lod. Why, my lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine have brought to the carreere,
The sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my lord,
I have a rare French rider.
Mont. Take you heede
Least the jade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra, you doe lie.
O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storme.
Lod. Stormes are i'th aire, my lord:
I am too low to storme.
Mont. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l ever kill.
About some murder? wa'st not?
Lod. Ile not tell you;

89 *I aske you.* Assigned to Lod. in AB. 95 *sault.* Qq, 'sault.

And yet I care not greatly if I doe.
Marry, with this preparation. Holie father,
I come not to you as an intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession meerely; which you know
Must never bee reveal'd.
Mont. You have oretane mee.
Lod. Sir, I did love Brachiano's dutchesse deerely;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
Upon my soule shee was: for which I have sworne
T' avenge her murder.
Mont. To the Duke of Florence?
Lod. To him I have.
Mont. Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud
And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?
Or like the blacke and melancholicke Eughtree,
Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graves,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-hardned ground:

They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leave thee
With all the furies hanging 'bout thy necke,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evill,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruell devill.
Exit Mon[*ticelso.*]
Lod. I'le give it o're. He saies 'tis dam[n]-able:
Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death.
Enter Servant & Francisco.
Francisco. Do you know that count?
Servant. Yes, my lord.
Fran. Beare him these thousand duckets to his lodging;
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirme [him] more then all the rest. [*Exit.*]
Serv. Sir—
Lod. To me, sir?
Serv. His Holinesse hath sent you a thousand crownes,
And wils you, if you travaile, to make him
Your patron for intelligence.
Lod. His creature ever to bee commanded.
[*Exit Servant.*]

125 *With all.* AB, Withall.
133 *Happily.* D, Haply. 134 *him.* First added by Dyce.
137 *wils.* A, will.

Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me;
And yet these crownes were told out and laid ready,
Before he knew my voiage. O the art,
The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit
Like brides at wedding dinners, with their looks turn'd
From the least wanton jests, their puling stomacke
Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
Even acting of those hot and lustfull sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet.
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of bloud.
There's but three Furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.
[*Exit.*]

145 *jests.* BCD, jest.

150 *arm'd . . . th' act.* Query: arm'd. Now to the act of bloud.

[Act V. Scene i.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche and others. [*Then re-enter Flamineo and Hortensio.*]

Flamineo. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day nere broke up till now. This mariage
Confirmes me happy.
Hortensio. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to court?
Flam. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th dukes closet.
I have not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talkt with man better experienc't
In state-affares or rudiments of warre.
Hee hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian
In Candy these twice seven yeares, and bene cheife
In many a bold designe.
Hort. What are those two
That beare him company?
Flam. Two noblemen of Hungary, that living in the emperour's service as commanders, eight

yeares since, contrary to the expectation of all the court, entred into religion, into the strickt order of Capuchins: but being not well setled in their undertaking, they left their order and returned to court: for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against the enemies of Christ; went to Malta; were there knighted; and in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchines in Padua.

Hort. 'Tis strange.

Flam. One thing makes it so. They have vowed for ever to weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they served in.

Hort. Hard penance! Is the Moore a Christian?

Flam. Hee is.

Hort. Why proffers hee his service to our duke?

Flam. Because he understands ther's like to grow
Some warres betweene us and the Duke of Florence,
In which hee hopes imployment.
I never saw one in a sterne bold looke

30 *Hard penance!* A separate line in Qq. 34 *warres.* B, warre; CD, war. 35 At this point AB note: Enter Duke Brachiano.

Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our slight airy courtiers. Hee talkes
As if hee had travail'd all the princes courts
Of Christendome; in all things strives t' expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright,
But lookt to neare, have neither heat nor light.
The duke!

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodovico [disguised as Carlo], Antonelli, Gaspar [o disguised as Pedro], [Marcello], bearing their swordes and helmets.

Brachiano. You' are nobly welcome. Wee have heard at full
Your honourable service 'gainst the Turke.
To you, brave Mulinassar, wee assigne
A competent pension: and are inly [sorrie,]
The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.
Your wish is you may leave your warlike swordes

Florence disguised. i. e. Francisco. A gives *Farnese* after *Gasparo*, but this must be Marcello, whose exit is given later. Dyce marks the entrance of Carlo and Pedro as if they were actual characters; they are, however, only the names assumed by Lodovico and Gasparo in their disguise. No disguise is indicated for Antonelli. D marks Act. 4. Scen. 5. 49 *sorrie.* A, sorrow.

For monuments in our chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done mee, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our dutchesse revells.
Onely one thing, as the last vanitie
You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay
To see a barriers prepar'd to night;
You shall have private standings. It hath pleas'd
The great ambassadours of severall princes,
In their returne from Rome to their owne countries,
To grace our marriage, and to honour mee
With such a kind of sport.

Francisco. I shall perswade them
To stay, my lord.

[*Brach.*] Set on there to the presence!

Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello [*and Hortensio*].

Lodovico. Noble my lord, most fortunately wellcome! *The Conspirators here imbrace.*
You have our vowes, seal'd with the sacrament,
To second your attempts.

Gasparo. And all thinges readie.
Hee could not have invented his owne ruine,
Had hee despair'd, with more proprietie.

62 *our*. B, your. 64 *Set on . . . presence*. Qq assign this to Francisco; Dyce to Brachiano. 65 *Lodovico*. A, Carlo. 67 *Gasparo*. A, Pedro. 69 *more propriety*. CD, more dexterity. A omits comma after *despair'd*.

Lod. You would not take my way.
Fran. 'Tis better ordered.
Lod. T' have poison'd his praier booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th' handle of his racket,—O that, that!
That while he had bin bandying at tennis,
He might have sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazzard! O my lord!
I would have our plot bee ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example.
Fran. There's no way
More speeding than this thought on.
Lod. On, then.
Fran. And yet mee thinkes that this revenge is poore,
Because it steales upon him like a theif;
To have tane him by the caske in a pitcht feild,
Led him to Florence!
Lod. It had bin rare.—And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke,

79 *borrow example.* CD, borrow from it.
80 *On, then.* B, Oh then.

T' have showne the sharpnesse of his government
And rancknesse of his lust. Flamineo comes.

Exeunt Lodovico, Antonelli [*and Gasparo*].

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.

Marcello. Why doth this devill haunt you, say?

Flamineo. I know not.
For by this light I doe not conjure for her.
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the devill: for heeres one up allreadie,
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe.

Mar. Shee is your shame.

Flam. I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burres;
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.

Zanche. That is my country man, a goodly person.
When hee's at leisure Ile discourse with him
In our owne language.

Flam. I beseech you doe. *Exit Zanche.*
How is't, brave souldier? O, that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate
Some of your service to us.

Fran. T'is a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his own chronicle. I did never wash my

87 *lust. Flamineo.* CD, lust — But, peace; Flamineo comes. *Flamineo comes.* A separate line in Qq.

mouth with mine owne praise for feare of getting a stincking breath.

Mar. You're too stoicall. The duke will expect other discourse from you.

Fran. I shall never flatter him: I have studied man to much to do that. What difference is betweene the duke and I? no more than betweene two brickes, all made of one clay: onely 't may bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom of a well by meere chance. If I were plac't as high as the duke, I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out weather equally.

Flam. [*aside.*] If this souldier had a patent to beg in churches, then hee would tell them stories.

Mar. I have bin a souldier too.

Fran. How have you thriv'd?

Mar. Faith, poorely.

Fran. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected. As shippes seeme verie great upon the river, which shew verie little upon the seas; so some men i'th court seeme colossuses in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittifull pigmies.

Flam. Give mee a faire roome yet hung with arras, and some great cardinall to lug mee by th' eares as his endeared minion.

Fran. And thou maist doe the devill knowes what vilanie.

Flam. And safely.

Fran. Right: you shall see in the countrie in harvest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the lord of the mannor; whilest your poore sparrowes that belong to the Lord of heaven, they go to the pot for't.

Flam. I will now give you some polliticke instruction. The duke saies he will give you pension; that's but bare promise: get it under his hand. For I have knowne men that have come from serving against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they have had pension to buy them new woodden legges and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes as if a tormenter should give hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Enter Hortensio, a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, gallants! what, are they readie for the barriers?

143 *instruction.* BCD, instructions. *you pension.* BCD, you a pension. *Exit Francisco.* Added by Dyce.

Young Lord. Yes: the lordes are putting on their armour.

Hortensio. What's hee?

Flam. A new up-start: one that sweares like a falckner, and will lye in the dukes eare day by day like a maker of almanacks; and yet I knew him, since hee came to th' court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hort. Looke you, yonder's your sweet mistresse.

Flam. Thou art my sworne brother: I'le tell thee, I doe love that Moore, that witch, very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny. I do love her, just as a man holds a wolfe by the eares: but for feare of turning upon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the devill.

Hort. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

Flam. 'Faith, I made to her some such darke promise; and in seeking to flye from't, I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious gipsie!

Zanche. I, your love to me rather cooles then heates.

Flam. Marry, I am the sounder lover: we have many wenches about the towne heate too fast.

180 *sounder.* A puts a comma after this.

Hort. What do you thinke of these perfum'd gallants, then?

Flam. Their sattin cannot save them. I am confident
They have a certaine spice of the disease,
For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Beleeve it! a little painting and gay clothes
Make you [love] me.

Flam. How? love a lady for painting or gay apparell? I'le unkennell one example more for thee. Esop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would have courtiers bee better [diners].

Zan. You remember your oathes.

Flam. Lovers oathes are like marriners' prayers, uttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shooe-makers and West-phalia bacon: they are both drawers on; for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the morality of your sun-burnt gentleman?

189 *love.* ABC, loath. succeeding editions, divers. 194 *diners.* AB, diuers; CD and 205 *morality.* ABC, mortality.

Enter Cornelia.

Cornelia. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flye to'th stewes! [*Striking Zanche.*]

Flam. You should be clapt by th' heeles now: strike i'th court! [*Exit Cornelia.*]

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her maids
Catch cold a nights; they dare not use a bed-staffe,
For feare of her light fingers.

Mar. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.

Flam. Why do you kicke her? say,
Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?

Mar. Shee brags that you shall marry her.

Flam. What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitch't upon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crowes thence.

Flam. Your a boy, a foole,
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her neere you, I'le cut her throate.

Flam. With a fan of feathers?

210 *use a bedstaffe.* D, use bed-staves.
212–213 *her? say, Do you.* Dyce prints *her, say?*

Mar. And for you, I'le whip
This folly from you.
Flam. Are you cholericke?
I'le purg't with rubarbe.
Hort. O your brother!
Flam. Hang him!
Hee wrongs me most that ought t' offend mee least.
I do suspect my mother plaid foule play
When she conceiv'd thee.
Mar. Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtred sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turne [two] waies. Those words I'le make thee answere
With thy heart bloud.
Flam. Doe like the geesse in the progresse;
You know where you shall finde mee. [*Exit.*]
Mar. Very good.
And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.
Young Lord. Sir, I shall.
[*Exeunt all but Zanche.*]

229 *turne two.* A, turne 10.
230 *Doe like.* B puts a comma after *doe.*
232 *noble, friend.* BCD omit the comma after *noble.*

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace!

Enter Francisco, the Duke of Florence.

I neere lov'd my complexion till now,
Cause I may boldly say without a blush,
I love you.

Francisco. Your love is untimely sowen; there's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one: I am sunck in yeares, and I have vowed never to marry.

Zan. Alas! poore maides get more lovers then husbands: yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when embassadours are sent to congratulate princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present; so that though the prince like not the embassadours person nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment: so I may come to you in the same maner, & be better loved for my dowry then my vertue.

Fran. I'le thinke on the motion.

Zan. Do: Ile now detaine you no longer. At your better leasure I'le tell you things shall startle your bloud.
Nor blame me that this passion I reveale;
Lovers dye inward that their flames conceale.

[*Exit.*]

238 *Your love, etc.* Assigned in AB to Fla. instead of Fra.
239 *'tis but.* Query: omit *but.*

Fran. Of all intelligence this may prove the best:
Sure, I shall draw strange fowle from this foule nest. [*Exit.*]

[Scene ii.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

Cornelia. I heare a whispering all about the court,
You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrell?
Marcello. 'Tis an idle rumour.
Cor. Will you dissemble? sure, you do not well
To fright me thus; you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'le call the duke,
And he shall schoole you.
Mar. Publish not a feare
Which would convert to laughter; 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my fathers?
Cor. Yes.
Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother sucke,
Hee tooke the crucifix betweene his hands,

258 *Exit.* Qq here mark: Exeunt. Dyce is obviously right in indicating two Exits, as here given.

Scene ii. D, Act. 4. Scen. 6.

Enter Flamineo.

And broke a limbe off.

Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

Flamineo. I have brought your weapon backe.

Flamineo runnes Marcello through.

Cor. Ha! O my horrour!

Mar. You have brought it home indeed.

Cor. Helpe, oh he's murdered!

Flam. Do you turne your gaule up? I'le to sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit Flamineo.*]

Enter Car[lo,] Hort[ensio,] Pedro.

Hortensio. How? o'th ground?

Mar. O mother, now remember what I told,
Of breaking off the crucifix: farewell,—
There are some sinnes which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest meanes! Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foote
Whose branches spread no [wider] then the roote. [*Dies.*]

Cor. O my perpetuall sorrow!

16 *gaule.* D, gill. *Exit Flamineo.* C.

Enter . . . Pedro. This entry (for typographical reasons) is placed after *farewell* (l. 19) in AB. CD have only *Enter Hort.* Carlo is Lodovico,—Pedro, Gasparo.

19 *off.* BCD, of.

24 *wider.* ABC, wilder.

Hort. Vertuous Marcello! Hee's dead: pray leave him, lady; come, you shall.

Cor. Alas, he is not dead: hee's in a trance. Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him againe, for Gods sake!

Hort. I would you were deceiv'd.

Cor. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for lacke of tendance! Reare up's head, reare up's head! His bleeding inward will kill him.

Hort. You see hee is departed.

Cor. Let mee come to him; give mee him as hee is, if hee bee turn'd to earth; let mee but give him one heartie kisse, and you shall put us both into one coffin: fetch a looking glasse, see if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes. Will you loose him for a little paines taking?

Hort. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may live to lay mee ith ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come to him.

30 *I . . . deceiv'd.* This speech is assigned to *Car.* in ABC; in D as here.

37 *hee is.* Dyce puts a colon after *is.* *earth.* B puts a comma after *earth.*

Enter Brachiano all armed, save the beaver; with Flamineo, [*Page, carrying the beaver, and Francisco.*]

Brachiano. Was this your handy-worke?

Flamineo. It was my misfortune.

Cor. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these have kill'd him, that would not let him bee better look't to.

Brach. Have comfort, my greiv'd mother.

Cor. O you scritch-owle!

Hort. Forbeare, good madam.

Cor. Let mee goe, let mee goe!

She runes to Flamineo with her knif drawne, and comming to him, lets it fall.

The God of heaven forgive thee! Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason:
I have scarce breath to number twentie minutes;
Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well:
Halfe of thy selfe lies there: and maist thou live
To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come
In blest repentance!

Brach. Mother, pray tell mee
How came hee by his death? what was the quarrell?

54 *O you.* CD, O yon.

Cor. Indeed, my yonger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood; gave him bitter wordes;
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head
Just in my bosome.
Page. This is not trew, madam.
Cor. I pray thee peace.
One arrow's graz'd allready; it were vaine
T' lose this: for that will nere bee found againe.
Brach. Go, beare the bodie to Cornelia's lodging:
And wee commaund that none acquaint our dutchesse
With this sad accident. For you, Flamineo,
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon.
Flam. No?
Brach. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd.
Flam. At your pleasure.
Lodovico [*secretly*] *sprinckles Brachiano's bever with a poison.*
Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.

80 *To . . . it.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Brach. You once did brave mee in your sisters lodging;
I'le now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beaver?
Francisco. [*aside.*] Hee cals for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pitty thy sad fate! Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,
The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii.]

[*Padua. The Courtyard of the Palace.*]

Charges and shoutes. They fight at Barriers; first single paires, then three to three.
Enter Brachiano, [*Francisco*] *&* *Flamineo with others.*

Brachiano. An armorer! uds' death, an armorer!
Flamineo. Armorer! where's the armorer?
Brach. Teare off my beaver.
Flam. Are you hurt, my lord?
Brach. O my braine's on fire!
Enter Armorer.
The helmet is poison'd.
Armorer. My lord, upon my soule—

86 This line is indented in AB.

Scene iii. D, Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. This follows the direction concerning the Barriers.

Brach. Away with him to torture!
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And neere about me.

[*Enter Vittoria.*]

Vittoria. O my loved lord, poisoned?

Flam. Remove the barre: heer's unfortunate rev[e]ls!
Call the physitions. A plague upon you!

Enter 2. Physitians.

Wee have to[o] much of your cunning here already.
I feare the embassadours are likewise poyson'd.

Brach. Oh I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a covenant 'tweene the world and it,
They're loath to breake.

[*Enter Giovanni.*]

Giovanni. O my most loved father!

Brach. Remove the boy away:
Where's this good woman? Had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
What say yon scritch-owles, is the venomne mortall?

Enter Vittoria. D. *Enter Giovanni.* D.
20 *say yon.* BC, say you; D, say yon. *owles.* CD, owl.

Physician. Most deadly.

Brach. Most corrupted pollitick hangman!
You kill without booke; but your art to save
Failes you as oft as great mens needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelve-month?
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.
[*To Vittoria.*]
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Francisco. Sir, bee of comfort.

Brach. O thou soft naturall death, that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy milde departure; the dull owle
Beates not against thy casement; the hoarse wolfe
Sents not thy carion: pitty windes thy coarse,
Whilst horrour waights on princes.

Vit. I am lost for ever.

Brach. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling!

[*Enter Lodovico and Gasparo, disguised.*]
What are those?

Flam. Franciscans.
They have brought the extreame unction.

To Vittoria. D. 30 *art.* BC, are; D, art.

Brach. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,—
It is a word infinitely terrible.
Withdraw into our cabinet.

Exeunt [*all*] *but Francisco and Flamineo* [*Brachiano being borne out*].

Flam. To see what solitarinesse is about dying princes! As heretofore they have unpeopled townes, divorst friends, and made great houses unhospitable; so now, O justice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of princes bodies; the least thicke cloud makes them invisible.

Fran. There's great moane made for him.

Flam. 'Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most plentifully in every office o'th court. But beleeve it, most of them do but weepe over their step-mothers graves.

Fran. How meane you?

Flam. Why, they dissemble, as some men doe that live within compasse o'th verge.

Fran. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.

Flam. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans

40 *word infinitely.* MS note in A, word most infinitely.

42–48 *To see . . . invisible.* This speech may be rendered into a kind of verse whose lines end in *see, princes, townes, unhospitable, now, bodies, invisible.*

53 *graves.* BCD, grave.

breast; I have beene fed with poultry: but, for money, understand me, I had as good a will to cosen him, as e're an officer of them all. But I had not cunning enough to doe it.

Fran. What did'st thou thinke of him? 'faith, speake freely.

Flam. Hee was a kinde of states-man, that would sooner have reckond how many cannon bullets he had discharged against a towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects hee lost before it.

Fran. O, speake well of the duke.

Flam. I have done. Will't heare some of my court wisedome? (*Enter Lodovico.*) To reprehend princes is dangerous: and to overcommend some of them is palpable lying.

Fran. How is it with the duke?

Lodovico. Most deadly ill.
Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.
Hee talkes of battailes and monopolies,
Levying of taxes, and from that descends
To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens
On twentie severall objects, which confound
Deepe sence with follie. Such a fearefull end
May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,
Though they live happiest, yet they dye not best.

Hee hath conferr'd the whole state of the duke-
dome
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.
Flam. There's some good lucke in that yet.
Fran. See, heere he comes.
[*The traverse is drawn.*]
Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed; Vittoria and others.
There's death in's face allready.
Vittoria. O my good lord!
Brachiano. Away, you have abus'd mee!
You have convayd coyne forth our territories;
Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,
And I nere dreampt on't. Make up your accountes;
Ile now bee mine owne steward.
Flam. Sir, have patience.
Brach. Indeed I am to blame.

These speches are set erall kinds of distra tions and in the acti should apeare.

Enter Brachiano. The place is now Brachiano's 'cabinet.' No new scene is indicated in any edition, but Mr. Greg suggests one. We are to assume either Brachiano's entrance in a bed carried by attendants, or the drawing of a traverse discovering Brachiano in bed. In either event, it is dramatically a new scene. The objection to marking it so is Francisco's speech, *See, heere he comes.*

These . . . apeare. This marginal direction appears only in A. The B. M. copy is clipped in binding: a few letters supplied are from Dyce's collation.

For did you ever heare the duskie raven
Chide blacknesse? or wast ever knowne the divell
Raild against cloven creatures?
Vit. O my lord!
Brach. Let mee have some quailes to supper.
Flam. Sir, you shal.
Brach. No, some fried dog-fish: your quailes feed on poison.
That old dog-fox, that polititian, Florence!
Ile forsweare hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! Ile bee frindes with him: for marke you, sir, one dog
Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now.
Flam. Where?
Brach. Why there,
In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha!
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes,
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?
Flam. No, my lord.
Brach. Why, 'tis the devill:
I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe
To hide his cloven foot. Ile dispute with him:
Hee's a rare linguist.
Vit. My lord, heers nothing.

Brach. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want monie,
Our treasurie is emptie; there is nothing:
Ile not bee us'd thus.
Vit. O! 'ly still, my lord!
Brach. See, see, Flamineo that kill'd his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries
A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him even,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a lawyer
In a gowne whipt with velvet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have bin in a halter.
'Tis there: what's shee?
Flam. Vittoria, my lord.
Brach. Ha, ha, ha! Her haire is sprinckled with arras powder,
That makes her looke as if she had sinn'd in the pastrie.
What's hee?
Flam. A divine, my lord,
Brach. Hee will bee drunke; avoid him: th' argument

Brachiano seemes heare neare his end, Lodo vico & Gasparo i the habit of Capuchins present him in his be with a crucifix an hallowed candle.

116 *'ly.* Apostrophe in Qq.
125–127 *Ha . . . What's hee?* Printed as prose in Qq.
Brachiano . . . candle. Six or eight letters of this are clipped

Is fearefull when church-men stagger in't.
Looke you; six gray rats that have lost their tailes,
Crall up the pillow; send for a rat-cat[c]her!
Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the court
From all foule vermin. Where's Flamineo?
Flam. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,
Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe
I shall not live long. See, hee's neere his end.
Lod. Pray give us leave. *Attende, Domine Brachiane.*
Flam. See, see, how firmely hee doth fixe his eye
Upon the crucifix.
Vit. O hold it constant!
It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies
Melt into teares.
Lod. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo; nùnc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali. *By the crucifix.*

in A (B. M.). The presence of this marginal note is perhaps responsible for the irregular line-arrangement of the next four verses in ABC. The arrangement of D is followed here. In A, the lines end in *is, in't, the, -cather, court.*

130 *gray rats.* BC, gray cats.

137 *Brachiane.* B, Brachiano.

By . . . crucifix. By . . . taper. The two marginal notes are badly clipped in ABC (B. M. copies). D is perfect and is here followed. AB have Ho- as the first syllable of *hallowed.*

Gas. Olim hastâ valuisti in bello; nùnc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum. *By the hallowed taper.*

Lod. Attende, Domine Brachiane: si nunc quòque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.

Gas. Esto securus, Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas meritorum; denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.

Lod. Si nùnc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.

Hee is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us onely whisper in his eares
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to heare.

Heare, the rest being departed, Lodovico and Gasparo discover themselves.

Gas. Brachiano,—
Lod. Devill Brachiano, thou art damn'd.
Gas. Perpetually.
Lod. A slave condemn'd and given up to the gallowes
Is thy great lord and master.
Gas. True: for thou
Art given up to the devill.

155 *lævum.* A, levum; B, lavum.
Gasparo. A, Gasparao or.
160 *Devill Brachiano.* Separate line in Qq.

Lod. O you slave!
You that were held the famous pollititian;
Whose art was poison!
Gas. And whose conscience, murder!
Lod. That would have broke your wives necke downe the staires
Ere she was poison'd!
Gas. That had your villanous sallets!
Lod. And fine imbrodered bottles, and perfumes,
Equally mortall with a winter plague!
Gas. Now there's mercarie—
Lod. And copperesse—
Gas. And quickesilver—
Lod. With other develish potticarie stuffe,
A melting in your polliticke braines: do'st heare?
Gas. This is Count Lodovico.
Lod. This, Gasparo.
And thou shalt die like a poore rogue.
Gas. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.
Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.
Brach. Vittoria? Vittoria!
Lod. O the cursed devill,
Come to himselfe againe! Wee are undone.

166–167 Prose in Qq. 168 *and perfumes.* Separate line in A. 171 *potticarie.* B, Apothecarie. 178 *Come.* BCD, Comes.

Enter Vittoria, [*Francisco, Flamineo*] *and the Attend*[*ants.*]

Gas. Strangle him in private. What, will you call him againe
To live in treble torments? for charitie,
For Christian charitie, avoid the chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lod. You would prate, sir. This is a true-love knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence.

Brachiano is strangled.

Gas. What, is it done?
Lod. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though shee had practis'd seven yere at the pest-house,
Could have done't quaintlyer. My lordes hee's dead.

[*They return.*]

Omnes. Rest to his soule! [*The traverse is closed.*]
Vittoria. O mee! this place is hell.

Exit Vittoria.

Francisco. How heavily shee takes it!

Enter . . . Attendants. D, Act. 5. Scen. 2. Dyce adds Flamineo to this list. Francisco's name is in CD.

Exeunt. CD. Dyce adds: Vittoria, Francisco, Flamineo, and Attendants.

184 *woman-keeper.* Preferably, woman keeper.

They return. CD.

Flamineo. O yes, yes;
Had women navigable rivers in their eies,
They would dispend them all; surely, I wonder
Why wee should wish more rivers to the cittie,
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell thee,
These are but moonish shades of greifes or feares;
There's nothing sooner drie than womens teares.
Why heere's an end of all my harvest; hee [h]as given mee nothing.
Court promises! let wisemen count them curst,
For while you live, hee that scores best paies worst.
Fran. Sure, this was Florence doing.
Flam. Very likelie.
Those are found waightie strokes which come from th' hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th' head.
O the rare trickes of a Machivillian!
Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slave
And buffet you to death: no, my quaint knave,
Hee tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron.

You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice:
To teach court-honestie, it jumpes on ice.
Fran. Now have the people libertie to talke
And descant on his vices.
Flam. Miserie of princes,
That must of force bee censur'd by their slaves!
Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher. Uds'death, I
Would faine speake with this duke yet.
Fran. Now hee's dead?
Flam. I cannot conjure; but if praiers or oathes
Will get to th' speech of him, though forty devils
Waight on him in his livery of flames,
I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I bee blasted. *Exit Flamineo.*
Fran. Excellent Lodovico!
What, did you terrifie him at the last gaspe?
Lod. Yes; and so idely, that the duke had like
T' have terrified us.
Fran. How?
Lod. You shall heare that heareafter.

213 *Uds'death, I.* Begins following line in Qq.
Exit Flamineo. This exit is placed one line lower in ABC.

Enter the Moore [*Zanche*].

See! yon's the infernall that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret,
Shee promis't when she fell in love with you.
Fran. You're passionately met in this sad world.
Zanche. I would have you look up, sir; these court teares
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe
That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dreame I had,
Some mischiefe would insue; yet to say truth,
My dreame most concern'd you.
Lod. Shal's fall a dreaming?
Fran. Yes; and for fashion sake Ile dreame with her.
Zan. Mee thought, sir, you came stealing to my bed.
Fran. Wilt thou beleeve me, sweeting; by this light,
I was a dreampt on thee too: for me thought
I saw thee naked.

223 *infernall that.* Mr. Daniel suggests: infernall hag.

227–232 *I would . . . concern'd you.* Like the other speeches of Zanche in this scene, this is indicated in AB by Moo. for Moore; and in several cases also, Francisco's speeches are marked Flo. for Florence.

Zan. Fy, sir! As I told you,
Me thought you lay downe by me.
Fran. So drempt I;
And least thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle.
Zan. Verily, I did dreame
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't,—
Lod. How? how? I hope you will not go to it here.
Fran. Nay; you must heare my dreame out.
Zan. Well, sir, forth.
Fran. When I threw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly, me thought.
Zan. Laugh?
Fran. And cridst out,
The haire did tickle thee.
Zan. There was a dreame indeed!
Lod. Marke her, I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A collier hath bene washt in.
Zan. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveale a secret: Isabella,
The Duke of Florence sister, was impoison'd
By a 'fum'd picture; and Camillo's necke

242 *to it here.* B, to there; CD, to't there.

Was broke by damn'd Flamineo; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse.
Fran. Most strange!
Zan. Most true.
Lod. The bed of snakes is broke.
Zan. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the blacke deed.
Fran. Thou kepts their counsell.
Zan. Right;
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria.
Lod. Excellent penitence!
Usurers dreame on't while they sleepe out sermons.
Zan. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me, till the funerall,
Unto a friend i'th country. That excuse
Will further our escape. In coine and jewels
I shall, at least, make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns.
Fran. O noble wench!
Lod. Those crownes we'le share.
Zan. It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt proverbe false,
And wash the Ethiop white.
Fran. It shall. Away!

257 *counsell.* Dyce, counsel?

Zan. Be ready for our flight.
Fran. An howre 'fore day. *Exit the Moore.*
O strange discovery! why, till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Enter Moore.

Zanche. You'le waight about midnight in the chappel.
Fran. There. [*Exit Zanche.*]
Lod. Why, now our action's justified.
Fran. Tush for justice!
What harmes it justice? we now, like the partridge,
Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame.
Exeunt.

[Scene iv.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

Enter Flam[*ineo*] *and Gasp*[*aro*] *at one dore, another way, Giovanni, attended.*

Gasparo. The yong duke: did you ere see a sweeter prince?
Flamineo. I have knowne a poore womans bastard better favor'd. This is behind him:

273 *You'le . . . midnight.* Separate line in Qq. *chappel.* Dyce, chapel?
Scene iv. D, Act. 5. Scen. 3.

now, to his face, all comparisons were hateful. Wise was the courtly peacocke, that being a great minion, and being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to the kingly eagle, said the eagle was a farre fairer bird then herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long tallants. His will grow out in time. — My gratious lord!

Giovanni. I pray leave mee, sir.

Flam. Your grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourne; for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horseback?

Gio. Why, what said hee?

Flam. When you are dead, father (said he), I hope then I shall ride in the saddle. O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himselfe! he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the whole compasse of the hemisphere. You're now, my lord, ith saddle.

Gio. Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent. 'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin;
I have heard griefe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. *Exit Giov[anni.]*

Flam. Study my praiers? he threatens me divinely;

11 *tallants.* B, talons. 12 *time.* AB put a comma after *time.*
20 *hope then I.* BCD, hope that I.

I am falling to peeces already. I care not, though, like Anacharsis, I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for usurers, — gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordiall chullice for the devill.

He hath his unckles villanous looke already,

Enter Courtier.

In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?

Courtier. It is the pleasure, sir, of the yong duke,
That you forbeare the presence, and all roomes
That owe him reverence.

Flam. So, the wolfe and the raven
Are very pretty fools when they are yong.
Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out?

Cour. So the duke wils.

Flam. Verely, maister courtier, extreamity is not to bee used in all offices. Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder, with nothing about her but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her upper garment, pull it ore her head and eares, and put her in nak'd?

32 *usurers.* Qq have no punctuation after *usurers.* 37 *the yong duke.* D, the Duke. 39–41 *So . . . out?* Prose in Qq.
46 *to the.* Dyce queries: or to the.

Cour. Very good: you are merrie. [*Exit.*]

Flam. Doth hee make a court ejectment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney then withint. Ile smoore some of them.

Enter Florence.

How now? thou art sad.

Francisco. I met even now with the most pitious sight.

Flam. Thou metst another heare, a pittifull Degraded courtier.

Fran. Your reverend mother
Is growne a very old woman in two howers.
I found them winding of Marcello's coarse;
And there is such a solemne melodie,
'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont t'out-weare the nights with, that beleeve mee
I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome,
They were so ore-charg'd with water.

Flam. I will see them.

Fran. 'Twere much uncharety in you: for your sight
Will adde unto their teares.

Flam. I will see them.

Enter Florence. BCD, Enter Francisco.
59 *metst.* D, meet'st.

They are behind the travers. Ile discover
Their superstitious howling. [*Draws the traverse.*]

Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discovered, winding Marcello's coarse. A song.

Cornelia. This rosemarie is wither'd; pray get fresh;
I would have these herbes grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,
Ile tye a garland heere about his head:
'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twentie yere, and everie daie
Hallow'd it with my praiers. I did not thinke
Hee should have wore it.

Zanche. Looke you; who are yonder?

Cor. O reach mee the flowers.

Zan. Her ladiships foolish.

Woman. Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child againe.

Cor. You're very wellcome.
There's rosemarie for you, and rue for you,
To Flamineo.
Hearts-ease for you: I pray make much of it.
I have left more for my selfe.

Fran. Ladie, who's this?

Cornelia . . . coarse. D, Act. 5. Scen. 4. 78 *yere.* B, yeeres; CD, years. 85 *make much.* Query: take much. 86 *more.* Mr. Daniel suggests *none.*

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flam. So.
Zan. 'Tis Flamineo.
Cor. Will you make mee such a foole?
Heere's a white hand:
Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee see:
When scritch-howles croke upon the chimney tops,
And the strange cricket ith oven singes and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a course shall heare.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Couslep-water is good for the memorie:
Pray buy me 3. ounces of't.
Flam. I would I were from hence.
Cor. Do you heere, sir?
Ile give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore
Unto her lute.
Flam. Doe an you will, doe.

94 *course.* BCD, coarse; Dyce, corse.
96–97 *couslep- . . . of't.* One line in Qq.
101 *Unto her lute.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Cor. *Call for the robin-red-brest and the wren,*
Since ore shadie groves they hover, — *Cornelia doth this in severall formes of distraction.*
And with leaves and flowres doe cover
The friendlesse bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funerall dole
The ante, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme;
But keepe the wolfe far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'l dig them up agen.
They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a quarrell;
But I have an answere for them.
Let holie church receive him duly
Since hee payd the church tithes truly.
His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:
This poore men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, wee may shut up shop.
Blesse you all good people.

Exeunt Cornelia, and Ladies.

Flam. I have a strange thing in mee, to th' which
I cannot give a name, without it bee
Compassion. I pray leave mee. *Exit Francisco.*
This night Ile know the utmost of my fate,

118 *shop.* Omitted in D.

Ile bee resolv'd what my rich sister meanes
T' assigne mee for my service. I have liv'd
Riotously ill, like some that live in court;
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the mase of conscience in my brest.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie;
"Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.
Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet.
What a mockerie hath death made of thee? thou look'st sad.
In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speake?
Pray, sir, resolve mee, what religions best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answere me how long I have to live?
That's the most necessarie question.
Not answere? Are you still like some great men
That onely walke like shadowes up and downe,

Enter Brachiano's ghost, in his leather cassock & breeches, bootes, a coule; in his hand a pot of lilly-flowers with a scull in't.

127 *my face* BCD, his face. 128 *mase.* BCD, maze.
Enter . . . in't. Badly clipped in A (B. M.); missing parts, except *ano's* and *in his hand*, the latter added by Dyce, supplied from B.
132 *of thee.* BCD omit *of.*

And to no purpose? say!—
What's that? O fatall! hee throwes earth upon mee.
The Ghost throwes earth upon him and shewes him the scull.
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers!
I pray speake, sir; our Italian church-men
Make us beleve dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
Exit G[*host.*]
Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.
This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate
To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,
And summe up all these horrours; the disgrace
The prince threw on mee; next the pitious sight
Of my dead brother; and my mothers dotage;
And last this terrible vision. All these
Shall with Vittoria's bountie turne to good,
Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

The . . . scull. Clipped in A (B. M.); missing parts from B.
Exit Ghost. Clipped in A.

[Scene v.]

[*Padua. A Street.*]

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio [*apart*].

Lodovico. My lord, upon my soule, you shall no further:
You have most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe
Too far allready. For my part, I have payd
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall,
My creditours fall not with mee; and I vow
To quite all in this bold assemblie
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave the cittie,
Or Ile forsweare the murder.
Francisco. Farewell, Lodovico.
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
Ile reare unto thy memorie that fame
Shall in the ashes keepe alive thy name.
[*Exeunt Francisco and Lodovico severally.*]
Hortensio. There's some blacke deed on foot.
Ile presently
Downe to the citadell, and raise some force.

Scene v. D, Act. 5. Scen. 5.
11 *the ashes.* D, thy ashes.
Exeunt . . . severally. CD mark here exit of Francisco only; AB give no directions.

These strong court factions that do brooke no checks,
In the cariere oft breake the riders neckes.
[*Exit Hortensio.*]

[Scene vi.]

[*Padua. Brachiano's Palace.*]

Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand; Zanke; Flamineo, following them.

Flamineo. What, are you at your prayers? Give o're.
Vittoria. How, ruffin?
Flam. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse: Sit downe, sit downe. Nay, stay, blouze, you may heare it;
The dores are fast inough.
Vit. Ha, are you drunke?
Flam. Yes, yes, with wormewood water; you shall tast
Some of it presently.
Vit. What intends the fury?
Flam. You are my lords executrix; and I claime
Reward for my long service.
Vit. For your service?

Scene vi. No scene marked in Qq.
Enter . . . them. Clipped in AB (B. M.). In left margin.

Flam. Come, therfore, heere is pen and inke; set downe
What you will give me.
Vit. There. *Shee writes.*
Flam. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.
Vit. I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Caine gron'd under, having slaine his brother.
Flam. A most courtly pattent to beg by!
Vit. You are a villaine.
Flam. Is't come to this? The[y] say affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a devill in thee; I will try
If I can scarre him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me yet two case of jewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see them. [*Exit.*]
Vit. Sure, hee's distracted.
Zanche. O he's desperate!
For your owne safety give him gentle language.
He enters with two case of pistols.
Flamineo. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift,
Then all your jewell house.

Shee writes. Clipped in A. In left margin.
17 *scarre.* C, scare. 19 *Exit.* Supplied by C.
He . . . pistols. A few letters clipped in A.

Vit. And yet, mee thinkes,
These stones have no faire lustre, they are ill set.
Flam. I'le turne the right side towards you: you shall see
How the[y] will sparkle.
Vit. Turne this horror from mee!
What do you want? what would you have mee doe?
Is not all mine, yours? have I any children?
Flam. Pray thee, good woman, doe not trouble mee
With this vaine worldly businesse; say your prayers.
I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither your selfe nor I should out-live him,
The numbring of foure howers.
Vit. Did he enjoyne it?
Flam. He did; and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Least any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it. For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing
If hee could not be safe in his owne court,
Being a great duke, what hope then for us?
Vit. This is your melancholy and dispaire.
Flam. Away!
Foole thou art to thinke that polititians

41 *Foole.* A places a comma after this word.

Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live. Shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen
To a publicke scaffold? This is my resolve:
I would not live at any mans entreaty
Nor dye at any's bidding.
Vit. Will you heare me?
Flam. My life hath done service to other men:
My death shall serve mine owne turne. Make you ready.
Vit. Do you meane to die indeed?
Flam. With as much pleasure
As ere my father gat me.
Vit. Are the dores lockt?
Zan. Yes, madame.
Vit. Are you growne an atheist? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule,
To the soules slaughter house? O the cursed devill
Which doth present us with all other sinnes
Thrice candied ore, despaire with gaule and stibium,
Yet we carouse it off,—Cry out for helpe!—
Makes us forsake that which was made for man,

58 *Cry . . . helpe.* A MS parenthesis in A (B. M.) indicates (rightly) an aside.

The world, to sinke to that was made for devils,
Eternall darkenesse!
Zan. Helpe, helpe!
Flam. Ile stop your throate
With winter plums.
Vit. I prethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shreeking.
Flam. Leave your prating;
For these are but grammaticall laments,
Feminine arguments; and they move me
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation then sence
Of reason or sound doctrine.
Zan. Gentle madam,
Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach
The way to death; let him dye first.
Vit. 'Tis good; I apprehend it.—
To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it;
The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand,
May else bring trebble torments.
Flam. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to dye.
Vit. O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolv'd; farewell, affliction!

Behold, Brachiano, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well, Zanche!
Zan. How, madam! do you thinke that I'le out-live you,
Especially when my best selfe, Flamineo,
Goes the same voiage?
Flam. O most loved Moore!
Zan. Onely by all my love let me entreat you,—
Since it is most necessary [one] of us
Do violence on our selves,—let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.
Flam. Thou dost instruct me nobly: take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:
Two of these you shall levell at my brest,
Th' other gainst your owne, and so we'le dye
Most equally contented. But first sweare
Not to out-live me.
Vit. and Zan. Most religiously.
Flam. Then here's an end of me: fare-well, day-light!
And O contemtible physike, that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee!

88 *one.* A, none.

These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw *Shewing the pistols.*
All my infected bloud out. Are you ready?
Vit. and Zan. Ready.
Flam. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy ridiculous purgatory! to finde Alexander the Great cobling shooes, Pompey tagging points, and Julius Cæsar making haire buttons; Haniball selling blacking, and Augustus crying garlike; Charlemaigne selling lists by the dozen, and King Pippin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse!
Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, aire,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not
Nor greatly care.—Shoote, shoote,
Of all deaths the violent death is best, *They shoot, and run to him & tread upon him.*
For from our selves it steales our selves so fast,
The paine, once apprehended, is quite past.
Vit. What, are you drop't?
Flam. I am mixt with earth already. As you are noble,
Performe your vowes, and bravely follow mee.
Vit. Whither? to hell?

Shewing the pistols. Clipped in AB.
102 *Are you ready? Ready.* New line in Qq.
103–110 Possibly as verse with lines ending in *now*, *purgatory*, *shooes*, *Cæsar*, *blacking*, *Charlemaigne*, *Pippin*, *horse*.
They . . . him. Clipped in AB; supplied from C.

Zan. To most assured damnation?
Vit. O thou most cursed devill!
Zan. Thou art caught——
Vit. In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
That would have bene my ruine.
Flam. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Stix, that the gods never durst sweare by and violate! O that wee had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice!
Vit. Thinke whither thou art going.
Zan. And remember
What villanies thou hast acted.
Vit. This thy death
Shall make me, like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke up and tremble.
Flam. O I am caught with a springe!
Vit. You see the fox comes many times short home;
'Tis here prov'd true.
Flam. Kild with a couple of braches!
Vit. No fitter offring for the infernall Furies
Then one in whom they raign'd while hee was living.
Flam. O the waies darke and horrid! I cannot see.
Shall I have no company?

Vit. O yes, thy sinnes
Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.
Flam. O I smell soote,
Most s[t]inking soote, the chimnie is a fire!
My livers purboil'd like scotch holly-bread;
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds!
Wilt thou out-live mee?
Zan. Yes, and drive a stake
Through thy body; for we'le give it out
Thou didst this violence upon thy selfe.
Flam. O cunning devils! now I have tri'd your love,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded;
Flamineo riseth.
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindnesse to mee; and I live
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
One time or other, you would finde a way
To give me a strong potion. O men
That lye upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives, neere trust them! they'le re-marry
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete, ere the spider

140 *O . . . soote.* Begins next line in Qq.
145 *Through.* Dyce, Thorough. 151 *knew.* BCD, know.

Make a thinne curtaine for your epitaphes.
How cunning you were to discharge! Do you
practice at the Artillery yard? Trust a woman?
never, never; Brachiano bee my president! We
lay our soules to pawne to the devill for a little
pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale.
That ever man should marry! For one Hyper-
mnestra that sav'd her lord and husband, forty
nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates
all in one night. There was a shole of vertu-
ous horse-leeches! Here are two other instru-
ments.

Enter Lod[*ovico disguised as Carlo,*] *Gasp*[*aro disguised as Pedro.*]

Vit. Helpe, helpe!

Flam. What noise is that? hah! falce keies
i'th court!

Lodovico. We have brought you a maske.

Flam. A matachine, it seemes,
By your drawne swords. Church men turn'd
revellers.

Gasparo. Isabella, Isabella!

Lod. Doe you know us now?

[*They throw off their disguises.*]

160 *president.* Dyce, precedent.

Enter . . . Pedro. A has Pedro, Carlo, as separate characters, to indicate that the disguises were still worn.

172 *Gasparo. Isabella.* Speech assigned to Con. in AB; to Gas. in CD. Query: Should not the speech *Isabella, Isabella!* be assigned to Lodovico and the following speech to Gasparo? Cf. note, p. 205.

Flam. Lodovico and Gasparo!
Lod. Yes; and that Moore the duke gave pention to
Was the great Duke of Florence.
Vit. O wee are lost!
Flam. You shall not take justice from forth my hands,—
O let me kill her!——Ile cut my safty
Through your coates of steele. Fate's a spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from us. What remaines now?
Let all that doe ill, take this president:
Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.
And of all axiomes this shall winne the prise:
'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.
Gas. Bind him to the pillar.
Vit. O your gentle pitty!
I have seene a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a mans bosome then to stay the gripe
Of the feirce sparrow-hawke.
Gas. Your hope deceives you.
Vit. If Florence be ith court, would hee would kill mee!
Gas. Foole! princes give rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.

180 *president.* Dyce, precedent.
188 *would hee would.* BCD, he would not.

Lod. Sirha, you once did strike mee: Ile strike you
Into the center.
Flam. Thoul't doe it like a hangeman, a base hangman,
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike againe.
Lod. Dost laugh?
Flam. Wouldst have me dye, as I was borne, in whining?
Gas. Recommend your selfe to heaven.
Flam. Noe, I will carry mine owne commendations thither.
Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And us't foure yeere together, 'tweare to[o] little!
Naught greev's but that you are to[o] few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?
Flam. Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions;
I am i'th way to study a long silence;
To prate were idle; I remember nothing.
Thers nothing of so infinit vexation
As mans owne thoughts.

192 *Into.* BCD, Unto. 200 *too.* C corrects.
201 *greev's.* Dyce, Hazlitt, grieves; but *greev's* is probably a contraction of *grieves us.* *too.* D corrects.

Lod. O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I devide thy breath from this pure aire
When't leaves thy body, I would sucke it up
And breath't upon some dunghill!
Vit. You, my deaths man!
Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,
Thou hast to[o] good a face to be a hang-man:
If thou be, doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe upon thy knees and aske forgive-
nesse.
Lod. O thou hast bin a most prodigious
comet,
But Ile cut of[f] your traine! kill the Moore
first.
Vit. You shall not kill her first: behould
my breast:
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before mee.
Gas. Are you so brave?
Vit. Yes; I shall wellcome death
As princes doe some great embassadors;
Ile meete thy weapon halfe way.
Lod. Thou dost tremble;
Mee thinkes feare should dissolve thee into ayre.
Vit. O thou art deceiv'd, I am to[o] true a
woman:

212 *too*. C corrects. 216 *off*. C corrects.
221–22 *As . . . weapon*. One line in Qq.

Conceit can never kill me. Ile tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare;
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.
Gas. Thou art my taske, blacke fury.
Zan. I have blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?
'Tis good for the falling-sicknesse. I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale.
Lod. Strike, strike,
With a joint motion.
[*They stab Vittoria, Zanche, and Flamineo.*]
Vit. 'Twas a manly blow!
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,
And then thou wilt be famous.
Flam. O what blade ist?
A Toledo, or an English fox.
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele
That made it.
Vit. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood!
Now my blood paies for't.
Flam. Th'art a noble sister;

228 *Thou . . . fury.* Assigned to Carlo in A.
240 *That made it.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

I love thee now! if woeman doe breed man,
Shee ought to teach him manhood: fare thee well.
Know, many glorious woemen that are fam'd
For masculine vertue, have bin vitious,
Onely a happier silence did betyde them:
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.
Vit. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driven I know not whither.
Flam. Then cast ancor.
" Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming cleere,
" But seas doe laugh, shew white, when rocks are neere.
" Wee cease to greive, cease to be fortunes slaves,
" Nay, cease to dye, by dying. Art thou gonne?
And thou so neare the bottome? falce reporte,
Which saies that woemen vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives! I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.
" While we looke up to heaven, wee confound
" Knowledge with knowledge. O I am in a mist!

Vit. O happy they that never saw the court,
" Nor ever knew great man but by report!
Vittoria dyes.

Flam. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to great men remember th'
ould wives tradition, to be like the lyons ith
Tower on Candlemas day, — to mourne if the
sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder
of winter to come.
'Tis well yet there's some goodnesse in my
death;
My life was a blacke charnell: I have caught
An everlasting could. I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably. Farewell glorious villaines!
" This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,
" Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by
paine.
Let no harsh flattering bels resound my knell;
Strike thunder, and strike lowde, to my farewell!
Dyes.

Enter Embassad[or] and Giovanni.

English Ambassador. This way, this way!
breake ope the doores! this way!

Lod. Ha! are wee betraid?

261–62 *O . . . report.* Query: should not this speech be assigned to Zanche? In this event, the stage direction of Vittoria's death should be placed after line 249. 262 *man.* BCD, men.
271 *caught.* A, cought.

Why, then lets constantly dye all together;
And having finisht this most noble deede,
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.
Eng. Am. Keepe backe the prince; shoot, shoot! [*They wound Lodovico.*]
Lod. O I am wounded!
I feare I shall be tane.
Giovanni. You bloudy villaines,
By what authority have you committed
This massakre?
Lod. By thine.
Gio. Mine?
Lod. Yes; thy unckle,
Which is a part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't:
Thou knowst me, I am sure; I am Cou[n]t Lodowicke,
And thy most noble unckle in disguise
Was last night in thy court.
Gio. Ha!
Lod. Yes, that Moore
Thy father chose his pentioner.
Gio. He turn'd murderer! —
Away with them to prison and to torture!
All that have hands in this shall tast our justice,
As I hope heaven.

286 *Yes; thy unckle.* Begins following line in AB. *Yes* ends preceding line in CD. 287 *is a part.* BCD, is part.
290–91 *Yes . . . pentioner.* One line in Qq.

Lod. I do glory yet,
That I can call this act mine owne. For my part,
The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele,
Shall bee but sound sleepes to me; here's my rest:
"I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.
Gio. Remove the bodies. See, my honoured lord[s],
What use you ought make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes
Do leane on crut[c]hes made of slender reedes.
[*Exeunt.*]

Instead of an Epilogue, onely this of Martial supplies me:

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia si placui.

For the action of the play, twas generally well, and I dare affirme, with the joint testimony

299–302 *Remove . . . reedes.* Mr. Greg suggests that this speech be assigned to the English Ambassador. *lords.* Qq, Lord; Dyce, lords.

Instead . . . me. Not in CD.

Hæc . . . placui. In CD this quotation follows the last line of the play, and is followed by *Finis.*

For . . . and end. Not in CD.

of some of their owne quality, for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster, the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a generall acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well approved industry of my freind Maister Perkins, and confesse the worth of his action did crowne both the beginning and end.

FINIS.

Notes to the White Devil

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

3, 3. **nos . . . nihil.** *We know that these things are nothing.* Martial, xiii. 2.

3, 5. **theater.** Mr. Fleay thinks the Curtain; Dyce, the Phœnix. Cf. note on Maister Perkins, p. 206.

3, 13. **Nec . . . molestas.** *You will not fear the jeers of the malicious, nor furnish wrappers for fish* (*i. e.* your manuscript will not be used as waste paper). Martial, iv. 87.

3, 16. **non . . . dixi.** *You cannot say more against my trifles than I have said myself.* Martial, xiii. 2.

3, 19. **sententious tragedy.** Sententiousness was characteristic particularly of Senecan tragedy.

3, 22. **life'n . . . Nuntius.** To the nuntius (messenger) in classic tragedy often fell the task of describing the death of one or more of the characters: his impassioned description might make even death seem alive.

4, 24. **O . . . ilia.** *Oh the strong digestion of reapers!* Horace, *Ep.* iii.

4, 28. **Hæc . . . relinques.** *These you will leave for the pigs to eat to-day.* Horace, *Epist.* i. vii. 19.

4, 32. **answer . . . Alcestides.** The story is told by Valerius Maximus, iii. 7 (Dyce).

4, 53. **non . . . mori.** *These works know not how to die.* Martial, x. 2. Dekker ends his preface to *A Knights Conjuring* (? 1607) with the same quotation.

5, 1. **Scire . . . sales.** *Would you know what a woman is? with what gadfly she stings you? Here you are, if you've wit to understand them, — a thousand witty sayings.*

5. **J. Wilson.** In all probability, this is John Wilson, the Restoration dramatist, whose plays were first collected in 1874 by Maidment and Logan.

7, 2. **thy . . . punishment.** Opposed to all the known sayings of Democritus. Cf. especially Zeller (*History of Greek Philosophy*, 1881 trans.) II. 277 ff. The title of 'laughing philosopher' may have led Webster into thinking of Democritus as a mocker. A song in *The Nice Valour* (v. i.) has this line:

'Democritus, thou ancient fleerer.'

8, 21. **caviare.** A great delicacy and novelty among Webster's contemporaries. Cf. Giles Fletcher's *Of the Russe Commonwealth* (1591), and *Hamlet*, II. ii. 416. Sometimes a quadrisyllable.

9, 31. **murders.** Lodovico had killed Vincenzo Vitelli.

9, 40. **Brachiano.** The Italian is 'Bracciano': Webster's spelling therefore indicates the soft English, not the hard Italian, pronunciation of *chi*.

9, 44. **duke.** Brachiano.

9, 44. **Have . . . you.** Be manful.

10, 47. **Perfumes . . . sents.** Cf. *D. M.* III. v. 73.

10, 50. **painted comforts,** false consolations.

12, 24. **where a satiety.** Dyce's emendation, 'whereas satiety,' is probably correct. Dyce also notes Marston's earlier use of the same idea: 'Fie on this satietie, 'tis a dul, blunt, weary, and drowsie passion' (*Fawne*, IV. i. 107).

12, 32. **could . . . liver.** Devoid of passion, impotent.

12, 33. **feathers.** The plumes struck from the helmets.

12, 34. **Irish . . . naked.** Reed notes a comment in Barnaby Rich's *A new description of Ireland* (1610), p. 38, concerning 'a certaine brotherhood called by the name of Karrowes,' who would wager the clothing upon their backs, rather than cease gaming.

14, 72. **boule bootie.** Bowl to lose at first, in order that the adversary may be led to continue playing; 'drawing him on.'

14, 72. **his . . . mistris.** His bowl is so weighted or shaped ('bias' applies to both notions) that it will roll to the mark. In the game of bowls, one ball (the 'mistress' or the 'jack') serves as the object-ball; the other balls are so made as to roll in a curve (bias) and thus to pass whatever obstacles might lie in a straight line between the bowler and the object-ball. Not to be confused with the game of ten-pins (skittles). The word 'cheek' is a

puzzle: its literal meaning does not explain the line. Possibly the French *chique*, a small ball or marble, provides a clue; or again, 'check,' a falconry term for swerving aside, may be the reading.

15, 75. **Despight . . . Aristotle.** Illogically.

15, 76. **Ephemerides.** John Searles, in *An Ephemeris for nine yeeres* (1609) defines thus: 'Ephemerides are tables of the cælestial motions, calculated for a time and place certaine, shewing the motions of all the planets in longitude and latitude, as also all other configurations and passions, for every day in the yeare.' Jupiter and Venus were good ('smiling') planets; Saturn and Mars evil; Sol, Mercury, and Luna, indifferent.

15, 83. **horne-shavings.** One of the innumerable Elizabethan references to the horns of cuckolds.

15, 84. **Might I advise,** etc. Flamineo's advice seems derived from Ariosto's fourth Satire. The English translation of the Satires, 1608, was by R. Tofte, although attributed to Gervase Markham. The poet tells how to keep a wife chaste, and Flamineo teasingly reverses the suggestions.

> 'The danger's in the house when thou art forth.
> . . . . . .
> 'To go to feasts and weddings mongst the best,
> Is not amisse: for there suspect is least.
> Nor is it meet, that she the Church refraine,
> Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.'

16, 93. **night-cap wringes.** Cf. *Westward Hoe*, I. i.

16, 105. **last jubilee.** The year 1600.

16, 111. **perspective.** Reginald Scot, *The discoverie of witchcraft* (1584), bk. xiii. ch. xix, remarks that 'the wonderous deuises, and miraculous sights and conceipts made and conteined in glasse, doo farre exceed all other; whereto the art perspectiue is verie necessarie.' Among the illusions are those caused by glasses, 'where one image shall seeme to be one hundred.'

17, 131. **bill.** The bill of the European blackbird is yellow.

17, 136. **any meanes.** All means.

18, 140. **carved.** A function of the mistress of an Elizabethan house. Cf. also, *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 119.

18, 154. **glasse-house.** Webster makes a number of references to this glass-house, which stood very near to the Black-

friars' theatre, the site being marked to-day by Glass House Yard and Play House Yard. In *A Knights Conjuring* (1607), Dekker says of hell, . . 'like the Glasse-house Furnace in Blacke-friers, the bone-fires that are kept there, never goe out.'

19, 170. **philosophers stone.** The elixir whose property was to change baser metals into gold.

19, 180. **nayles . . . necessitie.** This recalls the adamant (diamond) spindle of Necessity which held together the celestial spheres in the vision of Er (Plato's *Republic*, x.).

20, 192. **quæ . . . grata.** *Things refused are pleasing.*

20, 202. **silkeworme.** Silkworm references recall the planting of mulberry trees in England by Verton in 1609, in the hope of encouraging silkworm culture. Cf. Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, p. 119.

20, 207. **I . . . steale.** I shall find you stealing.

21, 226. **curst dogges.** 'A curst curre must be tied short.' Ray's *Proverbs*, 1670. Cf. Glossary.

23, 264. **crosse-sticks.** Perhaps crosses stuck in the grave; the expression is unfamiliar.

23, 268. **Eu.** The double meaning of Eu (yew) and you (Brachiano) is now obvious.

24, 288. **flegmaticke.** Cf. note on 'humour,' Gloss.

25, 301. **Thessaly.** Regarded as a home of magic.

26, 323. **great mens.** This construction is sufficiently in keeping with Webster's style to make Dyce's punctuation unnecessary. Cf. *D. M.* I. ii. 156; v. v. 70–71.

27, 329. **Doctor Julio.** Cf. note on *W. D.* v. iii. 166, p. 202.

27, 339. **stirop.** Cf. *D. M.* III. ii. 234.

28, 354. **retaine . . . forehead.** Be womanish.

28, 367. **Lycurgus . . . barren.** Cf. Plutarch's life of Lycurgus.

31, 14. **unicornes horne.** A powder used as an antidote; reputed to be made of the horn of the fabulous animal. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, III. xxiii. The spider's inability to leave the circle would show the power of the substance to resist poison.

32, 46. **fetch . . . about.** Refuse to fly their game to

mark; turn tail. Cf. Markham, *Countrey Contentments* (1615), p. 94.

33, 53. **tennis.** Not lawn-tennis, but the game played in an enclosed court.

33, 61. **Switzers.** In his translation of Ariosto's second Satire, Tofte has this gloss: 'The Swizzers . . . are a race of men naturally warlik & rude. . . . They are free of themselves . . . & wil be hired of any Prince for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong they never respect the same, so they be well paid, and have their pay truely.'

34, 76. **Then . . . plaisters.** Francisco implies that Brachiano will suffer from disease; seemingly a reference to the ulcerous malady which afflicted the real Brachiano. Howell, in *Forreine Travell* (1642), ch. xiv., notes as a common hyperbole the statement that every Frenchman carries a 'box of playsters.'

34, 78. **Your . . . defiance.** Your forehead new-ploughed with the wrinkles of your defiant frown.

35, 92. **tale of a tub.** An idle story.

35, 94. **When . . . melancholike.** An allusion to the notion that the stag shed tears when near his death. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. i. 39.

36, 110. **Homers frogges.** A famous comic poem, *Batrachomyomtachia* (the Battle of the Frogs and Mice), was attributed to Homer.

37, 118. **danske.** Dantzig, sometimes spelt 'Dantske' in Webster's time. Usually explained as 'Danish,' but without any obvious reason.

37, 124. **lap-wing . . . head.** A familiar allusion to precocity. Cf. Meres, *Palladis Tamia* (1598), p. 44; T. W., *Optick Glasse of Humors* (1605), preface; *Hamlet*, v. ii. 193; *Appius and Virginia*, I. i.

38, 140. **Isabella.** 'Camillo,' the reading of ABC, is a less pointed reading than 'Isabella,' whose re-entrance is provided for in l. 10 of this scene.

40, 160. **Italian.** Because jealousy was so rife in Italy.

41, 179. **corpulent duke.** In the actual story, it is Brachiano, not Francisco, who is corpulent.

41, 181. **Rackit . . . tenis.** High stakes at tennis were

not infrequent. Cf. *D. M.* I. i. 173; and Julian Marshall, *Annals of Tennis* (1878), pp. 63, 67. There was a tennis-court in 1615, according to Petworth, within a few steps of the Blackfriars' playhouse (Marshall, p. 80).

41, 183. **shav'd Pollake.** The Poles, according to Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary* (1617), shaved the greater part of the head. Query: may not the 'sleaded pollax' of *Hamlet*, I. i. 63, be 'shaved pollacks'?

44, 243. **whip . . . scorpions.** Cf. *2 Chron.* x. 11; *D. M.* II. v. 73.

45, 261. **manet . . . repostum.** *It shall be treasured up in the depths of* (*my*) *mind. Æneid*, i. 26.

46, 275. **Those . . . speake.** Steevens recalls Seneca's *Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent* (*Hippol.* 607), and *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 209.

46, 281. **stibium.** Antimony. Used anciently to make the eyes seem larger and brighter. Cf. Pliny, XXXIII. vi.

46, 286. **but . . . Candy.** Perhaps in the sense of having him 'preserved.' Some mocking jest is obviously intended. Cf. *D. M.* I. i. 294.

47, 295. **cosin'd . . . execution.** In order to escape whipping for lechery, the doctor pretended that he was in debt, and an execution was levied upon him; then some worse knave than himself saw to it that the pretended debt was collected in full.

47, 299. **cornet.** Perhaps the old cornet of oboe shape (*Cent. Dict.*). The editor's query, 'coney,' finds in Holland's Pliny VIII. lv. this support: 'Archelaus writeth, That looke how many receptables and waies of passage, the Hare hath for his dung and excrements, so many yeares old he is just.'

47, 302. **Ireland . . . poyson.** By reason of St. Patrick's extermination of the reptiles in Ireland.

48, 322. **gallouses . . . shoulders.** Gallouses (gallows) has here its rare use of criminal or gallows-bird. The reference is to placing the condemned man on the shoulders of another man, who then steps aside, leaving the prisoner hanging.

48, 329. **Inopem . . . fecit.** *Abundance makes me destitute.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 466.

50, 359. **change . . . aire.** Leave this place.

53, 14. **curtall.** Reed notes the allusion to Banks's famous trick-horse, Morocco, often referred to by London writers of the early seventeenth century. Cf. *Northward Ho*, IV. i.

53, 19. **were . . . Lattine.** Were subject to call here and there, merely upon the uttering of some empty Latin phrases. Fast and loose is described, as Mr. Craig notes, in Reginald Scot. It is a trick game with a handkerchief or belt, the point being that a knot or loop which seems tied fast is really loose. Hence the expression came to mean now here, now there, inconstant.

55, 35. **polliticke.** Because more artfully managed, leaving no traces of the crime.

56, 52. **this.** This service rendered by the conjurer's art.

58, 11. **in . . . weeke.** Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. ii. 61. Schmidt explains it as a reference to the hiring of servants by the week. Thomas Draxe in his *Bibliotheca Scholastica Instructissima or Treasurie of Ancient Adagies*, etc. (1633) gives the expression under the heading 'Of Carnall Love.' Obviously, then, it had more than one meaning. Cf. also *Roister Doister*, I. ii. 4.

59, 28. **conyes.** Holland's Pliny, VIII. lv. notes that 'Ferrets are in great account for chasing and hunting of these Connies.' For the *double entendre*, 'swindle'; cf. Glossary.

59, 31. **woman . . . won.** Cf. Sharpham, *Cupid's Whirligig* (1607) sig. C2: 'The French prouerbe saies, *Fame baissee* est demie ioyee, a woman kis'd is halfe inioyed.' Cf. *Crossing of Proverbs* (1616), and Ray's *Proverbs* (1737). Mr. Craig notes a similar Romany proverb in Leland's *English Gipsies*, 3d ed., p. 108. Webster probably found it in Belle-Forest.

60, 48. **wealth . . . captaines.** Cf. *Northward Ho*, v. i.: 'whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low Countries . . . some angel' (*i. e.* eight or ten shillings).

61, 57. **builder oke.** Chaucer, *Parlement of Foules*, 176; Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. i. 8. Can builder oak here mean gallows? Mandrakes (see next line) grew under gallows. Cf. Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, II. vi.

62, 80. **sleepes . . . poulter.** Because the poulterers rode in to market so early in the morning.

63, 10. **Domine . . . corruptissimam.** *Sir Judge, turn your eyes upon this plague, the most corrupt of women.*

63, 14. Webster deftly arouses a sympathy with Vittoria by means of her objection to a trial in Latin.

64, 24. give aime. The man who stood by the mark cried out to the archers how near their arrows came: this was to 'give aim' or to 'cry aim.'

65, 38. stones . . . phisicke. Gervase Markham's *Cheape and Good Husbandry* (2d ed., 1616), p. 160, tells how to give hawks stones, seven to fifteen fine white pebbles from a river.

65, 39. to. In comparison with.

65, 40. tropes . . . figures. The distinction, now usually ignored, is that tropes are words used out of literal meaning, and figures are words used out of ordinary construction.

66, 64. apples . . . ashes. Reed quotes from 1725 ed. of Sir John Maundeville's *Travels*. The passage in the 1568 edition reads: . . . 'and there about grow trees that beare fruite of faire colour and seme rype, but whan a man breaketh them or cut them, he findeth nought in them, but coales or asshes, in tokening that throughe the vengaunce of God, these cities were brent with the fyre of hell' (sig. E_5).

67, 71. scarlet. The color of the legal faculty, or perhaps here of the cardinal's vestments.

67, 80. Sweete . . . eater. Dyce notes Dekker's

> 'What gives she me? good words,
> Sweet meates that rotte the eater.'
> *Whore of Babylon* (1607).

67, 86. tributes . . . payed. Howel, *Familiar Letters* (Letter vii. from Amsterdam, 1619): ''Twere cheap living here, were it not for the monstrous Accises which are impos'd upon all sorts of Commodities both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer payes the States almost the one Moity as much as he payed for the Commodity at first.'

68, 96. bodies . . . gallowes. At this time the Barber-Surgeons' society was entitled to a certain number of bodies of criminals who had been hanged at Tyburn. Cf. Stow's *Annales* (1631), ch. xxix. pp. 1078, 1079.

68, 101. carracter. Accent on penult, as doubtless also in line 79.

69, 115. rushes. The floors were covered with rushes, which, in this instance, must have been strewn thick.

69, 118. wound up. In a shroud.

70, 127. Christian. Here, ecclesiastical as well as civilized.

70, 134. Portia's. Whether Dyce or Hazlitt have the correct version of Mitford's emendation, 'Portia's' seems much better than 'Portia.' 'Perseus' is obviously wrong. If Webster's reference be to Portia, it is Cato's daughter, not the heroine of the *Merchant of Venice*, as Hazlitt and Wurzbach naïvely assume. Cf. *D. M.* IV. i. 70.

72, 173. that . . . challenge. Who will claim as his own.

72, 179. Nemo . . . lacessit. *No one injures me with impunity.*

73, 185. husband-men . . them. Cf. *W. D.* III. iii. 121.

73, 194. appoticaries summer-house. This detail has probably no part in Webster's original, but is doubtless a reference to the Elizabethan use of summer-houses as places of rendezvous.

73, 200. Casta . . . rogavit. *She's chaste whom no one's tempted.* Ovid, *Amorum*, I. viii. 43.

75, 228. as loving. As curious.

75, 234. descended . . . Vittelli. There is no authority for this statement. Webster seems to have drawn the name from an incidental personage in the original story: Lodovico had murdered a Vitelli. Cf. *W. D.* I. i. 31.

76, 247. Ryalto talke. Talk of the town. As the Rialto was the Exchange of Venice, Webster uses the word figuratively.

76, 249. vice . . . silent. Vice is often so loudly praised, that preachers, under the spell of the moment ('charm'd'), do not realize that they should attack the special evil.

77, 261. blasing starres. Comets and eclipses were regarded as ominous. Cf. *Lear*, I. ii. 112–117; *Hamlet*, I. i. 117–125; *W. D.* V. iii. 31; v. vi. 131; Dr. Furness's note, Variorum *Lear*, p. 51.

77, 271. By patent. An allusion to the frequent granting of monopolies by letters-patent in the time of James I.

78, 278. That . . . before. Because he would have died unrepentant.

78, 280. horse-lech . . . treason. An insatiable person (cf. Glossary; also *Proverbs*, xxx. 15) would be very ready with words: perhaps this is Webster's allusion. Cf. ll. 306–7 of this scene.

82, 7. fourtie . . . Poland. During the seventeenth century, swarms of Irish and Scotch peddlers came to Poland, and engaged in the Oriental trade. The Lithuanian word for peddler is 'szatas' (Scot).

82, 10. Venice. The disease referred to was supposed to have come from Italy, more particularly from Naples, although the 'French disease' was the more familiar name. Cf. Wm. Clowes, *Morbus Gallicus* (1585).

83, 32. under . . . line. Under the equator.

83, 34. weights. Those used in torture chambers.

84, 43. pull . . . peeces. Because of disease.

84, 56. mushromes . . . dunghill. The same image of parvenus occurs in *The Devil's Law-Case*, IV. ii.

84, 59. Wolnor. Reed refers to Thomas Moufet (Muffett, Moffet) who, in *Health's Improvement* (1655), mentions 'Woolmar,' the famous sixteenth century glutton who could 'eate Iron, glass, oistershels,' etc., but who 'by eating a raw eel was over-mastered.'

85, 80. dog-daies . . . long. Lodovico returns the false compliment of Flamineo, by wishing for the latter a whole year of unpleasant and unlucky days.

86, 91. melancholike. Cf. note on 'humour,' Gloss. The hare is traditionally melancholy.

86, 93. couple greve. As Flamineo is feigning madness, this expression need not be taken literally. Dyce is puzzled to know what 'couple' is meant, as Francisco and Monticelso are not on the stage. But 'greve' is Flamineo's mad word for 'laugh,' and the 'couple' may likewise be the solitary Marcello: or perhaps Gasparo and Antonelli, who speak later, have come in sight; this, however, is doubtful.

86, 98. To . . . face. To 'make up' one's face.

88, 116. Though . . . letchery. Though it be delightful.

90, 2. loose . . . haire. Customary about this period, as Steevens notes.

92, 49. taking . . . commodities. Reed notes Thomas Wilson's *Discourse upon usurie* (second ed. 1584). The passage reads (f. 99 verso): 'In the third part I will open divers contracts and bargaines that are vsed to auoide vsurie. I have néede of money, and deale with a broker, hée answereth me, that he cannot helpe me with money, but if I liste to haue wares I shall speede. Well my necessitie is great, he bringeth mée blotting paper, packthréed, fustian, chamlets, haukes bels, and hoods, or I wot not what: I desire him to make sale for mine aduantage, asking what he thinketh will be my losse, he answereth not past twelue pound in the hundred. When I come to receiue, I do finde that I loose more than twentie in the hundred . . . this is called a double staccado, that is to saie, the sticking blowe, or the double stab.' Cf. Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins* (1606).

92, 51. Onely . . . children. To use the occasion as an opportunity to palm off, at exorbitant prices, 'commodities' upon the person thus trapped.

93, 56. scriveners . . . reportage. Scriveners who drew up the papers in terms unduly favorable to the usurers.

93, 69. tribute . . . England. A tribute of three hundred wolves' skins annually was imposed on the Welsh by King Edgar. Cf. William of Malmesbury, II. vi. Reed refers to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ix.

96, 116. tragedy . . . passe. An interesting allusion to the popular appreciation of the mixture of grave and gay in Elizabethan drama.

96, 117. I . . . Corombona. This is said in irony, but it explains the nature of the false love-letter Francisco is writing to Vittoria.

97, 132. With . . . lure. The lure was a decoy bird attached to a cord and flung into the air to attract the attention of the falcon and induce it to return.

97, 134. wild Irish. Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617) uses this expression regularly.

97, 136. Flectere . . . movebo. *If I cannot prevail upon the high gods, I will move the gods of the nether world.* *Æneid*, vii. 312.

98, 4. Pope . . . death-bed. Gregory XIII. (1502-

1585), whose bull of 1582 established the Gregorian calendar. He died 10 April.

99, 20. coffind . . . meate. Covered by the crust of a meat pie. The expression is a not unusual one of the period.

99, 23. jugling. Probably trisyllabic.

99, 35. willow. Traditionally sacred to rejected lovers.

99, 37. Rotten . . . bed-straw. Referring to fruit thus ripened.

99, 38. all . . . convinces; *i. e.* the line that follows surpasses all the verses of antiquity.

100, 40. let's . . . atheists. Atheistic, because having just uttered the ungodly sentiment that princes do not grow old.

100, 46. disease. Cf. *W. D.* I. ii. 33.

100, 47. changeable . . . water. An image drawn from watered silk, 'moire.'

101, 55. I . . . Russia. Cf. Edward Webbe's *Trauailes* (1590), p. 17 (Arber's ed.). Reed notes a passage in Giles Fletcher's *Russe Common Wealth* (1591) descriptive of the punishment inflicted upon debtors: 'You shall see fortie or fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* [the place of punishment], all on a rowe, and their shinnes thus becudgelled, and bebasted every morning with a piteous crie.'

101, 61. Spanish . . . sallet. Cf. *W. D.* v. iii. 167. Poisons were thus given. Cf. Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* VI.:

> 'Or that *Masse Baptist* doth strong poison mix
> Amongst his Phisick, whilst (through trechery)
> His Spanish figs kils vs vnnaturally.'

101, 62. plie . . . convoy. Attend to your office of convoy to your sister.

102. Act IV. Scene iii. Strictly speaking, this new scene is part of the preceding scene: but the traverse is drawn, discovering Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

102, 3. receiver. Seemingly in the sense of 'procurer.'

102, 11. reclaimed . . . bels. The imagery of this speech is drawn from falconry. In training a young bird to return, it was drawn back ('reclaimed') by a cord. To each leg was attached a bell, one a semi-tone in pitch above the other.

103, 17. devill . . . christall. In *The Discoverie of*

Witchcraft (1584), xv. ch. xii., Reginald Scot gives an elaborate direction (observances, fasting, prayers, circles, conjurations) how to enclose a spirit in a 'christall stone or berill glasse,' to the end that the spirit may do one's bidding. Chapter xvi. gives another form of conjuration to make a spirit 'appeare in a christall . . . in faire forme of a boy of twelve yeares of age.' Here the application is to Vittoria's fair looks, but evil nature.

103, 25. funeralls . . . Irish. Barnabe Rich in *A New Description of Ireland* (1610) quotes Stanihurst: 'They follow the dead corps to the grave with howling and barbarous out-cries, pittiful in apparance, whereof grew (as I suppose) the proverbe: *To weep Irish.*'

104, 46. Go . . . brag. As in *D. M.* I. ii. 155.

105, 60. weepe poniardes. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 414: 'I will speak daggers.'

105, 62. matches. The reading 'matchless' of all editions since the first, is not necessary; the original reading finds support in *Appius and Virginia*, III. ii.:

> '*Virginia.* But she hath a matchless eye, sir.
> *Corbulo.* True, her eyes not right matches.'

107, 98. forgetfull wine. The same expression occurs in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, III. i.

107, 101. Bee . . . cannon. If I have your love, let the world do what it will.

108, 108. great bridge. The later variant, 'London-Bridge,' merely explains the obvious allusion. London Bridge could be 'shot' safely by the watermen when the tide was high or low. When it turned, the rush of water made the passage dangerous. For an interesting modern description, cf. Borrow's *Lavengro*, ch. xxxi.

108, 118. dog . . . rewarded. Cf. *D. M.* I. i. 65.

109, 130. Stay . . . Rome. The speech, as it stands, has no meaning. Dyce's emendation does not help much.

109, 136. Pope . . . dead. No other announcement than this is made of the death of Pope Gregory XIII.

109, 137. conclave. The conclave lasted three days, 22–24 April, 1585.

110, 148. **The crocodile.** This story is told by Herodotus (ii. 68) and by Pliny (viii. 25), neither of whom speaks of the ingratitude of the reptile. The bird was called Trochilus.

110, 152. **barbor-surgeon.** The guild of barber-surgeons was not dissolved until 1745.

111. **Without the Vatican.** Sixtus V. was chosen Pope in the Sistine Chapel.

112, 7. **severall orders.** Howell in his *Lexicon Tetraglotton* (1659) gives brief notes upon the various European orders. The Knights of Rhodes sprang from the Hospitallers of St. John, established in the eleventh century: the 'silver crosse' is that of Malta. The order of St. Michael was instituted by Louis XI. in 1469; that of the Golden Fleece by Philippe le Bon in 1429; that of the Holy Ghost by Henry III. of France in 1579. The orders of the Annunciation and of the Garter were established by Amadeus of Savoy and Edward III. of England, respectively. The costumes of the orders were indeed 'wondrous brave.'

113, 28. **'Tis lawfull.** Webster's information corresponds pretty closely to the facts in the case. Cf. Von Huebner's *Life and Times of Sixtus V.* (English tr. 1871), pt. II. ii.–iii.

113, 37. **scrutinie . . . admiration.** Two of the methods of electing a Pope are here referred to. Scrutiny is balloting, a two thirds vote of the conclave being necessary to elect. Adoration (for which 'admiration' is either a misprint or an error on Webster's part) is an act of reverence on the part of cardinals, who approach one of their number, kneel to him and acclaim him Pope: this constitutes election if participated in by two thirds. The term 'adoration' is no longer in use. The two other methods are access and compromise. Access is changing votes after a scrutiny has failed to elect. Compromise is submitting to a committee of one or more the naming of a Pope, in case the other methods fail to result in agreement.

114, 43. **Denuntio . . . Quartus.** *I give you tidings of great joy. The most reverend Cardinal Lorenzo di Monticelso has been elected to the apostolic see, and has chosen for himself the name of Paul the Fourth. — Long live the Holy Father, Paul the Fourth.*

114, 44. **Lorenso . . . Monticelso.** The real name was Felice Peretti di Montalto.

114, 46. **Paulum Quartum.** This, of course, should be Sixtum Quintum, the title assumed by Montalto. Paul IV. was followed by Pius IV., Pius V., Gregory XIII., and then Sixtus V.

115, 60. **Concedimus . . . peccatorum.** *We grant you our apostolic benediction and remission of your sins.*

115, 62. **My lord.** Reference not certain; perhaps Francisco has conveyed the information in an aside.

117, 93. **Barbarie horse.** Gervase Markham, in *Countrey Contentments* (1615), p. 167, counts the Barbary horse the best for coursing and running.

117, 94. **carreere.** 'This word *Cariere* is by many ignorant men and some schollers taken for leaping, bounding, & saults above ground; . . . indeed *Cariere* is but onelie to runne swiftlie. . . . 4 score & 10 paces a verie convenient Cariere' (Markham's *Cavalarice*, 1607). Cf. Glossary.

117, 96. **French rider.** Cf. *D. M.* I. i. 159. French horsemanship was highly esteemed at this time.

119, 129. **suffrage.** Trisyllabic.

119, 130. **reason . . . death.** Montalto had been expected to avenge the murder of his nephew, Camillo; and Lodovico, as an enemy of Flamineo, had counted on protection.

121, 4. **Saw . . . Moore.** The resemblance to Othello is sufficiently obvious.

122, 16. **strickt . . . Capuchins.** The Capuchins were a mendicant order of the Franciscans.

122, 21. **Malta . . . knighted.** The knights of Malta were those referred to as the knights of Rhodes, *W. D.* IV. iv. 9.

123, 43. **Glories . . . light.** This couplet is repeated verbatim in *D. M.* IV. ii. 150.

125, 71. **paire . . . beades.** A chaplet of beads. 'Pair,' in certain expressions, means a set and not specifically two: *e. g.* a pair of stairs.

125, 72. **pummell . . . saddle.** Reed notes the execution of Edward Squire in 1598 for poisoning the pommel of Queen Elizabeth's saddle.

126, 94. **In faith.** Perhaps the ejaculation.

126, 103. **own chronicle.** Cf. *D. M.* III. i. 87.

128, 144. pension.

> 'The Duke but slowly did my pension pay
> And at the last did take it quite away.'
> Ariosto, *Sat.* v. (Tofte).

129, 171. pulling . . . throate. Worrying to death. Mr. Craig notes Rowley's *A Match at Midnight* (1633) I. i. :

> '*Blood.* Go let loose the mastiff.
> *Sim.* Alas sir, he'll tear and pull out your son's throat.'

Cf. also Selden's *Table Talk*, p. 76 (Arber's ed.).

130, 187. they . . . fleas. Florio, *First Fruites* (1578), notes this proverb, as does Cotgrave (1611). It is still in use in the north of Ireland (W. J. Craig).

130, 203. drawers on. The shoemaker draws on shoes, and salt things induce thirstiness. Cf. Diccon's comment on 'a slyp of bacon' (*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, I. i. 22):

> 'Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpose fayle,
> Shall serue for a shoinghorne to draw on two pots of ale.'

S. Rowlands, in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine* (1600), *Sat.* 6, says of a pickle-herring:

> 'Which fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
> To pull drinke to it, euen as heate doth straw.'

Cf. also Rabelais, *Gargantua*, I. v. Moryson (*Itinerary*, III. 3, 148) praises Westphalian bacon above English.

131, 208. clapt . . . heeles. Put in the stocks; fettered.

131, 208. strike . . . court. At some courts, for instance Queen Elizabeth's, it was against etiquette to use physical violence within the limits of the palace.

131, 213. walnut-tree . . . fruite. The saying, as it appears in Ray's *Proverbs* (1670), runs:

> 'A spaniel, a woman and a walnut tree,
> The more they're beaten, the better still they be.'

131, 216. pitcht . . . stake. A peculiarly atrocious method of impaling a prisoner through the body, and then setting him up like a scare-crow.

132, 222. cholericke . . . rubarbe. So in *D. M.* II. v. 15. Rhubarb was introduced into England in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Vigo (tr. by Thomas Gale, 1586) says: 'Pilles

of Rubarbe open oppilations [stoppages] of the liver, & purge evill, mixt, or unmixt humours.' It was one of the Poticary's remedies in *The Four PP.*

132, 227. **two . . . sons.** Polynices and Eteocles, who 'in one day effected at each other's hands their suicidal, wretched, common doom.' (*Antigone*, 55.)

132, 230. **geesse . . . progresse.** The only explanation the editor can suggest is one indicated in *Northward Ho*, v. i., — fighting with threats only: ' . . as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling.'

132, 232. **noble, friend.** This reading finds support in *W. D.* v. vi. 2, 118:

> 'As you are noble,
> Performe your vowes.'

133, 239. **spring . . . Michaelmas.** Recurrence of fine weather in autumn.

136, 39. **looking glasse . . . lippes.** Cf. *Lear*, v. iii. 260–265.

140, 9. **Remove . . . barre.** Probably one or all of the bars enclosing the space within which they fought.

140, 12. **I . . . poyson'd.** A very dramatic suggestion of Flamineo's, probably followed by the hurried exit of the ambassadors.

141, 22. **without booke.** Without learning or authority. Possibly reminiscent of the frequent phrase of killing or fighting 'by the book,'— in accordance with the correct teaching of Saviolo. Cf. *D. M.* III. iii. 20.

141, 31. **comet . . . departure.** Cf. *W. D.* III. ii. 261.

142, 56. **within . . . verge.** Probably, within the boundaries of the horizon, or earth; on this side of the 'jumping-off place.'

142, 59. **wolfe . . . breast.** Steeven's supposition that this refers to the craving appetite of a pregnant woman is surely untenable. The reference must be to the disease, the 'ulcerous wolf' (cf. *D. M.* II. i. 68), or lupus, sometimes treated by the application of raw meat, the theory being that the ulcer would eat into the application. This was the treatment followed by the real Bracciano, who suffered from the loathsome disease.

144, 91. **convayd coyne.** This was forbidden in Naples, for example, in the sixteenth century.

146, 125. **haire . . . powder.** Cf. *D. M.* III. ii. 60.

147, 132. **Miracle . . . vermin.** Possibly an allusion to the legendary release of Hamelin from the plague of rats by the pied piper, in 1284.

147, 137. **Attende . . . Brachiane.** *Listen, Lord Brachiano.*

147, 142. **Domine . . . lævum.** *Lord Brachiano, by thy shield thou wert wont to be safe in battle; this shield shalt thou now oppose against thine infernal enemy.*

By this spear thou wert formerly strong in battle; this sacred spear shalt thou now shake against the enemy of souls.

Hearken, Lord Brachiano: if now thou deemest fitting the things done among us, turn thy head to the right.

Have no fears, Lord Brachiano: think what merits you have; then remember that my soul has been pawned for thine if there be any peril.

If now, too, thou deemest fitting the things done among us, turn thy head to the left.

149, 166. **broke . . . poison'd.** Professor Baker here makes note of the similarity to the charges made against Leicester after the death of Amy Robsart. This supposition, that Leicester was in Webster's mind, receives support from the name of Isabella's poisoner, Julio. Leicester's Italian physician, afterward royal physician, was Giulio Borgarucci, who was deemed expert in poisoning. The reference in the preceding lines to the 'famous pollititian' is also in point.

150, 184. **woman-keeper . . . quaintlyer.** Alluding to the nurses' ('keepers') supposed custom of smothering or strangling patients sick with the plague. Cf. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. Besant, *London*, p. 392, quotes an anonymous tract of 1603, *The Wonderful Year:* 'Neither shall you wring out of my pen . . . the villainies of that damnd Keeper, who killd all she kept.'

151, 191. **wish . . . cittie.** Certainly a reference to the New River project of Sir Hugh Myddelton to supply London with fresh water. The scheme was sanctioned in 1606 and after serious interruptions was completed in 1613.

151, 201. **Machivillian.** In this period, Machiavelli was synonymous with utter unscrupulousness.

151, 205. **saffron.** Frequently used in the old pharmacopœia as a stimulant and restorative. Cf. Rabelais, *Gargantua*, I. x.: 'And as Avicen speaketh in 2 Canon. et lib. de virib. cordis, of the saffron, that it doth so rejoice the heart, that if you take of it excessively, it will, by a superfluous resolution and dilation, deprive it altogether of life.'

152, 207. **To . . . ice.** 'Court honesty' is another name for deceitfulness; to jump on ice is to do something dangerous. Thus court honesty is taught (or exposed) by a device that is fatal to the imitator.

154, 240. **Irish mantle.** Mr. Craig notes the long description of these large shaggy mantles in Spenser's *State of Ireland* (cf. Globe edition, 631 a).

154, 250. **reveale . . . secret.** Both here, and in *D.M.* (v. ii.), Webster provides for the resolution of the plot by the betrayal of trust on the part of a lewd woman under the influence of passion.

155, 255. **The . . . broke.** The bed (knot or mass) of snakes is broken by the separation of the reptiles (the conspirators).

155, 269. **wash . . . white.** Cf. *Jeremiah*, xiii. 23.

156, 275. **partridge . . . lawrell.** Reed notes that Pliny (VIII. 27), places the partridge among the birds that purge with laurel. Holland's translation speaks of partridges using 'parietarie of the wall' [pellitory].

157, 26. **'Twere . . . sinne.** Repeated in nearly the same words in *D. M.* v. v. 62–63.

158, 30. **Anacharsis.** A Thracian prince of the sixth century B. C., noted for his wisdom. He was put to death by his brother.

158, 36. **In . . . sexto.** In 16mo, *i. e.* in little.

160, 71. **They . . . travers.** The use of the traverse is clearly illustrated at this point. Under other stage conditions, a new scene would occur here, the scene shifting to Cornelia's room. But Elizabethan simplicity conveniently brings the new scene into the old one, without even an explanation of the incongruity that lies in Flamineo's discovery of the 'superstitious howling' behind

a curtain, immediately after Francisco has referred to the mourners as being in a 'room' which was obviously out of Flamineo's hearing.

160. A song. This song is lost.

160, 75. bayes . . . lightning. 'As the Laurel tree is not subject to lightning.' — Meres, *Palladis Tamia* (1598). Cf. also Pliny, II. 55.

160, 78. this . . . yere. Perhaps the winding-sheet which Cornelia was keeping for herself: an old custom.

160, 84. There's rosemarie. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 175.

161, 89. heere's . . . out. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. i.

161, 99. Ile . . . lute. The general resemblance to the words with which Desdemona introduces the willow song is obvious (*Othello*, IV. iii. 26).

164, 149. beyond melancholie. Not a mere illusion caused by excess of the humor, melancholy, in his nature.

165, Act V. Scene v. This brief scene is dramatically necessary, in order to account for the entrance of Giovanni and the English ambassador after the triple murder in the following scene.

167, 22. at . . . lift. As a last resort.

170, 64. mandrakes . . . shreeking. Referring to the notion that when mandrakes were pulled from the ground they made a sound like hissing or shrieking.

170, 65. grammaticall laments. Analogous to 'rhetorical questions'; verbal quibbling.

171, 94. your owne. Flamineo is speaking here to both.

172, 103. Lucian . . . purgatory. In Lucian's (second century A. D.) dialogue *Menippos* (*Necyomanteia*) occurs this passage: 'I thinke it would move you to laugh much, if you saw those that were Kings and Princes amongst us, beg their bread there, sell salt fish, and teach the A. B. C. for sustenance, and how they are scorned and boxed about the eares as the basest slaves in the world. It was my fortune to have a sight of *Philip* King of *Macedon*, and I thought I should have burst my heart with laughing: hee was shewed mee sitting in a little corner, cobling old shoes to get somewhat towards his living: many other were to be seene there also, begging by the high waies side, such as *Xerxes*, *Darius*, and *Poly-*

crates' (tr. Francis Hickes, Oxford, 1634, p. 40). Rabelais much more explicitly, in the thirtieth chapter of *Pantagruel*, makes use of the same idea. Webster chooses his own examples, however.

174, 142. **purboil'd . . . holly-bread.** Cotgrave's *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues* (1611) explains the allusion, hitherto unnoted: '*Pain benist d'Escosse.* — A sodden sheepes liver.' Purboil'd (parboiled) has its original and correct meaning. Cf. Glossary.

174, 144. **drive . . . body.** Referring to the custom of driving a stake through the body of a suicide.

174, 148. **doubled . . . reaches.** Escaped all your schemes, either as a hare doubling on its course, or as a person meeting scheme with scheme.

175, 159. **Artillery yard.** Near Bishopsgate Street Without. There was a revival of interest in the Honourable Artillery Company in 1610.

175, 163. **Hypermnestra.** The only one of the fifty daughters of Danaus who did not kill her husband on the wedding-night.

175, 172. **Isabella.** There is little value in assigning this speech to any one but Lodovico, from whose lips it may come as a cry of vengeance.

176, 178. **Fate's . . . us.** Cf. note on v. i. 213, p. 200.

177, 203. **Nothing . . . nothing.** Cf. Iago's 'Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.' *Othello*, v. ii. 303.

178, 223. **Mee thinkes . . . ayre.** Bosola strikes the same note in *D. M.* iv. ii. 216–219:

> 'Doth not death fright you? . . . Yet, me thinkes,
> The manner of your death should much afflict you.'

The Duchess's reply is as fearless as Vittoria's.

179, 225. **Conceit . . . me.** Owing to the number of meanings, the play upon words is not unmistakable. The literal meaning is that Vittoria cannot be terrified by the name of death: figuratively, as she is a woman, conception (or vanity) cannot kill her.

181, 261. **O happy . . . report.** This dying speech is so inferior to Vittoria's preceding speech, that not improbably this one belongs to Zanche, with whose character it is in accord.

181, 266. **lyons . . . Candlemas.** From the time of Henry I. to William IV. the Tower contained wild animals, the lions being a chief attraction. Candlemas is 2 February, and the 'tradition' is obviously like that of 'ground-hog day.'

Epilogue.

183. **Hæc . . . placui.** *These things will be our reward, if I have pleased you.* Martial, II. 91.

184, 8. **Maister Perkins.** Richard Perkins, who probably played Brachiano, was one of the excellent actors of his time. Dyce notes that he acted for many years 'at the Cock-pit or Phœnix, where this play was produced.' From Malone, it appears that the Red Bull also had his services. Other parts of his were Captain Goodlack in *The Fair Maid of the West*, and Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta* (revival of 1633).

The Dutchesse of Malfy

THE TEXT

The following text is that of the British Museum copy of the first quarto, 1623 (A), collated with the quartos of 1640 (B), 1678 (C), 1708, and with all the succeeding editions. The Harvard copy of A, which was collated while this edition was passing through the press, is referred to as A2, for it corrects the most obvious errors of A. Its variants show that it is a specimen of "some copies of A" (Dyce), often cited in the variants. A, A2, B, and C, are referred to collectively as Qq. Departures from the original are treated exactly as in the text of *The White Divel:* that is, all variations from A are bracketed, excepting corrections of such obvious and meaningless misprints as *fiequeuntly* and *seeene*; the source of all other corrections is indicated thus — a bracketed correction without footnote means that B supplies the adopted reading; C or 1708 supplies the reading when the old reading is specified as being in AB or Qq respectively, and all other emendations are credited to the editor proposing them. Unbracketed stage-directions or those within ( ) are from A; others are within [ ], and are credited when not entirely obvious. Line rearrangements are always noted, and are credited when not obvious; frequently they follow Dyce. Punctuation and capitalization are modernized. ô is replaced by O, and n and m are used instead of their occasional symbol ~.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DVTCHESSE Of Malfy.

As it was Preſented priuatly, at the Black-Friers; and publiquely at the Globe, By the Kings Maieſties Seruants.

The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerſe *things Printed, that the length of the Play would* not beare in the Preſentment.

VVritten by *John Webſter.*

Flora. ——*Si quid*——
——*Candidus Imperti ſi non his vtere mecum.*

LONDON:

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for IOHN WATERSON, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Crowne, in *Paules* Church-yard, 1623.

SOURCES

WEBSTER found the story of the Duchess of Amalfi in Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*, the twenty-third "Nouell" of the second "Tome" (1567). Painter translated the story from the *Histoires Tragiques* (1565) of Belle-Forest, who had freely paraphrased it from the twenty-sixth novella of Bandello (1554). Other accounts accessible to Webster, but too brief to have served as material for the play, are in Beard's *The Theatre of Gods Iudgements* (1597), in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables* (1600), and in Grimeston's translation of Goulart (1607). Webster made no use of Lope de Vega's play *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi* (written before 1609, published 1618), a sequel to which, *La Venganza de la Duquesa de Amalfi*, by Diego Muxet de Solis (1624), has nothing in common with Webster's tragedy. For a discussion of all these points, see *Introduction*.

TO THE RIGHT

Honorable, George

Harding, Baron Barkeley, of Barkeley

Castle, and Knight of the Order of the Bathe,

To the Illustrious Prince Charles.

My Noble Lord,

That I may present my excuse why (being a stranger to your Lordshippe) I offer this poem to your patronage, I plead this warrant: men (who never saw the sea yet desire to behold that regiment of waters) choose some eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it were, their conduct or postilion: by the like ingenious meanes has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who both in contemplation and practise owe to your Honor their clearest service. I do not altogether looke up at your title: the ancien'st nobility being but a rellique of time past, and the truest honor indeede beeing for a man to conferre honor on himselfe, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall make you aime at the dignity of a great example. I am confident this worke is not unworthy your Honors perusal, for by such poems as this poets have kist the hands of great princes, and drawne their gentle eyes to looke

Dedication. Not in BC.

downe upon their sheetes of paper, when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding-sheetes. The like curtesie from your Lordship shall make you live in your grave, and laurell spring out of it, when the ignorant scorners of the Muses (that like wormes in libraries seeme to live onely to destroy learning) shall wither, neglected and forgotten. This worke and my selfe I humbly present to your approved censure; it being the utmost of my wishes to have your Honorable selfe my weighty and perspicuous comment: which grace so done me shall ever be acknowledged

By your Lordships
in all duty and
observance,
JOHN WEBSTER.

In the just Worth of that Well Deserver, Mr. John Webster, and upon this Maister-peece of Tragœdy

In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deedes done before he dies;
As he by workes, thou by this worke of fame
Ha'st well provided for thy living name.
To trust to others honorings is worth's crime:
Thy monument is rais'd in thy life time;
And 'tis most just; for every worthy man
Is his owne marble; and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and expresse
More art then Deaths cathedrall pallaces,
Where royall ashes keepe their court. Thy note
Be ever plainnes; 'tis the richest coate:
Thy epitaph onely the title bee:
Write Dutchesse, *that will fetch a teare for thee;*
For who ere saw this Dutchesse live and dye
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

In Tragœdiam.

Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa Tonantis;
Illa, (ruina malis) claris fit vita poetis.

Thomas Middletonus
Poëta & Chron:
Londinensis.

To his friend Mr. John Webster upon his Dutchesse of Malfy

I never saw thy Dutchesse till the day
That she was lively body'd in thy play;
How'ere she answer'd her low-rated love,
Her brothers anger did so fatall proove;
Yet my opinion is, she might speake more,
But (never in her life) so well before.

Wil: Rowley.

To the Reader of the Authour and his Dutchesse of Malfy

Crowne him a poet, whom nor Rome nor Greece
Transcend in all their's, for a master-peece:
In which, while words and matter change, and men
Act one another, hee, from whose cleare pen
They all tooke life, to memory hath lent
A lasting fame to raise his monument.

John Ford.

These three poetical tributes are not in BC.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Bosola, [Daniel de, Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess,] *J. Lowin.*
Ferdinand, [Duke of Calabria,] 1 *R. Burbidge.* 2 *J. Taylor.*
Cardinall, [his brother,] 1 *H. Cundaile.* 2 *R. Robinson.*
Antonio [Bologna, steward to the Duchess's Household,] 1 *W. Ostler.* 2 *R. Benfeild.*
Delio, [his friend,] *J. Underwood.*
Forobosco, [an attendant,] *N. Towley.*
Malateste, [Count.]
[Castruchio, an old Lord.]
The Marquesse of Pescara, *J. Rice.*
Silvio, [a Lord,] *T. Pollard.*
[Roderigo, Grisolan } Lords.]
The severall mad-men, *N. Towley, J. Underwood, etc.*
The Dutchesse, *R. Sharpe.*
The Cardinals Mis. [Julia, wife of Castruchio,] *J. Tomson.*
The Doctor,
Cariola, [the Duchess's waiting-woman,] } *R. Pallant.*
Court Officers.
[Old Lady.]
Three young Children.
Two Pilgrimes.
Ladies, Executioners, and Attendants.

[THE SCENE, Amalfi, Rome, Loretto, Milan
TIME, Early Sixteenth Century]

The list of characters is given in all editions, together with the casts. A is followed here. B also omits Castruchio, Roderigo, Grisolan, and Old Lady. As noted in C and 1708, Ferdinand was also acted by Harris and Verbruggen; Antonio by Smith and Booth; the Cardinal by Young and Keen; Bosola by Betterton and Mills; the Duchess by Mrs. Betterton and Mrs. Porter.

The Dutchesse of Malfy

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

[*Amalfi. The Presence-Chamber in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Delio. You are wel-come to your country, deere Antonio:
You have bin long in France, and you returne
A very formall French-man in your habit.
How doe you like the French court?
Antonio. I admire it.
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fix'd order, there juditious king
Begins at home: quits first his royall pallace
Of flattring sicophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons, which he sweetely termes
His masters master-peece, the worke of heaven,
Considring duely, that a princes court
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow
Pure silver-droppes in generall: but if't chance
Some curs'd example poyson't neere the head,

Enter Antonio. Qq, Antonio, and Delio, Bosola, Cardinall.

"Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident councell, who dare freely
Informe him the corruption of the times?
Though some oth' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to doe,
It is a noble duety to informe them
What they ought to fore-see. Here comes Bosola,
The onely court-gall: yet I observe his rayling
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeede he rayles at those things which he wants,
Would be as leacherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had meanes to be so. Here 's the cardinall.

[*Enter Cardinal and Bosola.*]

Bosola. I doe haunt you still.

Cardinal. So.

Bos. I have done you better service then to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where onely the reward of doing well is the doing of it.

Card. You inforce your merrit to[o] much.

Bos. I fell into the gallies in your service, where, for two yeares together, I wore two

31 *I have done.* This speech and all other prose speeches in the play are printed in Qq in lines that begin with capitals, and that are, roughly speaking, of verse length.

towells in stead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Romaine mantle. Slighted thus? I will thrive some way. Blackbirds fatten best in hard weather: why not I, in these dogge dayes?

Card. Would you could become honest!

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it. I have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as arrant knaves as they went forth; because they carried themselves alwayes a long with them. [*Exit Cardinal.*] Are you gon? Some fellowes, they say, are possessed with the divell, but this great fellow were able to possesse the greatest divell, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pooles: they are rich, and ore-laden with fruite, but none but crowes, pyes, and catter-pillers feede on them. Could I be one of their flattring panders, I would hang on their eares like a horse-leach, till I were full, an[d] then droppe off. I pray leave me. Who wold relie upon these miserable dependances, in expectation to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature ever fed worse then hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more

63 *died.* A, did.

fearefully then he that hop'd for a [pardon].
There are rewards for hawkes, and dogges, when
they have done us service; but for a souldier, that
hazards his limbes in a battaile, nothing but a
kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Delio. Geometry?

Bos. I, to hang in a faire paire of slings, take
his latter-swinge in the world, upon an honor-
able pare of crowtches, from hospitall to hospitall.
Fare ye well, sir. And yet do not you scorne
us, for places in the court are but like beds in
the hospitall, where this mans head lies at that
mans foote, and so lower, and lower. [*Exit.*]

Delio. I knew this fellow seaven yeares in the
gallies
For a notorious murther; and 'twas thought
The cardinall suborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French generall, Gaston de Foux,
When he recover'd Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pitty
He should be thus neglected: I have heard
He's very valiant. This foule mellancholly
Will poyson all his goodnesse, for, I'le tell you,
If too immoderate sleepe be truly sayd
To be an inward rust unto the soule,

64 *pardon*. A, pleadon. 65 *dogges, when*. A, dogges, and when. Either a word has dropped out, or, more probably, *and* is a printer's error, corrected in B by omission.

74 *like*. A, likes. 80 *Foux*. B, Foyx; C, Fox; 1708 Foix.

It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close rearing
(Like mothes in cloath) doe hurt for want of wearing.

[*Enter Silvio, Castruchio, Julia, Roderigo, and Grisolan.*]

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill: you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord cardinall's
And other strangers', that are now in court.
I shall. Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

[*Enter Ferdinand and Courtiers.*]

Ferdinand. Who tooke the ring oftnest?

Silvio. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister duchesse great master of her houshold? Give him the jewell. When shall we leave this sportive-action, and fall to action indeed?

89 *Like . . . wearing.* After this line in Qq stands: Scena II. *Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Dutchesse, Castruchio, Silvio, Rodocico* [*sic*], *Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.* In 1708 the direction is: *Exeunt*, then, Scena II. *Enter Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Castrucchio, Sylvio.* The present arrangement of entrances differs from that of preceding editions. It is difficult to fix the entrance of Julia, as she does not speak in the scene.

92 *your.* C 1708, our. *cardinall's.* Qq, cardinalls.

93 *strangers'.* Dyce adds the apostrophe.

96 *Antonio.* AB, Antonia.

Castruchio. Me thinkes, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity: why, my lord?

Cast. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captaine.

Ferd. Noe?

Cast. No, my lord, he were far better do it by a deputy.

Ferd. Why should he not aswell sleepe, or eate, by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Cast. Beleeve my experience: that realme is never long in quiet, where the ruler is a souldier.

Ferd. Thou toldst me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord.

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a captaine she met, full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pittifull fellow, to lie, like the children of Ismael all in tents.

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undoe all the chyrurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrell, and had drawne

108 *do.* B, to doe. 113 *deprives.* B, reprives.

their weapons, and were ready to goe to it, yet her perswasions would make them put up.

Cast. That she would, my lord. How doe you like my Spanish gennit?

Roderigo. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Pliney's opinion, I thinke he was begot by the wind: he runs as if he were ballass'd with quick-silver.

Sil. True, my lord, he reeles from the tilt often.

Rod. Grisolan. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. Why do you laugh? me thinks you that are courtiers should be my touch-wood, take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so wity.

Cast. True, my lord: I my selfe have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seeme to have so silly a wit as to understand it.

Ferd. But I can laugh at your foole, my lord.

Cast. He cannot speake, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

Ferd. Noe?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company: for she saies too much laughing, and too much company, fils her too full of the wrinckle.

131 *How . . . gennit?* Query: should not this part of the speech be assigned to Ferdinand?

141 *laugh when.* Dyce, but when; 1708, Not laugh but. No emendation is necessary, as the actor's intonation carries the sense.

Ferd. I would then have a mathematicall instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse. I shall shortly visit you at Millaine, Lord Silvio.

Sil. Your grace shall arrive most wel-come.

Ferd. You are a good horse-man, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France; what doe you thinke of good horse-man-ship?

Ant. Noblely, my lord, as out of the Grecian-horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horse-man-ship arise the first sparkes of growing resolution, that raise the minde to noble action.

Ferd. You have be-spoake it worthely.

Sil. Your brother, the lord cardinall, and sister dutchesse.

[*Enter Cardinal, Duchess, and Cariola.*]

Card. Are the gallies come about?

Gris. They are, my lord.

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

Delio. Now, sir, your promise: what's that cardinall?
I meane his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crownes at tennis, daunce,

Enter . . . Cariola. 1708, Cardinal, Duchess, Grisola, [sic] Cariola, and Bosola. Dyce, Cardinal, Duchess, Cariola, and Julia.

Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for forme; but observe his inward character: he is a mellancholly church-man. The spring in his face is nothing but the ingendring of toades: where he is jealious of any man, he laies worse plots for them then ever was impos'd on Hercules: for he strewes in his way flatter[er]s, panders, intelligencers, athiests, and a thousand such politicall monsters. He should have beene Pope: but in stead of comming to it by the primative decensie of the church, he did bestow bribes, so largely, and so impudently, as if he would have carried it away without heavens knowledge. Some good he hath done.

Delio. You have given too much of him: what's his brother?

Ant. The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature:
What appeares in him mirth is meerely outside;
If he laugh hartely, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. Twins?

Ant. In qualitie.
He speakes with others tongues, and heares mens suites

181 *flatterers.* C corrects. 193 *Twins?* · BC, Twins.

With others eares: will seeme to sleepe o'th bench
Onely to intrap offenders in their answeres;
Doombes men to death by information,
Rewards by heare-say.
Delio. Then the law to him
Is like a fowle blacke cob-web to a spider,
He makes it his dwelling and a prison
To entangle those shall feede him.
Ant. Most true:
He nev'r paies debts, unlesse they be [shrew'd] turnes,
And those he will confesse that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother, there, the cardinall,
They that doe flatter him most, say oracles
Hang at his lippes: and verely I beleeve them:
For the divell speakes in them.
But for their sister, the right noble duchesse,
You never fix'd you[r] eye on three faire medalls,
Cast in one figure, of so different temper:
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You onely will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech: and wish, in wonder,
She held it lesse vaine-glory to talke much
Then your pennance to heare her: whilst she speakes,

202 *shrew'd.* A, shewed.

She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,
That it were able raise one to a galliard
That lay in a dead palsey, and to doate
On that sweete countenance: but in that looke
There speaketh so divine a continence
As cuts off all lascivious, and vaine hope.
Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,
That sure her nights (nay more, her very sleepes)
Are more in heaven then other ladies shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies breake their flattring glasses,
And dresse themselves in her.

Delio. Fye Antonio,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: onely thus much, —
All her particular worth growes to this somme:
She staines the time past, lights the time to come.

Cariola. You must attend my lady, in the gallery,
Some halfe an houre hence.

Ant. I shall.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Delio.*]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duchess. To me, sir?

217 *raise.* C, to raise. 226 *Antonio.* A, Antonia.

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the gallies.
Duch. Yes, I know him.
Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.
Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him, and prefers him.
Ferd. Call him heither. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Wee [are] now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.
Sil. Sir, I shall.
Duch. You are for Millaine?
Sil. I am.
Duch. Bring the carroches: we'll bring you down
To the haven.

[*Exeunt all but Cardinal and Ferdinand.*]

239 *Wee . . . Silvio.* Two readings are possible here. A has *Wee now upon parting: Good Lord Silvio*, which obviously needs amendment. Dyce, following 1708, inserts *are* and begins a new sentence with *Good*. The other possible improvement is to change the colon after *parting* to a comma, thus making *Wee* the subject of *do commend*. Silvio's answer is then not strictly logical.

241 *leaguer.* A, Leagues.

241 *You . . . Millaine.* This speech, assigned in all editions to Ferdinand, certainly belongs to the Duchess. Mr. Daniel also suggests the change.

242–43 *Bring the . . . haven.* One line in Qq.

Card. Be sure you entertaine that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seene in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him,
When he did court our furtherance: as this morning.
Ferd. Antonio, the great master of her houshold,
Had beene farre fitter.
Card. You are deceiv'd in him,
His nature is too honest for such businesse.
He comes: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Bosola. I was lur'd to you.
Ferd. My brother here, the cardinall, could never
Abide you.
Bos. Never since he was in my debt.
Ferd. May be some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you?
Bos. Doth he study phisiognomie?
There's no more credit to be given to th' face
Then to a sicke mans uryn, which some call
The physitians whore, because she cozens him.
He did suspect me wrongfully.
Ferd. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times.

Distrust doth cause us seldome be deceiv'd;
You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at roote.
Bos. Yet take heed:
For to suspect a friend unworthely,
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.
Ferd. There's gold.
Bos. So:
What followes? (Never raind such showres as these
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them.) Whose throat must I cut?
Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i'th court here, and observe the duchesse;
To note all the particulars of her haviour:
What suitors doe sollicite her for marriage
And whom she best affects: she's a yong widowe,
I would not have her marry againe.
Bos. No, sir?
Ferd. Doe not you aske the reason: but be satisfied.
I say I would not.
Bos. It seemes you would create me
One of your familiars.

271 *haviour.* BC, behaviour.

Ferd. Familiar? what's that?
Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible divell in flesh:
An intelligencer.
Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee: and ere long thou maist arrive
At a higher place by't.
Bos. Take your divels
Which hell calls angels: these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'll'd take me [to] hell.
Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given:
There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisor-ship o' th' horse, —
Have you heard ont?
Bos. Noe.
Ferd. 'Tis yours: is't not worth thankes?
Bos. I would have you curse your selfe now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make
Me a villaine. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must doe

284 *to.* Supplied in 1708.

All the ill man can invent! Thus the divell
Candies all sinnes ore: and what heaven termes vild,
That names he complementall.
Ferd. Be your selfe:
Keepe your old garbe of melencholly: 'twill expresse
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come neere 'em. This will gaine
Accesse to private lodgings, where your selfe
May, like a pollitique dormouse, —
Bos. As I have seene some
Feed in a lords dish, halfe a sleepe, not seeming
To listen to any talke: and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame. Whats my place?
The provisor-ship o'th horse? say then my corruption
Grew out of horse-doong: I am your creature.
Ferd. Away! [*Exit Ferdinand.*]
Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame;
Sometimes the divell doth preach. *Exit Bosola.*

294 *ore.* A, are. 304 *provisor-ship.* A, provisors-ship.
Exit Ferdinand. In all previous editions Ferdinand remains upon the stage and the scene is continuous.
307 *shame.* A has no punctuation after *shame.*

[Scene ii.]

[*Amalfi. Gallery in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Cardinal, Ferdinand, Duchess, and Cariola.*]

Cardinal. We are to part from you: and your owne discretion
Must now be your director.
Ferdinand. You are a widowe:
You know already what man is: and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence,—
Card. No, nor anything without the addition, Honor,
Sway your high blood.
Ferd. Marry? they are most luxurious,
Will wed twice.
Card. O fie!
Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
Then Labans sheepe.
Duchess. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have past through most jewellers hands.
Ferd. Whores, by that rule, are precious.
Duch. Will you heare me? I'll never marry.

Scene ii. A new scene is called for by Cariola's direction to Antonio, I, i, 231.

6 *luxurious.* Thayer unnecessarily conjectures: uxorious.

Card. So most widowes say:
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Then the turning of an houreglasse; the funeral sermon,
And it, end both together.
Ferd. Now heare me:
You live in a ranke pasture here, i'th court.
There is a kind of honney-dew that's deadly:
'Twill poyson your fame; looke to't: be not cunning:
For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,
Are witches, ere they arrive at twenty yeeres,
I: and give the divell sucke.
Duch. This is terrible good councell.
Ferd. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small thred,
Subtler then Vulcans engine: yet (beleev't)
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.
Card. You may flatter your selfe,
And take your owne choice: privately be married
Under the eves of night.
Ferd. Think't the best voyage
That ere you made; like the irregular crab,

11–14 *So . . . together.* BC assign this speech to Ferdinand, as also the succeeding speech. 17 *to't.* A, too't.
27 *eves.* A (B.M.), eues; BC, 1708, eves; 1810, eyes; Dyce, eves; Vaughan, Thayer, eaves.

Which though't goes backward, thinkes that it goes right,
Because it goes its owne way: but observe;
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed then celibrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
Ferd. And those joyes,
Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleepes
Which doe fore-run mans mischiefe.
Card. Fare you well.
Wisdome begins at the end: remember it.
[*Exit.*]
Duch. I thinke this speech betweene you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.
Ferd. You are my sister,
This was my fathers poyniard: doe you see?
I'll'd be loth to see't looke rusty, 'cause 'twas his:
I would have you to give ore these chargeable revels;
A vizor and a masque are whispering roomes
That were nev'r built for goodnesse: fare ye well:
And woemen like that part which, like the lamprey,
Hath nev'r a bone in't.

41 *to give.* B omits *to.*
44 *And . . . part.* 1708, And beware of that part.

Duch. Fye sir!
Ferd. Nay,
I meane the tongue; varietie of courtship:
What cannot a neate knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman beleeve? Farewell, lusty widowe.
[*Exit*]
Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royall kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'll'd make them my low foote-steps. And even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battailes
By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soul-diers say so),
So I, through frights and threatnings, will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I winck'd, and chose a husband! Cariola,
To thy knowne secricy, I have given up
More then my life, my fame.
Cariola. Both shall be safe:
For I'll conceale this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poyson
Keepe poyson from their children.
Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious, and hearty: I beleeve it.
Is Antonio come?

55 *assay*. BC, affray. 57 *winck'd*. A, wincked.

Cari. He attends you.
Duch. Good deare soule,
Leave me: but place thy selfe behind the arras,
Where thou maist over-heare us. Wish me good speed, [*Cariola goes behind the arras.*]
For I am going into a wildernesse,
Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly clewe,
To be my guide.

[*Enter Antonio.*]

I sent for you; sit downe:
Take pen and incke, and write: are you ready?
Antonio. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write some-what.
Duch. Oh, I remember:
After this triumph and this large expence,
It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous?
Indeed I thank you: I look yong for your sake.
You have tane my cares upon you.

Cariola . . . arras. 1708 places Cariola's exit after *arras*, and Antonio's entrance after *speed*, — obviously too early.
68 *nor path.* BC, no path.
73 *triumph.* AB, triumphs; Dyce, these triumphs.
76 *Beauteous.* Begins succeeding line in Qq.

Ant. I'le fetch your grace
The particulars of your revinew and expence.
Duch. Oh, you are an upright treasurer: but you mistooke,
For when I said I meant to make enquiry
What's layd up for to morrow, I did meane
What's layd up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should
In perfect memory), and I pray sir, tell me
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Then in deepe groanes, and terrible ghastly lookes,
As if the guifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you over-seer.
What good deede shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that first good deede began i'th' world,
After mans creation, the sacrament of marriage.

79 *The.* Ends preceding line in Qq. 86 *make.* BC, to make.
89 *distraction.* AB, distruction.
91 *you.* A, yon.
93 *that first . . . began.* BC, that good deed that first began.

I'ld have you first provide for a good husband: Give him all.

Duch. All?

Ant. Yes, your excellent selfe.

Duch. In a winding sheete?

Ant. In a cople.

Duch. St. Winfrid, that were a strange will!

Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry againe.

Duch. What doe you thinke of marriage?

Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory, It locally containes or heaven or hell; There's no third place in't.

Duch. How doe you affect it?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholly, Would often reason thus——

Duch. Pray let's heare it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children, What takes that from him? onely the bare name Of being a father, or the weake delight To see the little wanton ride a cocke-horse

95 *you first provide.* BC, you provide.
96 *Give him all.* C, Give me all; 1708, Give all.
97 *cople.* B, couple. 98 *Winfrid.* Dyce, Winifred.
99 *strange.* Dyce, probably correctly, infers *stranger*

Upon a painted sticke, or heare him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fye, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't.
They say 'tis very soveraigne; 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me starke blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a sawcy and ambitious divell
Is dauncing in this circle.
Duch. Remoove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May doe it: thus, is it fit?
Ant. What sayd you? *He kneeles.*
Duch. Sir,
This goodly roofe of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise your selfe,
Or if you please, my hand to helpe you: so.
Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madnes,

That is not kept in chaines and close-pent-roomes,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyce of pratling visitants,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a foole
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i' th' fire
To warme them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broake,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Ant. Oh my unworthinesse!

Duch. You were ill to sell your selfe:
This darkning of your worth is not like that
Which trades-men use i'th' city; their false lightes
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a compleat man
(I speake it without flattery), turne your eyes,
And progresse through your selfe.

Ant. Were there nor heaven, nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,
And nev'r tane wages of her.

130 *visitants.* AB, visitans.
137 *of.* A, off. 142 *will know.* BC, would know.

Duch. Now she paies it.
The misery of us that are borne great,
We are forc'd to woe, because none dare woe us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearefully equivocates, so we
Are forc'd to expresse our violent passions
In ridles and in dreames, and leave the path
Of simple vertue, which was never made
To seeme the thing it is not. Goe, go brag
You have left me heartlesse; mine is in your bosome:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You doe tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a peece of flesh,
To feare, more then to love me. Sir, be confident,
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in allablaster
Kneeles at my husbands tombe. Awake, awake, man,
I do here put of[f] all vaine ceremony,
And onely doe appeare to you a yong widow
That claimes you for her husband, and like a widow,
I use but halfe a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speake for me,

149 *to woe, . . . dare woe.* C, to woo, . . . dare woo.

I will remaine the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward), here upon your lippes
I signe your *Quietus est*. This you should have beg'd now:
I have seene children oft eate sweete-meates thus,
As fearefull to devoure them too soone.
Ant. But for your brothers?
Duch. Do not thinke of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is onely to be pittied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.
Duch. Kneele.

[*Enter Cariola.*]

Ant. Hah!
Duch. Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my councell:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber,
Per verba [*de*] *presenti*, is absolute marriage.

183 *de*. Omitted in all previous editions.

Blesse, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!
Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the sphears,
Be still in motion!
Duch. Quickning, and make
The like soft musique!
Ant. That we may imitate the loving palmes
(Best embleme of a peacefull marriage),
That nev'r bore fruite devided!
Duch. What can the church force more?
Ant. That fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to devide
Our fixed wishes!
Duch. How can the church build faster? We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but eccho this. Maid, stand a part;
I now am blinde!
Ant. What's your conceit in this?
Duch. I would have you leade your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed:
(You speake in me this, for we now are one.)
We'll onely lie and talke together and plot
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please
(Like the old tale, in Alexander and Lodowicke),

Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chast.
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!
[*Exeunt Duchess and Antonio.*]

Cari. Whether the spirit of greatnes or of woman
Raigne most in her, I know not; but it shewes
A fearefull madnes: I owe her much of pitty.
[*Exit.*]

Exeunt etc. Dyce. Qq and 1708 merely mark *Exeunt* at end of Cariola's closing speech.

Actus II. Scena I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Bosola and Castruchio.*]

Bosola. You say you would faine be taken for an eminent courtier?

Castruchio. 'Tis the very maine of my ambition.

Bos. Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your night-cap expresses your eares sufficient largely. I would have you learne to twirle the strings of your band with a good grace; and in a set speech, at th' end of every sentence, to hum three or foure times, or blow your nose till it smart againe, to recover your memory. When you come to be a president in criminall causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him; but if you frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallowes.

Cast. I would be a very merrie president.

Bos. Do not sup a nights; 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

Cast. Rather it would make me have a good

Enter Bosola, etc. Qq, Bosola, Castruchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio, Duchesse, Rodorico, Grisolan.

stomake to quarrel; for they say, your roaring-boyes eate meate seldome, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?

Bos. I will teach a tricke to know it: give out you lie a dying, and if you heare the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps.

[*Enter an Old Lady.*]

You come from painting now?

Old Lady. From what?

Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physicke. To behold thee not painted enclines somewhat neere a miracle. These in thy face here were deepe rutts and foule sloughes the last progresse. There was a lady in France, that having had the small pockes, flead the skinne off her face, to make it more levell; and whereas before she look'd like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

Old Lady. Doe you call this painting?

Bos. No, no, but you call [it] carreening of an old morphew'd lady, to make her disembogue againe: there's rough-cast phrase to your plastique.

Old Lady. It seemes you are well acquainted with my closset?

33 *These in.* Possibly a word has dropped out after *These.*
41 *it.* Supplied by C.

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft, to finde in it the fat of serpents, spawne of snakes, Jewes spittle, and their yong childrens ordure: and all these for the face. I would sooner eate a dead pidgeon, taken from the soles of the feete of one sicke of the plague, then kisse one of you fasting! Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physition; makes him renew his foote-cloth with the spring, and change his high-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe: I do wonder you doe not loath your selves. Observe my meditation now:

What thing is in this outward forme of man
To be belov'd? we account it ominous,
If nature doe produce a colt, or lambe,
A fawne, or goate, in any limbe resembling
A man; and flye from 't as a prodegy.
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
In any other creature but himselfe.
But in our owne flesh, though we beare diseases
Which have their true names onely tane from beasts,
As the most ulcerous woolfe, and swinish meazeall;

47–58 *One . . . loath.* This speech might be set up as irregular verse, the lines ending in *witch-craft*, *spawne*, *ordure*, *eate*, *feete*, *fasting*, *youth*, *physition*, *spring*, *fall*, *loath*. It is printed in Qq in unmetrical lines of varying length.

50 *children's ordure.* A, children ordures.

Though we are eaten up of lice, and wormes,
And though continually we beare about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissew: all our feare,
Nay all our terrour, is least our phisition
Should put us in the ground, to be made sweete.
Your wife's gone to Rome: you two cople, and get you
To the wels at Leuca, to recover your aches.
I have other worke on foote: I observe our duchesse
[*Exeunt Castruchio and Old Lady.*]
Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,
The fins of her eie-lids look most teeming blew,
She waines i'th' cheeke, and waxes fat i'th' flanke;
And (contrary to our Italian fashion)
Weares a loose-bodied gowne: there's somewhat in't.
I have a tricke may chance discover it, —
A pretty one, — I have bought some apricocks,
The first our spring yeelds.

[*Enter Antonio and Delio, talking together apart.*]

Delio. And so long since married?
You amaze me.

76–78 *Your . . . foote.* Prose in previous editions. 77 *Leuca.* 1708, Lucca. *Enter . . . apart.* 1708 gives: Enter Antonio, Delio. Vaughan adds the rest of the direction.

Antonio. Let me seale your lipps for ever;
For did I thinke that anything but th' ayre
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all. Now sir, in your contemplation?
You are studdying to become a great wise fellow?

Bos. Oh sir, the opinion of wisedome is a foule tettor, that runs all over a mans body: if simplicity direct us to have no evill, it directs us to a happy being: for the subtlest folly proceedes from the subtlest wisedome. Let me be simply honest.

Ant. I do understand your in-side.

Bos. Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seeme to appeare to th' world
Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
This out of fashion mellancholly: leave it, leave it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any complement whatsoever. Shall I confess my selfe to you? I looke no higher then I can reach: they are the gods, that must ride on winged horses. A lawyers mule of a slow

93 *tettor.* BC, terror. 95 *subtlest.* C, subtilest.
101 *out of fashion.* A, out off shashion.

pace will both suit my disposition and businesse: for marke me, when a mans mind rides faster then his horse can gallop, they quickly both tyre.

Ant. You would looke up to heaven, but I thinke
The divell, that rules i'th' aire, stands in your light.

Bos. Oh sir, you are lord of the ascendant, chiefe man with the duchesse; a duke was your cosen german, remov'd. Say you were lineally descended from King Pippin, or he himselfe, what of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall finde them but bubles of water. Some would thinke the soules of princes were brought forth by some more weighty cause then those of meaner persons: they are deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them; the like passions sway them, the same reason that makes a vicar goe to law for a tithe-pig, and undoe his neighbours, makes them spoile a whole province, and batter downe goodly cities, with the cannon.

[*Enter Duchess, Ladies.*]

Duchess. Your arme, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded. Bosola,

116 *Pippin.* 1708, Pepin. 124 *goe.* BC, to goe.

I would have you, sir, provide for me a littor,
Such a one as the Duchesse of Florence roade in.

Bos. The duchesse us'd one when she was great with childe.

Duch. I thinke she did. Come hether, mend my ruffe,
Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lymmon pils,—would thou hadst done!
Shall I sound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother!

Bos. [*aside.*] I feare to[o] much.

Duch. I have heard you say that the French courtie[r]s
Weare their hats on fore the king.

Ant. I have seene it.

Duch. In the presence?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more then duty, that consists
In the remooving of a peece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o'th' court;
Put on your hat first.

135 *lymmon pils.* 1708, Limon peel.
136 *sound.* BC, 1708, swound.
141 Qq omit to assign this speech to the Duchess; 1708 is correct.

Ant. You must pardon me: I have seene, in colder countries then in France, Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction M[e]thought show'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your grace.

Duch. For me, sir?

Bos. Apricocks, madam.

Duch. O sir, where are they? I have heard of none to yeare.

Bos. [*aside.*] Good, her colour rises.

Duch. Indeed I thanke you: they are wondrous faire ones. What an unskilfull fellow is our gardiner! We shall have none this moneth.

Bos. Will not your grace pare them?

Duch. No, they tast of muske, me thinkes; indeed they doe.

Bos. I know not: yet I wish your grace had parde 'em.

Duch. Why?

Bos. I forgot to tell you the knave gardner (Onely to raise his profit by them the sooner) Did ripen them in horse-doung.

Duch. O you jest. You shall judge: pray tast one.

Ant. Indeed madam, I doe not love the fruit.

148 *Methought.* Qq, My thought.

Duch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative?
Bos. 'Tis a pretty
Art, this grafting.
Duch. 'Tis so: a bettring of nature.
Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampson on a black thorne——[*Aside.*] How greedily she eats them!
A whirlewinde strike off these bawd-farthin-galls!
For, but for that and the loose-bodied gowne,
I should have discover'd apparently
The young spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.
Duch. I thanke you, Bosola: they were right good ones,
If they doe not make me sicke.
Ant. How now madame?
Duch. This greene fruit and my stomake are not friends,—
How they swell me!
Bos. [*aside.*] Nay, you are too much swell'd already!
Duch. Oh, I am in an extreame cold sweat!
Bos. I am very sorry. [*Exit.*]

167 *a bettring*. BC, 1708 omit *a*, as do Dyce and Vaughan; Hazlitt retains it.

Duch. Lights to my chamber! O, good Antonio,
I feare I am undone! *Exit Duchess* [*and Ladies.*]
Delio. Lights there, lights!
Ant. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I feare she's falne in labour: and ther's left
No time for her remove.
Delio. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique safe conveyance for the mid-wife
Your dutchesse plotted?
Ant. I have.
Delio. Make use then of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poyson'd her
With these apricocks: that will give some colour
For her keeping close.
Ant. Fye, fie, the physitians
Will then flocke to her.
Delio. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her owne,
Least the physitians should re-poyson her.
Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not
what to think on't. *Ex*[*eunt*].

181 *my most trusty.* BC, my trusty.

Scena II.

[*Amalfi. A Hall in the Palace.*]

[*Enter Bosola and Old Lady.*]

Bosola. So, so: ther's no question but her teatchines and most vulterous eating of the apricocks are apparant signes of breeding, now?

Old Lady. I am in hast, sir.

Bos. There was a young wayting-woman had a monstrous desire to see the glasse-house.

Old Lady. Nay, pray let me goe.

Bos. And it was onely to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glasse to the fashion of a womans belly.

Old Lady. I will heare no more of the glasse-house. You are still abusing woemen?

Bos. Who, I? no, onely (by the way now and then) mention your fraileties. The orrenge tree bears ripe and greene fruit and blossoms altogether: and some of you give entertainment for pure love; but more, for more precious re-

Enter . . . Lady. 1708, *Enter Bosola, Lady.* Dyce, probably correctly, makes Bosola enter alone, and places the Old Lady's entrance after *breeding*. A, followed by BC, reads: Bosola, old Lady, Antonio, Rodorigo, Grisolan: servants, Delio, Cariola.

1 This opening speech is probably a soliloquy, but it is just possible that Bosola is trying to gain information from the Old Lady.

3 *breeding, now?* 1708, breeding. Now?

15 *bears.* AB, beare.

ward. The lusty spring smels well: but drooping autumne tasts well. If we have the same golden showres that rained in the time of Jupiter the thunderer, you have the same Danaes still, to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the mathematiques?

Old Lady. What's that, sir?

Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meete in one center. Goe, goe; give your foster-daughters good councell: tell them, that the divell takes delight to hang at a womans girdle, like a false rusty watch that she cannot discerne how the time passes.

[*Exit Old Lady.*]

[*Enter Antonio, Roderigo, Delio, and Grisolan.*]

Antonio. Shut up the court gates.

Roderigo. Why sir? what's the danger?

Ant. Shut up the posternes presently, and call
All the officers o'th' court.

Grisolan. I shall instantly.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Who keepes the key o'th' parke-gate?

Rod. Forobosco.

Ant. Let him bring't presently.

[*Enter Grisolan with Servants.*]

Servant. Oh, gentlemen o'th' court, the fowlest treason!

21 *Danaes.* AB, Danes; C, Dames; 1708, Danae's.

Bos. [*aside.*] If that these apricocks should be poysond now,
Without my knowledge!

Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer in the duchesse bed-chamber.

2 Servant. A Switzer?

Serv. With a pistoll in his great cod-piece.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha!

Serv. The cod-piece was the case for't.

2 Serv. There was a cunning traitor. Who would have search'd his cod-piece?

Serv. True, if he had kept out of the ladies chambers: and all the mowldes of his buttons were leaden bullets.

2 Serv. Oh wicked caniball! a fire-lock in's cod-piece?

Serv. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

2 Serv. To see what the divell can doe!

Ant. All the office[r]s here?

Servants. We are.

Ant. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of foure thousand duckets,
Are missing in the dutchesse cabinet.
Are the gates shut?

53 *plot.* AB have no punctuation after this word.
55 *All.* 1708, Are all.

Serv. Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the duchesse pleasure
Each officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the sun-rysing: and to send the keyes
Of all their chests and of their outward doores
Into her bed-chamber. She is very sicke.
Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She intreates you take't not ill: the innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.
Bos. Gentleman o'th' wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?
Serv. By this hand, 'twas creadably reported by one o'th' black-guard.
[*Exeunt all except Antonio and Delio.*]
Delio. How fares it with the dutchesse?
Ant. She's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, paine, and feare.
Delio. Speake to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the foole with mine own danger!
You are this night, deere friend, to poast to Rome:
My life lies in your service.
Delio. Doe not doubt me.
Ant. Oh, 'tis farre from me: and yet feare presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

79 *looks.* A, looke.

Delio. Beleeve it,
'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more:
How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a criket, are of powre
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well:
I wish you all the joyes of a bless'd father;
And (for my faith) lay this unto your brest,
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Cariola.*]

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,
Your wife commends him to you.

Ant. Blessed comfort!
For heaven-sake tend her well: I'll presently
Goe set a figure for's nativitie. *Exeunt.*

Scena III.

[*Amalfi. The Court of the Palace.*]

[*Enter Bosola, with a dark lanthorn.*]

Bosola. Sure I did heare a woman shreike: list, hah!
And the sound came (if I receiv'd it right)

Enter Cariola. 1708 adds: with a Child.
Enter . . . lanthorn. Supplied by 1708; Qq, Bosola, Antonio.

From the dutchesse lodgings. Ther's some strat-
agem
In the confyning all our courtiers
To their severall wards: I must have part of it,
My intelligence will freize else. List againe:
It may be 'twas the mellencholly bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitarines,
The owle, that schream'd so. Hah! Antonio?

[*Enter Antonio with a Candle, his Sword drawn.*]

Antonio. I heard some noyse: whose there?
what art thou? speake.

Bos. Antonio? put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of feare:
I am Bosola, your friend.

Ant. Bosola?
(This moale do's undermine me) — heard you
not
A noyce even now?

Bos. From whence?

Ant. From the duchesse lodging.

Bos. Not I: did you?

Ant. I did: or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walke towards it.

Ant. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the winde.

Bos. Very likely.
Me thinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.

Enter . . . drawn. Supplied by 1708.

Ant. I have bin setting a figure
For the dutchesse jewells.
Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Doe you find it radicall?
Ant. What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker?
Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you:
Now all the court's asleepe, I thought the divell
Had least to doe here; I came to say my prayers;
And if I doe offend you I doe so,
You are a fine courtier.
Ant. (*aside.*) This fellow will undoe me.
You gave the dutchesse apricocks to day:
Pray heaven they were not poysond!
Bos. Poysond? a Spanish figge
For the imputation.
Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stolne too:
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More then your selfe.
Bos. You are a false steward.
Ant. Sawcy slave! I'll pull thee up by the rootes.
Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir.
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting?
You libell well, sir?
Bos. No, sir, copy it out,
And I will set my hand to't.
Ant. My nose bleedes:
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here, for my name,
Are drown'd in blood: meere accedent. For you, sir,
I'll take order: i'th morne you shall be safe:—
[*Aside.*] 'Tis that must colour her lying-in.
Sir, this doore you passe not:
I doe not hold it fit that you come neere
The dutchesse lodgings till you have quit your selfe.
[*Aside.*] *The great are like the base; nay, they are the same,*
When they seeke shamefull waies to avoid shame.
Ex[*it*].

41 *Ant.* is prefixed to this line in A, as if an intermediate speech of Bosola's had dropped out. *Copy it out.* Begins a new line in Qq. In Qq, the lines end with *to't*, *count*, *chance*, *name*, *order*, *colour*, *not*, *neere*, *selfe*.

45 *wrought.* C, 1708, Dyce, Hazlitt, Vaughan, Thayer, wrote. Cf. note, p. 392.

51 *quit.* AB, quite.

Bos. Antonio here about did drop a paper,—
Some of your helpe, falce-friend, — oh, here it is:
What's here? a childes nativitie calculated?
The dutchesse was deliver'd of a sonne, 'tweene the houres twelve and one, in the night, Anno Dom: 1504 (that's this yeere), *decimo nono Decembris* (that's this night), *taken according to the meridian of Malfy* (that's our dutchesse: happy discovery). *The lord of the first house, being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life: and Mars, being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Cætera non scrutantur.*
Why now 'tis most apparant: this precise fellow
Is the dutchesse bawde: I have it to my wish.
This is a parcell of intelligency
Our courtiers were cas'd up for: it needes must follow
That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poysoning her: which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruchio
I'th' morning poasts to Rome; by him I'll send

57 This nativity is printed in italics in Qq, with the exception of the dates, *Mars*, and the Latin conclusion.
65 *eighth.* Qq, eight. 70 *cas'd up.* A, caside-up.

A letter that shall make her brothers galls
Ore-flowe their livours. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust doe masque in nea'r so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [*Exit.*]

Scena IIII.

[*Rome. A Room in the Palace of the Cardinal.*]

[*Enter Cardinal and Julia.*]

Cardinal. Sit: thou art my best of wishes.
Pre-thee tell me
What tricke didst thou invent to come to Rome,
Without thy husband?
Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Heare, for devotion.
Card. Thou art a witty false one—
I meane to him.
Julia. You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts: I would not now
Find you inconstant.
Card. Do not put thy selfe
To such a voluntary torture, which proceedes
Out of your owne guilt.
Julia. How, my lord?

Enter . . . Julia. Qq, Cardinall, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.

Card. You feare
My constancy, because you have approov'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in your selfe.
Julia. Did you ere find them?
Card. Sooth, generally for woemen:
A man might strive to make glasse male-able
Ere he should make them fixed.
Julia. So, my lord.
Card. We had need goe borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by Galileo the Florentine,
To view an other spacious world i'th' moone,
And looke to finde a constant woman there.
Julia. This is very well, my lord.
Card. Why do you weepe?
Are teares your justification? the selfe-same teares
Will fall into your husbands bosome, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely,
That's jealously, since I am very certaine
You cannot make me cuckould.
Julia. I'll go home
To my husband.
Card. You may thanke me, lady,
I have taken you off your mellancholly pearch,

10–11 *You feare . . . approov'd.* One line in Qq.
12 *turnings.* AB, turning. 26 *make me.* A, me make.

Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you flie at it. I pray the, kisse me.
When thou was't with thy husband, thou was't watch'd
Like a tame ellephant (still you are to thanke me):
Thou hadst onely kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it (still you are to thanke me).
Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i'th' heart,
And a sicke livour, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in physicke.
Card. Who's that?
[*Enter Servant.*]
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,
Lightning mooves slow to't.
Servant. Madam, a gentleman
That's come post from Malfy desires to see you.
Card. Let him enter: I'll with-draw. *Exit.*
Serv. He sayes
Your husband (old Castruchio) is come to Rome,
Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post. [*Exit.*]

30 *pray the.* BC, prethee. 39 Query: Who is that?

[*Enter Delio.*]

Julia. Signior Delio? 'tis one of my old suitors.

Delio. I was bold to come and see you.

Julia. Sir, you are wel-come.

Delio. Do you lie here?

Julia. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfy you no: our Romane prelates
Do not keepe lodging for ladies.

Delio. Very well.
I have brought you no comendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.

Julia. I heare he's come to Rome?

Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
So weary of each other: if he had had a good backe,
He would have undertooke to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pittifully sore.

Julia. Your laughter
Is my pitty.

Delio. Lady, I know not whether
You want mony, but I have brought you some.

Julia. From my husband?

47 *to come and.* BC, and come to.
49 *you no.* BC, you now.

Delio. No, from mine owne allowance.
Julia. I must heare the condition, ere I be bound to take it.
Delio. Looke on't, 'tis gold: hath it not a fine colour?
Julia. I have a bird more beautifull.
Delio. Try the sound on't.
Julia. A lute-string far exceedes it:
It hath no smell, like cassia, or cyvit,
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond doctors
Perswade us seeth[e't] in cullisses: I'le tell you,
This is a creature bred by——

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant. Your husband's come;
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria,
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits. [*Exit.*]
Julia. Sir, you heare.
'Pray let me know your busines, and your suite,
As briefely as can be.
Delio. With good speed: I would wish you
(At such time as you are non-resident
With your husband), my mistris.
Julia. Sir, I'le go aske my husband if I shall,
And straight returne your answere. *Exit.*

63 *lute-string.* 1708, Fiddle. 66 *seethe't.* AB, seeth's; C, seeth'd; Dyce, seethe't; 1708, Perswade us, 'tis a Cordial.
69 *That.* In Qq ends preceding line.

Delio. Very fine!
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speakes thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from Malfy. I doe feare
Antonio is betray'd: how fearefully
Shewes his ambition now,—unfortunate fortune!
"They passe through whirle-pooles, and deepe woes doe shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action's done.
Exit.

Scena V.

[*Rome. A Room in the Cardinal's Palace.*]

[*Enter*] *Cardinall and Ferdinand, with a letter.*

Ferdinand. I have this night dig'd up a mandrake.
Cardinal. Say you?
Ferd. And I am growne mad with't.
Card. What's the prodegy?
Ferd. Read there, a sister dampn'd; she's loose i'th' hilts:
Growne a notorious strumpet.
Card. Speake lower.
Ferd. Lower?
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seeke to publish't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)

Aloud; and with a covetuous searching eye,
To marke who note them. Oh confusion sease her,
She hath had most cunning baudes to serve her turne,
And more secure conveyances for lust
Than townes of garrison for service.
Card. Is't possible?
Can this be certaine?
Ferd. Rubarbe, oh, for rubarbe
To purge this choller! here's the cursed day
To prompt my memory, and here't shall sticke
Till of her bleeding heart I make a spunge
To wipe it out.
Card. Why doe you make your selfe
So wild a tempest?
Ferd. Would I could be one,
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eares,
Roote up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,
And lay her generall territory as wast
As she hath done her honors.
Card. Shall our blood,
The royall blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attaincted?
Ferd. Apply desperate physicke,
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glasse, for that's the meane

7 *covetuous.* BC, covetous. 14 *here't.* A, here 'it.

To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.
There is a kind of pitty in mine eie,—
I'll give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.
Card. What to do?
Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds,
When I have hewed her to peeces.
Card. Curs'd creature!
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
So farre upon the left-side!
Ferd. Foolish men,
That ere will trust their honour in a barke,
Made of so slight, weake bull-rush as is woman,
Apt every minnit to sinke it!
Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot weild it.
Ferd. Me thinkes I see her laughing,
Excellent hyenna! Talke to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shamefull act of sinne.
Card. With whom?

30 *mother's.* A, mother. 35 *is woman.* BC, this woman.
37 *Thus ignorance. Thus* stands as a separate line in A, and seemingly as end of preceding line in BC.
39 *somewhat, quickly.* Dyce omits the comma.

Ferd. Happily with some strong-thigh'd bargeman,
Or one [o']th' wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely squire
That carries coles up to her privy lodgings.
Card. You flie beyond your reason.
Ferd. Goe to, mistris!
'Tis not your whores milke that shall quench my wild-fire,
But your whores blood.
Card. How idlely shewes this rage, which carries you,
As men convai'd by witches through the ayre
On violent whirle-windes! this intemperate noyce
Fitly resembles deafe-mens shrill discourse,
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.
Ferd. Have not you
My palsey?
Card. Yes, I can be angry
Without this rupture: there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,

42 *strong-thigh'd.* Qq omit hyphen. 43 *one o'th'.* AB, one th'.
45 *privy.* BC, private. 47 *shall quench.* BC, can quench.
49 *which carries you.* Begins next line in Qq.
55 *Yes, I can.* Dyce, Yes, [but] I can. Query: Yet I can.
56 *rupture.* Dyce queries, rapture.

As doth intemperate anger. Chide your selfe.
You have divers men, who never yet exprest
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put your selfe
In tune.

Ferd. So, I will onely study to seeme
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in my selfe; for I do thinke
It is some sinne in us heaven doth revenge
By her.

Card. Are you starke mad?

Ferd. I would have their bodies
Burn't in a coale-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to heaven:
Or dippe the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sulphure,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:
Or else to boile their bastard to a cullisse,
And give't his leacherous father, to renew
The sinne of his backe.

Card. I'll leave you.

Ferd. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me

71 *to boile.* Dyce, perhaps correctly, to-boil.

Into a cold sweat. In, in! I'll go sleepe.
Till I know who leapes my sister, I'll not stirre:
That knowne, I'll finde scorpions to string my whips,
And fix her in a generall ecclipse. *Exeunt.*

78 *string*. BC, sting.

Actus III. Scena I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Antonio. Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio,
Oh, you have bin a stranger long at court.
Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?

Delio. I did sir, and how faires your noble duchesse?

Ant. Right fortunately well: she's an excellent
Feeder of pedegrees: since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a sonne and daughter.

Delio. Me thinkes 'twas yester-day. Let me but wincke,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame
It were within this halfe houre.

Ant. You have not bin in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great mans place,

Enter . . . Delio. Qq, Antonio, and Delio, Duchesse, Ferdinand, Bosola.

Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insencibly hasten.
Delio. 'Pray sir, tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare
Of the lord cardinall?
Ant. I feare it hath:
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,
Doth beare himselfe right dangerously.
Delio. Pray why?
Ant. He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe
The tempest out (as dormise do in winter).
Those houses that are haunted are most still,
Till the divell be up.
Delio. What say the common people?
Ant. The common-rable do directly say
She is a strumpet.
Delio. And your graver heades,
Which would be pollitique, what censure they?
Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase
The leaft-hand way; and all suppose the duchesse
Would amend it, if she could: for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine

Least thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people: for other obligation
Of love, or marriage, betweene her and me,
They never dreame of.
Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.
[*Enter Ferdinand, Duchess, and Bosola.*]
Ferdinand. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary: I am to be-speake
A husband for you.
Duchess. For me sir? 'pray who is't?
Ferd. The great Count Malateste.
Duch. Fye upon him!
A count? he's a meere sticke of sugar-candy,
You may looke quite thorough him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour.
Ferd. You shall do well in't. How is't, worthy Antonio?
Duch. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour.
Ferd. Let me be ever deafe to't:
One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,
A pestilent ayre, which princes pallaces

37 *dreame of*. A, off. 39 *to be-speake*. A, to be be-speake. 43 *thorough*. C, through.

Are seldome purg'd of. Yet, say that it were true,
I powre it in your bosome, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny
Faults, were they apparant in you. Goe, be safe
In your owne innocency.
Duch. Oh bless'd comfort!
This deadly aire is purg'd.
Exeunt [*all except Ferdinand and Bosola.*]
Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures. Now, Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?
Bosola. Sir, uncertainly:
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom, we may go read i'th' starres.
Ferd. Why some
Hold opinion all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath bin some sorcery
Us'd on the duchesse.
Ferd. Sorcery? to what purpose?
Bos. To make her doate on some desertles fellow
She shames to acknowledge.
Ferd. Can your faith give way

51 *of.* Qq, off. 54 *were.* AB, where.
57 Dyce places Bosola's entrance here. *cultures.* Dyce, coulters.

To thinke there's powre in potions or in charmes,
To make us love, whether we will or no?
Bos. Most certainely.
Ferd. Away! these are meere gulleries, horred things
Invented by some cheating mounte-banckes
To abuse us. Do you thinke that hearbes or charmes
Can force the will? Some trialls have bin made
In this foolish practise; but the ingredients
Were lenative poysons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Sweares by equivocation they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two dayes, a false key
Into her bed-chamber.
Bos. I have.
Ferd. As I would wish.
Bos. What doe you intend to doe?
Ferd. Can you ghesse?
Bos. No.
Ferd. Doe not aske then.
He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,

May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands.
Bos. I doe not
Thinke so.
Ferd. What doe you thinke then, pray?
Bos. That you
Are your owne chronicle too much, and grosly
Flatter your selfe.
Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thanke thee:
I never gave pention but to flatterers
Till I entertained thee. Farewell:
That friend a great mans ruine strongely checks,
Who railes into his beliefe all his defects.
Exeunt.

Scena II.

[*Amalfi. The Bed-Chamber of the Duchess.*]

[*Enter Duchess, Antonio, and Cariola.*]

Duchess. Bring me the casket hither, and the glasse.
You get no lodging here to night, my lord.
Antonio. Indeed, I must perswade one.
Duch. Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custome,

87 *Are.* Printed in preceding line in all editions.
chronicle. Query: chronicler.
Enter . . . Cariola. Qq, Dutchesse, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdinand, Bosola, Officers.

That noble men shall come with cap and knee,
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.
Ant. I must lye here.
Duch. Must? you are a lord of misse-rule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is onely in the night.
Duch. To what use will you put me?
Ant. Wee'll sleepe together.
Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find in sleepe?
Cariola. My lord, I lye with her often: and I know
She'll much disquiet you.
Ant. See, you are complain'd of.
Cari. For she's the sprawlingst bedfellow.
Ant. I shall like her the better for that.
Cari. Sir, shall I aske you a question?
Ant. I pray thee, Cariola.
Cari. Wherefore still when you lie with my lady
Doe you rise so early?
Ant. Labouring men
Count the clocke oftnest, Cariola,
Are glad when their task's ended.
Duch. I'll stop your mouth.
Ant. Nay, that's but one; Venus had two soft doves

5 *noble men.* Dyce, noblemen.
16 *I pray thee.* 1708, I, prithee; Dyce, Ay, pray thee.

To draw her chariot: I must have another.
When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
Cari. Never, my lord.
Ant. O fie upon this single life! forgoe it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight,
Became a fruitlesse bay-tree; Sirinx turn'd
To the pale empty reede; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble: whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd
Into the oliffe, pomgranet, mulbery;
Became flowres, precious stones, or eminent starres.
Cari. This is a vaine poetry: but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdome, riches, and beauty,
In three severall young men, which should I choose?
Ant. 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause:
For how was't possible he could judge right,

25 *slight.* Qq, 1708; but Dyce and Hazlitt, without noting the early reading, give *flight*, which is probably what Webster wrote.
26 *Sirinx.* Qq, Siriux. 27 *Anaxarete.* Qq, Anaxarate.
33 Query: omit *a*. 38 *could.* BC, should.

Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they starcke naked? 'twas a motion
Were able to be-night the apprehention
Of the seveerest counsellor of Europe.
Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,
It puts me in mind of a question I would aske.
Cari. What is't?
Ant. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keepe worse-favour'd waieting women
To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.
Duch. Oh, that's soone answer'd.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undoe him. I pre-thee
When were we so merry? My haire tangles.
Ant. 'Pray-thee, Cariola, let's steale forth the roome,
And let her talke to her selfe: I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when she hath chafde extreamely.
I love to see her angry: softly, Cariola.
Exeunt [*Antonio and Cariola*].

53 *so merry.* B and C omit *so.* 56 *hath.* BC, had.

Duch. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin to change?
When I waxe gray, I shall have all the court
Powder their haire with arras, to be like me.
You have cause to love me, I entred you into my heart
[*Enter Ferdinand unseen.*]
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keyes.
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Me thinkes his presence (being now in court)
Should make you keepe your owne bed: but you'll say
Love mixt with feare is sweetest. I'll assure you
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your ghossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:
For know, whether I am doomb'd to live, or die,
I can doe both like a prince.
Ferdinand gives her a ponyard.

58 *'gin to change.* Query: omit *to.*
61 *I entred you into.* BC, I entred into; 1708, it enter'd into. Query: you entred into.
Enter . . . unseen. 1708. 63 *brothers.* Query: brother.
69 *'Tis welcome.* Ends preceding line in Qq; the present arrangement is that of 1708.

Ferdinand. Die then, quickle.
Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth ecclipze thee?
Duch. 'Pray sir, heare me.
Ferd. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
And no essentiall thing?
Duch. Sir,—
Ferd. Doe not speake.
Duch. No sir:
I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.
Ferd. Oh most imperfect light of humaine reason,
That mak'st [us] so unhappy, to fore see
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds and sence of shame.
Duch. I pray sir, heare me: I am married.
Ferd. So!
Duch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your sheeres doe come untimely now
To clip the birds wings that's already flowne.
Will you see my husband?
Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisque.

73 *doth ecclipze.* BC, doth clip.
78 *most.* BC, 1708, must. 79 *us.* Supplied by 1708.
87 *could change.* Begins following line in Qq.

Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his con[fe]deracy.
Ferd. The howling of a wolfe
Is musicke to thee, schrech-owle, — pre'thee peace.
What ere thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister
(For I am sure thou hearst me), for thine owne sake
Let me not know thee. I came hither, prepar'd
To worke thy discovery: yet am now perswaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would damne us both. I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee: therefore use all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition. And for thee, vilde woman,
If thou doe wish thy leacher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him as our anchorites
To holier use enhabite. Let not the sunne
Shine on him, till he's dead: let dogs and monkeys

89 *confederacy*. AB, consideracy. It is possible that this is *confideracy*: the type is not perfectly clear. 90 *thee*. Qq, the. 1708 corrects. 92 *hearst*. BC, heardst. *thine*. BC, mine. 95 *such violent*. BC, 1708, so violent. 96 *damne*. A, dampe. 100 *vilde*. B, wilde; 1708, vile.

Onely converse with him, and such dombe things
To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.
Doe not keepe a paraqueto, least she learne it;
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue,
Least it bewray him.
Duch. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or custome.
Ferd. Thou art undone:
And thou hast ta'ne that massy sheete of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and foulded it
About my heart.
Duch. Mine bleedes for't.
Ferd. Thine? thy heart?
What should I nam't, unlesse a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?
Duch. You are in this
Too strict: and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, to[o] wilfull. My reputation
Is safe.
Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since th'instruction
Comes now too late.

113 *massy*. A, massiy.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travell ore the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three severall wayes.
Death told them, they should find him in great battailes,
Or cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them councell
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepheards,
Where dowries were not talk'd of; and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead parents: Stay (quoth Reputation),
Doe not forsake me: for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meete,
I am never found againe. And so for you:
You have shooke hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So fare you well.
I will never see you more.
Duch. Why should onely I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cas'de-up, like a holy relique? I have youth
And a litle beautie.

124 *it was.* Query: 'twas.

135 *shooke.* A, shooked. Dyce notes that some copies of A have shooked; so the B.M. copy.

Ferd. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more.
Exit.

Enter Antonio with a pistoll, [*and Cariola.*]

Duch. You saw this apparition?

Antonio. Yes: we are
Betraid; how came he hither? I should turne
This, to thee, for that.

Cariola. Pray sir, doe: and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.

Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.

Ant. I would this terrible thing would come againe,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love. Ha, what meanes this?
She shewes the poniard.

Duch. He left this with me.

Ant. And it seemes did wish
You would use it on your selfe?

Duch. His action seem'd
To intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point: turne it towards him, and

Enter . . . pistoll. In Qq this follows *apparition.*
151 *seem'd.* Begins following line in Qq.
153 *and.* Begins next line in Qq.

So fasten the keene edge in his rancke gall.
[*Knocking within.*]
How now? who knocks? more earthquakes?
Duch. I stand
As if a myne, beneath my feete, were ready
To be blowne up.
Cari. 'Tis Bosola.
Duch. Away!
Oh misery! me thinkes unjust actions
Should weare these masques and curtaines; and not we.
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already. *Ex*[*it*] *Ant*[*onio.*]
[*Enter Bosola.*]
Bosola. The duke your brother is ta'ne up in a whirlewind,
Hath tooke horse, and's rid poast to Rome.
Duch. So late?
Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th' sadle,
You were undone.
Duch. Indeed, I am very neere it.
Bos. What's the matter?
Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money

158 *unjust.* Query: that unjust.

Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeyt.
Bos. Strange! this is cunning.
Duch. And hereupon
My brothers bills at Naples are protested
Against. Call up our officers.
Bos. I shall. *Exit.*
[*Enter Antonio.*]
Duch. The place that you must flye to is Ancona:
Hire a house there. I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewells. Our weake safetie
Runnes upon engenous wheeles: short sillables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a fained crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima mensogna: a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honors. Harke, they are comming.
[*Enter Bosola and Gentlemen.*]
Ant. Will your grace heare me?
Duch. I have got well by you; you have yeelded me
A million of losse: I am like to inherit
The peoples curses for your stewardship.

170 *forfeyt.* Query: forfeyted.
171 *this . . . cunning.* Dyce gives this as an aside.
173 *our officers.* BC, the officers.
177 *engenous.* BC, ingenious.

You had the tricke in audit time to be sicke,
Till I had sign'd your *Quietus;* and that cur'de you
Without helpe of a doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him;
For h'as done that, alas, you would not thinke of,
And (because I intend to be rid of him)
I meane not to publish. Use your fortune else-where.
Ant. I am strongely arm'd to brooke my over-throw,
As commonly men beare with a hard yeere:
I will not blame the cause on't; but doe thinke
The necessitie of my malevolent starre
Procures this, not her humour. O the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis ev'n like him that in a winter night
Takes a long slumber ore a dying fire,
A-loth to part from't: yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat downe.
Duch. We doe confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.

202 *A-loth.* BC, and some copies of A (Dyce), As loath. *as cold.* B, are cold.

Ant. I am all yours: and 'tis very fit All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir; you have your passe.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve A prince with body and soule. *Exit.*

Bosola. Heere's an example for extortion: what moysture is drawne out of the sea, when fowle weather comes, powres downe, and runnes into the sea againe.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions Of this Antonio.

2. Officer. He could not abide to see a pigges head gaping: I thought your grace would finde him a Jew.

3. Off. I would you had bin his officer, for your owne sake.

4. Off. You would have had more money.

1. Off. He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll: and to those came to him for money said he was thicke of hearing.

2. Off. Some said he was an hermophrodite, for he could not abide a woman.

4. Off. How scurvy prowd he would looke when the treasury was full! Well, let him goe.

209 *extortion.* C, exhortation. 221 *his.* Omitted in BC, 1708. 226 *he would.* BC, would he.

1. Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttrey fly after him, to scowre his gold chaine.

Exeunt [*Officers.*]

Duch. Leave us. What doe you thinke of these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in's prosperitie,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd
His durty stirrop rivited through their noses,
And follow'd after's mule, like a beare in a ring;
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;
Made their first-borne intelligencers; thought none happy
But such as were borne under his bless'd plannet
And wore his livory: and doe these lyce drop off now?
Well, never looke to have the like againe;
He hath left a sort of flattring rogues behind him;
Their doombe must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their owne money: flatterers dissemble their vices,

230 *gold.* BC, golden. 233 *on his.* BC, on this.
237 *first-borne.* A, first-borne and; some copies of A have *and*, Dyce notes. 238 *bless'd.* Omitted in BC, 1708.

And they dissemble their lies; that's justice:
Alas, poore gentleman!
Duch. Poore? he hath amply fill'd his cofers.
Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signifie that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the divells arrand, he rides poast, and comes in by scuttles.
Let me shew you what a most unvalu'd jewell
You have in a wanton humour throwne away,
To blesse the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier and most faithfull; a souldier, that thought it
As beastly to know his owne value too little
As devillish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his vertue and forme deserv'd a farre better fortune:
His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe then shew it selfe:
His breast was filled with all perfection,
And yet it seem'd a private whispring roome,
It made so little noyse of't.

251 *On the.* A, One the.
262 *It made.* Query: He made. *of't.* 1708, on't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.
Bos. Will you make your selfe a mercinary herald,
Rather to examine mens pedegrees then vertues?
You shall want him:
For know an honest states-man to a prince
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:
The spring bathes the trees roote, the gratefull tree
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on
Two politisians rotten bladders, tide
Together with an intelligencers hart-string,
Then depend on so changeable a princes favour.
Fare-thee-well, Antonio: since the mallice of the world
Would needes downe with thee, it cannot be sayd yet
That any ill happened unto thee,
Considering thy fall was accompanied with vertue.
Duch. Oh, you render me excellent musicke.
Bos. Say you?

271 *I would . . . hart-string.* Two lines in Qq, the first line ending in *politisians.*
278 *Considering . . . fall.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Duch. This good one that you speake of is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dreame? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodnes in't as to prefer
A man, meerely for worth, without these shadowes
Of wealth and painted honors? possible?

Duch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate lady! For you have made your private nuptiall bed
The humble and faire seminary of peace,
No question but: many an unbenific'd scholler
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoyce
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no dowries shall hope, your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Souldiers, 'twould make the very Turkes and Moores
Turne Christians, and serve you for this act.

283 This line is omitted in BC; 1708 has: prefer true Merit | To Wealth, etc.

287 *peace.* C puts a colon after *peace.*

288 *but.* BC have no punctuation after *but.* This reading involving a full stop after *peace* in preceding line seems preferable, but as A makes sense no change has been made.

292 *hope.* C has no pause after this word.

Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thanke you, in your grave, for't; and make that
More reverend then all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coates to sell to men.
Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I finde concealement.
Bos. O the secret of my prince,
Which I will weare on th'in-side of my heart!
Duch. You shall take charge of all my coyne and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himselfe
To Ancona.
Bos. So.
Duch. Whither, within few dayes,
I meane to follow thee.
Bos. Let me thinke:
I would wish your grace to faigne a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto (scarce seaven leagues
From faire Ancona), so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seeme a princely progresse, retaining
Your usuall traine about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.
Cari. In my opinion, she were better progresse
To the bathes at Leuca, or go visit the Spaw
In Germany, for, if you will beleeve me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This faigned pilgrimage.
Duch. Thou art a superstitious foole:
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seeke wisely, to prevent them. [*Exeunt Duchess and Cariola.*]
Bos. A polititian is the divells quilted anvell;
He fashions all sinnes on him, and the blowes
Are never heard; he may worke in a ladies chamber
(As here for proofe). What rests, but I reveale
All to my lord? oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i'th' world
Preferres but gaine, or commendation:
Now, for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,
"And men that paint weedes to the life are prais'd. *Exit.*

319 In Qq the lines end in *opinion*, *bathes*, *Spaw*, *Leuca*.
320 *Leuca*. 1708, *Lucca*. 327 *Exeunt . . . Cariola*. A and B have merely *Exit*. C has nothing.
333 *intelligencer!* B, Inteligencers?

Scena III.

[*Rome. A Room in the Cardinal's Palace.*

Enter] *Cardinall, Ferdinand, Mallateste, Pescara, Silvio, Delio.*

Cardinal. Must we turne souldier then?
Malateste. The emperour,
Hearing your worth that way (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment), joynes you in commission
With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lanoy.
Card. He that had the honour
Of taking the French king prisoner?
Mal. The same.
Here's a plot drawne for a new fortification
At Naples.
Ferdinand. This great Count Malateste, I perceive
Hath got employment?
Delio. No employment, my lord:
A marginall note in the muster-booke, that he is
A voluntary lord.
Ferd. He's no souldier?
Delio. He has worne gun-powder in's hollow tooth for the tooth-ache.

Enter . . . Delio. Qq also name Bosola. 12 *souldier?* B puts a period after this. 13 *He has.* AB, He ha's.

Silvio. He comes to the leaguer with a full intent
To eate fresh beefe and garlicke, meanes to stay
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to court.
Delio. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it,
And keepe[s] two pewterers going, onely to expresse
Battailes in modell.
Sil. Then he'll fight by the booke.
Delio. By the almanacke, I thinke,
To choose good dayes, and shun the criticall.
That's his mistris skarfe.
Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffita.
Delio. I thinke he would run away from a battaile
To save it from taking prisoner.
Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on't.
Delio. I saw a Duch-man breake his pate once

17 sent. C, scent.

17–33 These lines are arranged as in BC; it seems impossible to divide them into pentameters.

19 *pewterers.* BC and some copies of A (Dyce), painters.

20 *he'll.* A, hel; fight, etc.

For calling him pot-gun; he made his head
Have a boare in't like a musket.
Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeede a guarded sumpter-cloath,
Onely for the remoove of the court.
[*Enter Bosola.*]
Pescara. Bosola arriv'd? what should be the
businesse?
Some falling out amongst the cardinalls.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are devided
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the coun-
try
About them goes to wracke for't.
Sil. What's that Bosola?
Delio. I knew him in Padua, a fantasticall scholler, like such who studdy to know how many knots was in Hercules club, of what colour Achilles beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ach. He hath studdied himself halfe bleare-ei'd, to know the true semitry of Cæsars nose by a shooing-horne; and this he did to gaine the name of a speculative man.
Pes. Marke Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in's eye,
To mocke the eager violence of fire.

40 This speech of Delio's is set up in Qq in lines ending with *scholler, in, was, tooth-ach, the, this, man.*

Sil. That cardinall hath made more bad faces
with his oppression then ever Michael Angelo
made good ones: he lifts up's nose like a fowle
por-pisse before a storme.
Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughes.
Delio. Like a deadly cannon,
That lightens ere it smoakes.
Pes. These are your true pangues of death,
The pangues of life, that strugle with great
states-men.
Delio. In such a deformed silence, witches
whisper
Their charmes.
Card. Doth she make religion her riding
hood
To keepe her from the sun and tempest?
Ferd. That, that damnes her. Me thinkes
her fault and beauty
Blended together shew like leaprosie,
The whiter, the fowler. I make it a question
Whether her beggerly brats were ever christned.
Card. I will instantly sollicite the state of
Ancona
To have them banish'd.

52 Qq print this speech in lines ending with *oppression, ones, storme.*
61 *Their charms.* Ends preceding line in Qq.
63 *Beauty* begins following line in Qq.

Ferd. You are for Loretto?
I shall not be at your ceremony: fare you well.
Write to the Duke of Malfy, my yong nephew,
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mothers honesty.
Bosola. I will.
Ferd. Antonio!
A slave, that onely smell'd of yncke, and coumpters,
And nev'r in's life look'd like a gentleman
But in the audit time. Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundreth and fifty of our horse,
And meete me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt.*

Scena IIII.

[*Enter*] *Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.*

1. Pilgrim. I have not seene a goodlier shrine then this,
Yet I have visited many.
2. Pil. The Cardinall of Arragon
Is this day to resigne his cardinals hat:
His sister duchesse likewise is arriv'd

73 *coumpters.* B, counters. 74 *in's life.* A, in's like.
77 *fort-bridge.* Vaughan reads *foot-bridge*, but perhaps unintentionally.
1 *shrine.* B, shrive.

To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.

1. Pil. No question. —— They come.

Here the ceremony of the Cardinalls enstalment, in the habit of a souldier: perform'd in delivering up his crosse, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine; and investing him with sword, helmet, sheild, and spurs. Then Antonio, the Duchesse, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are (by a forme of banishment in dumbe-shew, expressed towards them by the Cardinall and the state of Ancona) banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very sollemne musique, by divers church-men; and then exeunt.

Armes and honors decke thy story,
To thy fames eternall glory!
Adverse fortune ever flie-thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh-thee!

The Author disclaimes this Ditty to be his.

I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honour, vertue raises;
And thy study, that divine-is,
Bent to marshiall discipline-is:
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee,
Crown thy arts with armes: they'll beutifie thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under war's warlike banner!
O mayst thou prove fortunate in all marshiall courses!
Guide thou still, by skill, in artes and forces:

7 This song is printed in italic in Qq. *Marginal note.* In A only.

Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powres;
Triumphant conquest crowne thy head, and blessings powre downe showres!

1. Pil. Here's a strange turne of state! who would have thought
So great a lady would have match'd her selfe
Unto so meane a person? yet the cardinall
Beares himselfe much too cruell.
2. Pil. They are banish'd.
1. Pil. But I would aske what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?
2. Pil. They are a free state, sir, and her brother shew'd
How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her loosenesse,
Hath seaz'd into th' protection of the church
The dukedome, which she held as dowager.
1. Pil. But by what justice?
2. Pil. Sure, I thinke by none,
Only her brothers instigation.
1. Pil. What was it with such violence he tooke
Of[f] from her finger?
2. Pil. 'Twas her wedding-ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

26 BC omit *much*.

1. Pil. Alasse, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his owne weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottome. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion generall,
" All things do helpe th' unhappy man to fall.
Exeunt.

Scena V.

[*Near Loretto.*]

[*Enter*] *Antonio, Duchesse, Children, Cariola, Servants.*

Duchess. Banish'd Ancona?
Antonio. Yes, you see what powre
Lightens in great mens breath.
Duch. Is all our traine
Shrunke to this poore remainder?
Ant. These poore men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gon.
Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in minde of death: physitians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give ore
Their patients.

Enter . . . Servants. Qq add: Bosola, Souldiers with Vizards.
3 *These poore.* BC, 1708, These are poor.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world:
From decaide fortunes every flatterer shrinkes;
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinkes.
Duch. I had a very strange dreame to night.
Ant. What was't?
Duch. Me thought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudaine all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearles.
Ant. My interpretation
Is, you'll weepe shortly; for to me the pearles
Doe signifie your teares.
Duch. The birds, that live i'th' field
On the wilde benefit of nature, live
Happier then we; for they may choose their mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the spring.

[*Enter Bosola with a letter.*]

Bosola. You are happily ore-ta'ne.
Duch. From my brother?
Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your brother,
All love and safetie.
Duch. Thou do'st blanch mischiefe,
Would'st make it white. See, see; like to calme weather

12 *What was't?* BC, What is't? 17 *your teares.* B, you tears.
24 *like to.* BC, like to the.

At sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire
To those they intend most mischiefe. [*Reads.*]

A Letter.

Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a busines.
A politicke equivocation!
He doth not want your councell, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead.
And here's annother pitfall, that's strew'd ore
With roses: marke it, 'tis a cunning one.
I stand ingaged for your husband, for severall debts at Naples: let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart then his mony.
And I beleeve so too.

Bos. What doe you beleeve?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,
He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with him
Untill he see it. The divell is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in ridles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amitie and love which I present you?

Duch. Their league is like that of some politick kings,
Onely to make themselves of strength and powre
To be our after-ruine: tell them so.

Bos. And what from you?

A Letter. In Qq begins *l.* 27: *A . . . equivocation* ends it.

Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come.
Bos. And what of this?
Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I heare are muzell'd,
No truce, though hatch'd with nere such politick skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
I'll not come at them.
Bos. This proclaimes your breeding.
Every small thing drawes a base mind to feare,
As the adamant drawes yron. Fare you well, sir;
You shall shortly heare from's. *Exit.*
Duch. I suspect some ambush:
Therefore by all my love, I doe conjure you
To take your eldest sonne, and flye towards Millaine.
Let us not venture all this poore remainder
In one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You councell safely.
Best of my life, farewell. Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in't: but no otherwise
Then as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clocke, or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring't in better order.

59 *part.* A has no punctuation after *part.* Dyce, Hazlitt, Vaughan, and Thayer lose the whole force of the passage by their punctuation: —

Best of my life, farewell, since we must part:
Heaven hath a hand in't;

Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. Farewell,
boy;
Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery: for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sence
Of sorrow. In the eternall church. sir,
I doe hope we shall not part thus.
Ant. Oh, be of comfort;
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And thinke not how unkindly we are us'de:
"Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being
bruiz'd.
Duch. Must I, like to a slave-borne Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!
I have seene my litle boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd my selfe to't: naught made me ere
Go right but heavens scourge-sticke.
Ant. Do not weepe:
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing: and we strive
To bring our selves to nothing. Farewell Cariola,
And thy sweet armefull. If I doe never see thee
more,
Be a good mother to your litle ones,
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.

74 *Russian.* BC, 1708, Ruffian.
79 *Go right.* In Qq at end of preceding line.

Duch. Let me looke upon you once more; for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kisse is colder
Then that I have seene an holy anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.
Ant. My heart is turnde to a heavy lumpe of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. *Exit.*
Duch. My laurell is all withered.
Cariola. Looke, madam, what a troope of armed men
Make toward us.

Enter Bosola with a Guard [*disguised.*]

Duch. O, they are very welcome:
When Fortunes wheele is over-charg'd with princes,
The waight makes it move swift. I would have my ruine
Be sudden. I am your adventure, am I not?
Bos. You are: you must see your husband no more.
Duch. What divell art thou, that counterfeits heavens thunder?

Exit. Dyce gives, more accurately: Exeunt Antonio and his son.
Enter . . . Guard. Dyce puts Bosola's entrance after the words *Be sudden.*
94 *princes.* Mr. Daniel suggests *poises.*

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell
me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corne; or that which doth allure
them
To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too
much.
Duch. O misery! like to a rusty ore-charg'd
cannon,
Shall I never flye in peeces? Come: to what
prison?
Bos. To none.
Duch. Whether, then?
Bos. To your pallace.
Duch. I have heard
That Charons boate serves to convay all ore
The dismall lake, but brings none backe againe.
Bos. Your brothers meane you safety, and
pitie.
Duch. Pitie?
With such a pitie men preserve alive
Pheasants and quailes when they are not fat
enough
To be eaten.

99 *whether.* Begins following line in Qq.
103 *ore-charg'd.* A, ore-char'd.
105 *I have heard.* Begins next line in Qq.
106 *all ore.* Begins next line in Qq.
108 *Pitie?* Begins next line in Qq.

Bos. These are your children?
Duch. Yes.
Bos. Can they pratle?
Duch. No:
But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd,
Cursses shall be their first language.
Bos. Fye, Madam!
Forget this base, low-fellow.
Duch. Were I a man,
I'll'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.
Bos. One of no birth.
Duch. Say that he was borne meane,—
Man is most happy when's owne actions
Be arguments and examples of his vertue.
Bos. A barren, beggerly vertue.
Duch. I pre-thee who is greatest, can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish; who encounters her
With this rough language: "Why art thou so bold
"To mixe thy selfe with our high state of floods,
"Being no eminent courtier, but one
"That for the calmest and fresh time o'th' yeere
"Do'st live in shallow rivers, rank'st thy selfe

" With silly smylts, and shrympes? and darest thou
" Passe by our dog-ship, without reverence?"
" O " (quoth the salmon) " sister, be at peace:
" Thanke Jupiter, we both have pass'd the net.
" Our value never can be truely knowne,
" Till in the fishers basket we be showne;
" I'th' market then my price may be the higher,
" Even when I am neerest to the cooke and fire."
So, to great men, the morrall may be stretched.
" Men oft are valued high when th' are most wretch'd.
But come, whether you please: I am arm'd 'gainst misery,
Bent to all swaies of the oppressors will.
There's no deepe valley but neere some great hill.

Ex[eunt.]

138 To make the rhyme, *stretched* (AB) should be *stretch'd*, as C has it; or *wretch'd* (Qq) should be *wretched* (1708). The latter reading seems preferable; but see IV, i, 86.

140 *whether*. BC, whither.

ACTUS IIII. Scena. I.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand and Bosola.*]

Ferdinand. How doth our sister dutchesse beare her selfe
In her imprisonment?

Bosola. Nobly: I'll describe her:
She's sad, as one long us'd to't; and she seemes
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Then shun it; a behaviour so noble,
As gives a majestie to adversitie:
You may discerne the shape of lovelinesse
More perfect in her teares then in her smiles;
She will muse foure houres together; and her silence,
Me thinkes, expresseth more then if she spake.

Ferd. Her mellancholly seemes to be fortifide
With a strange disdaine.

Bos. 'Tis so: and this restraint
(Like English mastiffes, that grow feirce with tying)
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from.

Enter . . . Bosola. Qq, Ferdinand, Bosola, Dutchesse, Cariola, Servants. 3 *long*. Omitted in BC. 9 *foure*. Collier suggests (*Supp. Notes* 1, 276) and Hazlitt, Vaughan read: for.
15 *she's*. Query: *that she's* or *she is*.

Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the booke
Of anothers heart. Informe her what I told you.
Exit.

[*Enter Duchess and Attendants.*]

Bos. All comfort to your grace!

Duchess. I will have none.
'Pray-thee, why do'st thou wrap thy poysond pilles
In gold and sugar?

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visite you; and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemne vowe
Never to see you more, he comes i'th' night;
And prayes you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kisse your hand,
And reconcile himselfe; but, for his vowe,
He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure.
Take hence the lights: he's come.

[*Exeunt Attendants with lights.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferd. Where are you?

Duch. Here sir.

Ferd. This darkenes suites you well.

Duch. I would aske you pardon.

Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,

30 *you pardon.* 1708, your pardon.

Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubbs?

Duch. Whom?

Ferd. Call them your children;
For though our nationall law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equall.

Duch. Doe you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o'th' church
Shall make you howle in hell for't

Ferd. It had bin well,
Could you have liv'd thus alwayes: for indeed
You were too much i'th' light. But no more:
Gives her a dead mans hand.
I come to seale my peace with you: here's a hand,
To which you have vow'd much love: the ring upon't
You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kisse it.

Ferd. 'Pray doe: and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring: and doe not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'de it: you shall see
Whether he can ayd you.

Duch. You are very cold.
I feare you are not well after your travell —
Hah! lights! oh horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*
Duch. What witch-craft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead-mans hand here?

Here is discover'd, behind a travers, the artificiall figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.

Bos. Looke you: here's the peece from which 'twas ta'ne.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Duch. There is not betweene heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Then were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stucke with a magicall needle, and then buried
In some fowle dung-hill: and yond's an excellent property.
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
Bos. What's that?

behind a travers. BC, (being a travers).
60 *earth.* BC, the earth.

Duch. If they would bind me to that liveles truncke,
And let me freeze to death.
Bos. Come, you must live.
Duch. That's the greatest torture soules feele in hell,
In hell: that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coales againe,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
Bos. O fye! despaire? remember
You are a Christian.
Duch. The church enjoynes fasting:
I'll starve my selfe to death.
Bos. Leave this vaine sorrow;
Things being at the worst begin to mend:
The bee when he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lyd.
Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Perswade a wretch that's broke upon the wheele
To have all his bones new set: entreate him live,
To be executed againe. Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I doe play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.

Duch. Indeed, I have not leysure to tend so
small a busines.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pitty you.
Duch. Thou art a foole then,
To wast thy pitty on a thing so wretch'd
As cannot pitty it[self]: I am full of daggers:
Puffe, let me blow these vipers from me.
[*Enter Servant.*]
What are you?
Servant. One that wishes you long life.
Duch. I would thou wert hang'd for the hor-
rible curse
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
[*Exit Servant.*]
Of the miracles of pitty. I'll goe pray — no,
I'll goe curse!
Bos. Oh fye!
Duch. I could curse the starres —
Bos. Oh fearefull!
Duch. And those three smyling seasons of
the yeere
Into a Russian winter: nay the world
To its first chaos!
Bos. Looke you, the starres shine still.
Duch. Oh, but you must remember, my curse
hath a great way to goe.

86 *wretch'd.* 1708, wretched.
87 *it self.* Qq, it; 1708, it self. Query: I cannot pitty it.
Exit Servant. This seems to be the best point for the servant's exit, which no preceding edition or editor provides.

Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!
Bos. Fye, lady!
Duch. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remembered but for the ill they have done:
Let all the zealous prayers of mortefied
Church-men forget them!
Bos. O uncharitable!
Duch. Let heaven, a little while, cease crowning martirs,
To punish them!
Goe, howle them this: and say I long to bleed;
"It is some mercy, when men kill with speed.
Exit.

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Excellent; as I would wish: she's plagu'd in art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax
By the curious master in that qualitie,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantiall bodies.
Bos. Why doe you doe this?
Ferd. To bring her to despaire.
Bos. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty.
Send her a penetentiall garment to put on

104 *To . . . them.* Begins following line in Qq.

Next to her delicate skinne, and furnish her
With beades and prayer bookes.
Ferd. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Then that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soule.
I will send her masques of common curtizans,
Have her meate serv'd up by baudes and ruffians,
And 'cause she'll needes be mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospitall
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging:
There let them practice together, sing, and daunce,
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moone:
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her.
Your worke is almost ended.
Bos. Must I see her againe?
Ferd. Yes.
Bos. Never.
Ferd. You must.
Bos. Never in mine owne shape;
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this last cruell lie: when you send me next,
The businesse shalbe comfort.
Ferd. Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio

Lurkes about Millaine; thou shalt shortly thither,
To feede a fire as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will slacke till it have spent his fuell:
" Intemperate agues make physitians cruell.
Exeunt.

Scena II.

[*Amalfi. A Room in the Duchess's Palace.*]

[*Enter Duchess and Cariola.*]

Duchess. What hideous noyse was that?
Cariola. 'Tis the wild consort
Of mad-men, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging. This tyranny,
I thinke, was never practis'd till this howre.
Duch. Indeed I thanke him: nothing but noyce and folly
Can keepe me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me starke mad. Sit downe;
Discourse to me some dismall tragedy.
Cari. O 'twill encrease your mellancholly.
Duch. Thou art deceiv'd:
To heare of greater griefe would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

135 *his fuell.* 1708, it's fuel.
Enter . . . Cariola. Qq, Duchesse, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men, Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand.

Duch. Thou art a foole:
The robin red-brest and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray drie your eyes.
What thinke you of, madam?
Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleepe.
Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open?
Duch. Do'st thou thinke we shall know one an other,
In th' other world?
Cari. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead!
From them I should learne somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven ore my head seemes made of molton brasse,
The earth of flaming sulphure, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave is with his oare;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes it easie. Who do I looke like now?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruines are even pittied.
Duch. Very proper:
And Fortune seemes onely to have her eie-sight,
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noyce is that?
[*Enter Servant.*]
Servant. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath entended you some sport.
A great physitian, when the Pope was sicke
Of a deepe mellancholly, presented him
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' impost-hume broke: the selfe same cure
The duke intends on you.
Duch. Let them come in.
Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousie; an astrologian,
That in his workes sayd such a day o'th' moneth
Should be the day of doome, and, fayling of't,

44 *Let them.* BC, Let me. 1708, Let 'em.

Ran mad; an English taylor, crais'd i'th' braine
With the studdy of new fashion; a gentleman usher
Quite beside himselfe with care to keepe in minde
The number of his ladies salutations,
Or how do you, she employ'd him in each morning;
A farmer too, an excellent knave in graine,
Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation;
And let one broaker, that's mad, loose to these,
Youl'd thinke the divell were among them.

Duch. Sit, Cariola. Let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

[*Enter Madmen.*]

Here, by a Mad-man, this song is sung to a dismall kind of musique.

O let us howle some heavy note,
Some deadly-dogged howle,
Sounding as from the threatning throat
Of beastes and fatall fowle!
As ravens, schrich-owles, bulls, and beares,
We'll bell, and bawle our parts,
Till yerk-some noyce have cloy'd your eares,
And corasiv'd your hearts.

51 *fashion.* BC, fashions. 54 *how do you.* 1708, how d'ye's. *Enter Madmen*, Dyce. 1708, perhaps correctly, places entrance before the descriptive speech. 61 This song is printed in ital. in Qq. *howle.* C, hold. 66 *bell.* A, bill. 67 *yerk-some.* 1708, irk some. 68 *corasiv'd.* 1708, corrosiv'd.

At last when as our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1. Madman. Doomes-day not come yet? I'll draw it neerer by a perspective, or make a glasse that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stuff't with a littour of porcupines.

2. Mad. Hell is a meere glasse-house, where the divells are continually blowing up womens soules on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3. Mad. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night · I will tithe them over, like hay-cockes.

4. Mad. Shall my pothecary out-go me, because I am a cuck-old? I have found out his roguery: he makes allom of his wives urin, and sells it to Puritaines, that have sore throates with over-strayning.

1. Mad. I have skill in harroldry.

2. Mad. Hast?

1. Mad. You do give for your creast a wood-cockes head, with the braines pickt out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

3. Mad. Greeke is turn'd Turke; we are onely to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

77 *littour.* C, litter. 79 *womens.* BC, mens.

1. Mad. Come on sir, I will lay the law to you.

2. Mad. Oh, rather lay a corazive; the law will eate to the bone.

3. Mad. He that drinkes but to satisfie nature is damn'd.

4. Mad. If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

1. Mad. What's he, a rope-maker?

2. Mad. No, no, no, a snufling knave, that while he shewes the tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3. Mad. Woe to the caroach that brought home my wife from the masque at three a clocke in the morning! it had a large feather-bed in it.

4. Mad. I have paired the divells nayles forty times, roasted them in ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Mad. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleepe.

4. Mad. All the colledge may throw their caps at me: I have made a soape-boyler costive; it was my masterpeece. ——

Here the daunce consisting of 8 Mad-men, with musicke answerable thereunto; after which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.

99 *corazive.* 1708, corrosive. *Here . . . enters,* A. 1708 has: like an Old Bell-man, for *like an old man.*

Duch. Is he mad to[o]?

Serv. 'Pray question him: I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*]

Bosola. I am come to make thy tombe.

Duch. Hah, my tombe?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death bed,

Gasping for breath: do'st thou perceive me sicke?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sicknesse is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure, do'st know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worme-seede, at best, but a salvatory of greene mummey. What's this flesh? a little cruded milke, phantasticall puffe-paste. Our bodies are weaker then those paper prisons boyes use to keepe flies in: more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-wormes. Didst thou ever see a larke in a cage? Such is the soule in the body: this world is like her little turfe of grasse, and the heaven ore our heades, like her looking glasse, onely gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compasse of our prison.

129 *cruded.* BC, curded. 133 *ever.* BC, never.

Duch. Am not I thy duchesse?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy fore-head (clad in gray haires) twenty yeares sooner then on a merry milke maydes. Thou sleep'st worse then if a mouse should be forc'd to take up her lodging in a cats eare: a little infant, that breedes it's teeth, should it lie with thee, would crie out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Duch. I am Duchesse of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleepes so broken:

" Glories, like glowe-wormes, a farre off shine bright,
But look'd to neere, have neither heate nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plaine.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tombe-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tombe?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuffe wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow phantasticall in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

144 *her.* BC, his. 149 *sleepes.* C, 1708, sleep.
151 *to neere.* B, too neere.

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes images on their tombes
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes,
As if they died of the tooth-ache; they are not carved
With their eies fix'd upon the starres; but as
Their mindes were wholy bent upon the world,
The selfe-same way they seeme to turne their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismall preparation,
This talke, fit for a charnell.
Bos. Now, I shall:
[*Enter Executioners, with*] *A coffin, cords, and a bell.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers,
And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it;
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in ther veines to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence chamber.
Cari. O my sweete lady!
Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

167 *Their.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Duch. Even now
Thou said'st thou wast a tombe-maker?
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.
[*Rings his bell.*]

Hearke, now every thing is still,
The schritch-owle and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shrowd.
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your minde,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fooles make such vaine keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping,
Their life, a generall mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storme of terror.
Strew your haire with powders sweete,
D'on cleane linnen, bath your feete,
And (the foule feend more to checke)
A crucifixe let blesse your necke.
'Tis now full tide, 'tweene night and day;
End your groane, and come away.

Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? call for helpe!
Duch. To whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad-folkes.

182 *Thou said'st.* Ends preceding line in Qq. *Rings . . . bell.* 1708.
184–201 This song is in italics in Qq.
195 *terror.* A, 1708, terror; BC, error.

Bos. Remoove that noyse.
Duch. Farewell Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poore reversion.
Cari. I will die with her.
Duch. I pray-thee looke thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirrop for his cold, and let the girle
[*Cariola is forced off.*]
Say her prayers ere she sleepe. Now, what you please:
What death?
Bos. Strangling: here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexie, cathar, or cough o'th' loongs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meete such excellent company
In th' other world?
Bos. Yet, me thinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrifie you?
Duch. Not a whit:

Cariola . . . off. 1708.
214 *cathar.* 1708, catarrh. *loongs.* B, lungs.
220 *Not a whit.* 1708, Not at all.

What would it pleasure me, to have my throate cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearles?
I know death hath ten thousand severall doores
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometricall hinges,
You may open them both wayes: any way, for heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well a wake,
Best guift is they can give or I can take.
I would faine put off my last womans-fault,
I'l'd not be tedious to you.

Executioner. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull downe heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes pallaces; they that enter there
[*She kneels.*]
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora, to make me sleepe!

238 *princes.* BC, 1708, princely.

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feede in quiet. *They strangle her.*
Bos. Where's the waiting woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.
[*Enter Cariola.*]
Looke you, there sleepes your mistris.
Cari. Oh you are damn'd
Perpetually for this! My turne is next,—
Is't not so ordered?
Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't.
Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answere; and know
How I have offended.
Bos. Come, despatch her:
You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.
Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentle-man.
Exec. Here's your wedding ring.
Cari. Let me but speake with the duke. I'll discover
Treason to his person.

Enter Cariola. 1708; Dyce, *Cariola and children are brought in by the Executioners; who presently strangle the children.* It is not indicated whether or not the children are strangled in the sight of the spectators. A stage direction on the point must be guesswork. Cf. note. 245 *you are.* BC, thou art. 247 *Yes, and I.* BC, Yes, I. 250 *will first come.* BC, will come.

Bos. Delayes : throttle her.
Exec. She bites and scratches.
Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd : I have not bin at confession
This two yeeres.
Bos. When ?
Cari. I am quicke with child.
Bos. Why then,
Your credit's sav'd : beare her in toth' next roome. [*They strangle Cariola.*]
Let this lie still. [*Cariola's body is borne out.*]
[*Enter Ferdinand.*]
Ferdinand. Is she dead ?
Bos. Shee is what
You'll'd have her. But here begin your pitty :
Shewes the children strangled.
Alas, how have these offended ?
Ferd. The death
Of young wolffes is never to be pittied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Doe you not weepe ?
Other sinnes onely speake ; murther shreikes out :
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedewes the heavens.

256 *throttle her.* A, throttle-her.
259 *This two yeeres.* Dyce, these.

Ferd. Cover her face. Mine eyes dazell: she di'd yong.

Bos. I thinke not so: her infelicitie
Seem'd to have yeeres too many.

Ferd. She and I were twinnes:
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a mynute.

Bos. It seemes she was borne first:
You have bloodely approv'd the auncient truth,
That kindred commonly doe worse agree
Then remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face againe;
Why didst thou not pitty her? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have bin,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thy selfe
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Betweene her innocence and my revenge!
I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Goe kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
For let me but examine well the cause;
What was the meanenes of her match to me?
Onely I must confesse, I had a hope,
Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd
An infinite masse of treasure by her death:
And that was the mayne cause; her marriage,

283 *innocence.* BC, innocency. 291 *that . . . cause.* B, what . . . cause; C, 1708, what . . . cause?

That drew a streame of gall quite through my heart.
For thee (as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is curss'd
For playing a villaines part), I hate thee for't;
And, for my sake, say thou hast done much ill well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory; for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge
The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.

Bos. Doe.

Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murther.

Bos. Hah!

Ferd. Yes: and 'tis
The largest bounty I can studie to doe thee.
By what authority did'st thou execute
This bloody sentence?

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremoniall forme of law
Doombe her to not-being? did a compleat jury
Deliver her conviction up i'th' court?

298 *ingratitude.* C, gratitude.
304 *sentence?* BC, 1708, service?

Where shalt thou find this judgement registerd
Unlesse in hell? See: like a bloody foole
Th'hast forfeyted thy life, and thou shalt die for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thiefe hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveale this?
Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
The wolfe shall finde her grave, and scrape it up:
Not to devoure the corpes, but to discover
The horrid murther.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.
Ferd. Leave me.
Bos. I will first receive my pention.
Ferd. You are a villaine.
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror,
That not the feare of him which bindes the divels
Can prescribe man obedience!
Never looke upon me more.
Bos. Why fare thee well.
Your brother and your selfe are worthy men;
You have a paire of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance,

313 *When one thiefe.* C, When on these.

Like two chain'd-bullets, still goes arme in arme :
You may be brothers : for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'ne a sweet and golden dreame :
I am angry with my selfe now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknowne part o' th' world,
That I may never see thee.
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfie your selfe then all the world ;
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd
You that did councell it : and rather sought
To appeare a true servant then an honest man.
Ferd. I'll goe hunt the badger by owle-light :
'Tis a deed of darkenesse. *Exit.*
Bos. He's much distracted. Off my painted honour!
While with vaine hopes our faculties we tyre,
We seeme to sweate in yce and freeze in fire.
What would I doe, were this to doe againe ?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirres ; here's life :
Returne, faire soule, from darkenes, and lead mine

Out of this sencible hell: she's warme, she breathes:
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour! Who's there?
Some cordiall drinke! Alas! I dare not call:
So pitty would destroy pitty. Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seemes to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.
Duch. Antonio!
Bos. Yes madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but faign'd statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath wrought
The attonement.
Duch. Mercy! *She dies.*
Bos. Oh, she's gone againe! there the cords of life broake.
O sacred innocence, that sweetely sleepes
On turtles feathers, whil'st a guilty conscience
Is a blacke register, wherein is writ
All our good deedes and bad, a perspective
That showes us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd
To doe good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow:

353 *opes.* C, 1708, opens.

These teares, I am very certaine, never grew
In my mothers milke. My estate is suncke
Below the degree of feare: where were
These penitent fountaines while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direfull to my soule as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slaine his father.
Come, I'll beare thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruell tyrant
Shall not denie me. Then I'll poast to Millaine,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection. *Exit* [*with the body.*]

369 A possible arrangement is to end these lines with *below*, *fountaines*, *up*, *soule*, *father*.
375 *Come . . . hence.* Ends preceding line in Qq.
376 *last.* B and C omit.
380 *I . . . enact.* 1708, I will put in act.
with the body. 1708.

Actus V. Scena. I.

[*Milan. A Public Place.*]

[*Enter Antonio and Delio.*]

Antonio. What thinke you of my hope of reconcilement
To the Aragonian brethren?
Delio. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct
For your repaire to Millaine, they appeare
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certaine land in cheit,
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath bin mov'd
To ceize those lands; and some of his dependants
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenewes.
I cannot thinke they meane well to your life
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,
Your living.
Ant. You are still an heretique
To any safety I can shape my selfe.

Enter Antonio, etc. Qq, Antonio, Delio, Pescara, Julia.
13–14 *heretique to any.* Qq place a period after *heretique.*

Delio. Here comes the marquis: I will make my selfe
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whether it is flying.
Ant. I pray doe. [*Withdraws to rear of stage.*]

[*Enter Pescara.*]

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Pescara. To me?
Delio. An easie one:
There is the Cittadell of St. Bennet,
With some demeasnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna, — please you bestow them on me.
Pes. You are my friend: but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.
Delio. No, sir?
Pes. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soone in private. Here's the cardinalls mistris.

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. My lord, I am growne your poore petitioner,
And should be an ill begger had I not
A great mans letter here (the cardinalls)
To court you in my favour.
Pes. He entreates for you

17 *whether.* BC, whither.

The Cittadell of St. Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd Bologna.
Julia. Yes.
Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours.
Julia. Sir, I thanke you:
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your guift and speedinesse of giving,
Which makes your graunt the greater. *Exit.*
Ant. [*aside.*] How they fortefie
Themselves with my ruine!
Delio. Sir, I am
Litle bound to you.
Pes. Why?
Delio. Because you denide this suit to me, and gav't
To such a creature.
Pes. Doe you know what it was?
It was Antonios land: not forfeyted
By course of lawe; but ravish'd from his throate
By the cardinals entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong
Upon my friend: 'tis a gratification
Onely due to a strumpet; for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinckle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends

47 *innocents.* Query: innocence.

Looke ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'ne from the owner by such wrong,
Returnes againe unto so fowle an use
As salary for his lust. Learne, good Delio,
To aske noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.

Delio. You instruct me well.

Ant. [*aside.*] Why, here's a man, now, would fright impudence
From sawciest beggers.

Pes. Prince Ferdinand's come to Millaine
Sicke, as they give out, of an appoplexie:
But some say 'tis a frenzie. I am going
To visite him. *Exit.*

Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow.

Delio. What course doe you meane to take, Antonio?

Ant. This night, I meane to venture all my fortune,
Which is no more then a poore lingring life,
To the cardinals worst of mallice: I have got
Private accesse to his chamber; and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble dutchesse.
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger (for I'll goe in mine owne shape),
When he shall see it fraight with love and dutie,
May draw the poyson out of him, and worke

A friendly reconcilement; if it faile,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once then be ever falling.
Delio. I'll second you in all danger: and how ere,
My life keepes rancke with yours.
Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend.
Exeunt.

Scena. II.

[*Milan. A Gallery in the Residence of the Cardinal and Ferdinand.*]

[*Enter Pescara and Doctor.*]

Pescara. Now doctor; may I visit your patient?
Doctor. If't please your lordship: but he's instantly
To take the ayre here in the gallery
By my direction.
Pes. 'Pray-thee, what's his disease?
Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call licanthropia.
Pes. What's that?
I need a dictionary to't.

73 *be ever.* 1708, be to ever: misprint for *to be ever.*
Enter . . . Doctor. Qq, Pescara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Malateste, Bosola, Julia.
6 *call.* Query: call it.

Doc. . . . I'll tell you:
In those that are possess'd with't there ore-flowes
Such mellencholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into woolves,
Steale forth to church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke, 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind St. Markes church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearefully:
Said he was a woolffe: onely the difference
Was, a woolffes skinne was hairy on the outside,
His on the in-side: bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and trie: straight I was sent for,
And having ministerd to him, found his grace
Very well recovered.

Pes. I am glad on't.

Doc. Yet not without some feare
Of a relaps. If he grow to his fit againe,
I'll goe a neerer way to worke with him
Then ever Paracelsus dream'd of: if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madnesse out of him.
Stand aside: he comes.

8 *those.* BC, these. 17 *was hairy.* BC, 1708, is hairy. 20 *to.* BC, 1708, unto. 24 This line is omitted in BC and 1708; the latter text omits *If he grow . . . dream'd of.*

[*Enter Ferdinand, Malateste, Cardinal, and Bosola.*]

Ferdinand. Leave me.

Malateste. Why doth your lordship love this solitarines?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crowes, dawes, and sterlings that flocke together. Looke, what's that followes me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes.

Mal. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move and the sun shine.

Ferd. I will throtle it.

[*Throws himself on the ground.*]

Mal. Oh, my lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a foole: how is't possible I should catch my shadow unlesse I fall upon't? When I goe to hell, I meane to carry a bribe: for looke you, good guifts ever-more make way for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a noble vertue.

Ferd. To drive six snailes before me, from

29 *lowe this.* BC, 1708, use this.
Throws . . . ground. 1708.

this towne to Mosco; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their owne time: the patientst man i'th' world match me for an experiment! and I'll crawle after like a sheepe-biter.

Cardinal. Force him up.

Ferd. Use me well, you were best.
What I have don, I have don: I'll confesse nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him: are you mad, my lord?
Are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. What's he?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eye browes
Fil'd more civill.

Doc. I must doe mad trickes with him,
For that's the onely way on't. I have brought
Your grace a salamanders skin, to keepe you
From sun-burning.

Ferd. I have cruell sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrixes egge is present remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new layd one, you were best.
Hide me from him: physitians are like kings,—
They brooke no contradiction.

60 *my lord?* Begins following line in Qq. 62 *browes.* Begins following line in Qq. 63 *Fil'd.* BC, fill'd.

Doc. Now he begins
To feare me, now let me alone with him.
Card. How now, put off your gowne?
Doc. Let me have some forty urinalls fill'd with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one an other with them. Now he begins to feare me. Can you fetch a friske, sir? Let him go, let him go upon my perrill. I finde by his eye he stands in awe of me: I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.
Ferd. Can you fetch your friskes, sir? I will stamp him into a cullice, flea off his skin to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i'th' cold yonder in Barber-Chyrurgeons hall. Hence, hence, you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice; [*Throws the doctor down and beats him.*] there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and leachery. [*Exit.*]
Pes. Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.
Doc. True, I was somewhat to[o] forward.
Bosola. Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement
Hath falne upon this Ferdinand!
Pes. Knowes your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

71 *To feare me.* Ends preceding line in Qq. Following line 71, the 1708 stage direction is: *puts off his four Cloaks one after another.*

81 *anatomies.* A, anotomies. 84 *Throws . . . him.* 1708.

Card. [*aside.*] I must faigne somewhat. Thus they say it grew:
You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeares
None of our family dies but there is seene
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have bin murther'd
By her nephewes for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's booke,
Appear'd to him; when crying out for helpe,
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweate, alter'd much in face
And language: since which apparition,
He hath growne worse and worse, and I much feare
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speake with you.

Pes. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sicke prince, our noble lord,
All health of minde and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[*Exeunt. Manent Cardinal and Bosola.*]

Are you come? so. [*Aside.*] This fellow must not know
By any meanes I had intelligence
In our duchesse death: for though I counsell'd it,
The full of all th' ingagement seem'd to grow

Exeunt . . . Bosola. 1708.
112 *ingagement.* BC, agreement.

From Ferdinand. Now sir, how fares our sister?
I do not thinke but sorrow makes her looke
Like to an oft-di'd garment. She shall now
Tast comfort from me. Why do you looke so wildely?
Oh, the fortune of your master here, the prince,
Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do on[e] thing for me I'll entreate,
Though he had a cold tombe-stone ore his bones,
I'll'd make you what you would be.
Bos. Any thing,—
Give it me in a breath, and let me flie to't:
They that thinke long small expedition win,
For musing much o'th' end cannot begin.

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?
Card. I am busie, leave me.
Julia. [*aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow! *Exit.*
Card. 'Tis thus: Antonio lurkes here in Millaine,—
Enquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and stile me
Thy advancement.

121 *would.* BC, should; 1708, you'd be.
122 *it me.* BC, me it.

Bos. But by what meanes shall I find him out?

Card. There is a gentleman call'd Delio
Here in the campe, that hath bin long approv'd
His loyall friend. Set eie upon that fellow,
Follow him to masse; may be Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a schoole-name, for fashion of the world,
May accompany him; or else go enquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveale it. There are a thousand wayes
A man might find to trace him: as to know
What fellowes haunt the Jewes for taking up
Great summes of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learne
Who brought her picture lately: some of these
Happily may take——

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i'th' businesse,
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sightes i'th' world.

Card. Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

Bos. This fellow doth breed bazalisques in's eies;
He's nothing else but murder: yet he seemes
Not to have notice of the duchesse death.
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;

131 *But.* Omitted in BC. 132 *There is.* BC, There's.
145 *brought*, Qq. Dyce, almost certainly correctly, *bought*.

There cannot be a surer way to trace
Then that of an old fox.

[*Enter Julia.*]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now!

Julia. Nay, the doores are fast enough:
Now sir, I will make you confesse your treachery.

Bos. Treachery?

Julia. Yes, confesse to me
Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put
Love-powder into my drinke?

Bos. Love-powder?

Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfy:
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,
The onely remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure, your pistoll holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits: excellent lady,
You have a pritty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarme you,
And arme you thus: yet this is wondrous strange.

Julia. Compare thy forme and my eyes together,

Enter Julia. Probably a direction should be added: *with a pistol.*

You'll find my love no such great miracle.
Now you'll say
I am wanton. This nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar
That haunts them.
Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt souldier.
Julia. The better:
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes
Of roughnes.
Bos. And I want complement.
Julia. Why ignorance
In court-ship cannot make you do amisse,
If you have a heart to do well.
Bos. You are very faire.
Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.
Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper
Then sun-beames.
Julia. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you.
Bos. [*aside.*] I have it, I will worke upon this creature.

177 *complement.* Dyce, compliment. *Why ignorance.* Begins next line in Qq.

Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great cardinall now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villaine?
Julia. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you:
For if I see and steale a diamond,
The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thiefe
That purloines it. I am sudaine with you:
We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off
These uncertaine wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyne the sweete delight
And the pritty excuse together. Had you bin i'th' streete,
Under my chamber window, even there
I should have courted you.
Bos. Oh, you are an excellent lady!
Julia. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To expresse I love you.
Bos. I will; and if you love me,
Faile not to effect it.
The cardinall is growne wondrous mellancholly:
Demand the cause, let him not put you off
With faign'd excuse; discover the maine ground on't.

191 *Not lay*. Query: Nor lay. 198 *i'th'*. A, in'th'.
199 This line is omitted in BC, 1708.
204 *Faile . . . it*. Begins next line in Qq.

Julia. Why would you know this?
Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace
With the emperour; if he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.
Julia. You shall not neede follow the warres,
I'll be your maintenance.
Bos. And I your loyall servant:
But I cannot leave my calling.
Julia. Not leave an
Ungratefull generall for the love of a sweete lady?
You are like some cannot sleepe in feather-beds,
But must have blockes for their pillowes.
Bos. Will you do this?
Julia. Cunningly.
Bos. To morrow I'll expect th' intelligence.
Julia. To morrow? get you into my cabinet,
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more then I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd,
But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in;
You shall see me winde my tongue about his heart,
Like a skeine of silke. [*Exit Bosola.*]

[*Enter Cardinal.*]

Cardinal. Where are you?

[*Enter Servants.*]

Servants. Here.

Card. Let none upon your lives
Have conference with the Prince Ferdinand,
Unlesse I know it. [*Aside.*] In this distraction
[*Exeunt Servants.*]
He may reveale the murther.
Yond's my lingring consumption:
I am weary of her; and by any meanes
Would be quit off.

Julia. How now, my lord? what ailes you?

Card. Nothing.

Julia. Oh, you are much alterd:
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosome: what's the matter?

Card. I may not tell you.

Julia. Are you so farre in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or thinke you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have bin a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

228 *you?* 1708, you all? 234 *off.* C, 1708, off her; Dyce, of. *what . . . you?* Begins new line in Qq. 239 *Are you.* 1708, You are.

Card. Satisfie thy longing:
The onely way to make thee keepe my councell
Is not to tell thee.
Julia. Tell your eccho this,
Or flatterers, that like ecchoes still report
What they heare, though most imperfect, and not me:
For, if that you be true unto your selfe,
I'll know.
Card. Will you racke me?
Julia. No, judgement shall
Draw it from you: it is an equall fault,
To tell ones secrets unto all or none.
Card. The first argues folly.
Julia. But the last tyranny.
Card. Very well: why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed, which I desire the world
May never heare of.
Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sinne
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect triall of my constancy
Till now. Sir, I beseech you.

256 *well, why imagine . . . heare of?* is the punctuation of Qq, — completely misleading to modern eyes.

260 B, followed by C, 1708, reads *Sir, I beseech you* instead of *Sir, never was occasion*, — a misprint evidently caught from l. 262.

Card. You'll repent it.
Julia. Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruine: I'll not tell thee.
Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 'tis
To receive a princes secrets: they that do,
Had neede have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To containe them. I pray thee yet be satisfi'd;
Examine thine owne frailety; 'tis more easie
To tie knots then unloose them: 'tis a secret
That, like a lingring poyson, may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee seaven yeare hence.
Julia. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more; thou shalt know it.
By my appointment, the great Duchesse of Malfy,
And two of her yong children, foure nights since,
Were strangled.
Julia. Oh heaven! sir, what have you done?
Card. How now? how setles this? thinke you your bosome
Will be a grave darke and obscure enough
For such a secret?
Julia. You have undone your selfe, sir.

277 *bosome.* Begins next line in Qq.

Card. Why?
Julia. It lies not in me to conceale it.
Card. No?
Come, I will sweare you to't upon this booke.
Julia. Most religiously.
Card. Kisse it.
Now you shall never utter it: thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poyson'd with that booke.
Because I knew thou couldst not keepe my councell,
I have bound the[e] to't by death.

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Bosola. For pitty sake, hold!
Card. Ha, Bosola?
Julia. I forgive you
This equall peece of justice you have done:
For I betraid your councell to that fellow;
He over heard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceale it.
Bos. Oh foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poyson'd him?
Julia. 'T is weakenesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done.
I go,
I know not whether. [*Dies.*]

280 *No?* Begins next line in Qq. 294 *I go.* Begins next line in Qq. 295 *whether.* BC, whither.

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
Bos. That I might finde a great man, like your selfe,
Not out of his wits (as the Lord Ferdinand),
To remember my service.
Card. I'll have thee hew'd in peeces.
Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.
Card. Who plac'd thee here?
Bos. Her lust, as she intended.
Card. Very well:
Now you know me for your fellow murderer.
Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unlesse you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th' graves
Of those were actors in't?
Card. No more:
There is a fortune attends thee.
Bos. Shall I go sue to fortune any longer?
'Tis the fooles pilgrimage.
Card. I have honors in store for thee.

301 *Very well.* Begins next line in Qq.
309 *sue to fortune.* BC, sue a fortune.

Bos. There are a many wayes that conduct to seeming
Honor, and some of them very durty ones.
Card. Throw to the divell
Thy mellancholly. The fire burnes well,—
What neede we keepe a stirring of't, and make
A greater smoother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?
Bos. Yes.
Card. Take up that body.
Bos. I thinke I shall
Shortly grow the common bier for church-yards.
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aide thee in the murther.
Bos. Oh, by no meanes. Physitians that apply horse-leiches to any rancke swelling use to cut off their tailes, that the blood may run through them the faster. Let me have no traine when I goe to shed blood, least it make me have a greater when I ride to the gallowes.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe to remove that body
To her owne lodging: I'll give out she dide o'th' plague;
'Twill breed the lesse enquiry after her death.
Bos. Where's Castruchio, her husband?

312 *a.* BC omit. 317 *greater.* BC, great.
319 *bier.* AB, beare. Query: bearer.
323–324 *cut off.* AB, cut of.

Card. He's rod [e] to Naples to take possession
Of Antonio's cittadell.
Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy turne.
Card. Faile not to come. There is the master-key
Of our lodgings: and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you. *Exit.*
Bos. You shall find me ready.
Oh, poore Antonio, though nothing be so needfull
To thy estate as pitty, yet I finde
Nothing so dangerous. I must looke to my footing:
In such slippery yce-pavements men had neede
To be frost-nayld well: they may breake their neckes else.
The [precedent's] here afore me. How this man
Beares up in blood! seemes feareles! why, 'tis well:
Securitie some men call the suburbs of hell,
Onely a dead wall betweene. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seeke thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruell biters, that have got

343 *precedent's.* Dyce. Qq, President's.

Some of thy blood already. It may be
I'll joyne with thee in a most just revenge.
The weakest arme is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still me thinkes the dutchesse
Haunts me: there, there! 'Tis nothing but my mellancholy.
O Penitence, let me truely tast thy cup,
That throwes men downe onely to raise them up! *Exit.*

Scena. III.

[*Milan. A Fortification.*]

[*Enter*] *Antonio* [*and*] *Delio. Eccho* (*from the Dutchesse Grave.*)

Delio. Yond's the cardinall's window. This fortification
Grew from the ruines of an auncient abbey:
And to yond side o'th' river, lies a wall,
Peece of a cloyster, which in my opinion
Gives the best eccho that you ever heard;
So hollow and so dismall, and withall
So plaine in the destinction of our words,
That many have supposde it is a spirit
That answeres.

353 1708 has here the direction: *Starts.*
356 *raise.* B, rise. *Dutchesse Grave.* Probably really at Amalfi.
1 *Yond's the.* 1708, That's the.

Antonio. I doe love these auncient ruynes.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend history;
And questionles, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lye enterr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopide their bones
Till doombes-day. But all things have their end:
Churches and citties (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have.
Echo. *Like death that we have.*
Delio. Now the eccho hath caught you.
Ant. It groan'd, me thought, and gave
A very deadly accent?
Echo. *Deadly accent.*
Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one. You may make it
A huntes-man, or a faulconer, a musitian,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Echo. *A thing of sorrow.*
Ant. I, sure: that suites it best.
Echo. *That suites it best.*
Ant. 'Tis very like my wives voyce.

14 *some men lye.* BC, some lye.

Echo. *I, wifes-voyce.*

Delio. Come: let's us walke farther from't.
I would not have you go to th' cardinalls to night:
Doe not.

Echo. *Doe not.*

Delio. Wisdome doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Then time: take time for't: be mindfull of thy safety.

Echo. *Be mindfull of thy safety.*

Ant. Necessitie compells me:
Make scruteny throughout the pass[ag]es
Of your owne life; you'll find it impossible
To flye your fate.

[*Echo.*] *O flye your fate.*

Delio. Harke: the dead stones seeme to have pitty on you
And give you good counsell.

Ant. Eccho, I will not talke with thee;
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*

Ant. My dutchesse is asleepe now,
And her litle-ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. *Never see her more.*

28 *let's us.* 1708, let's; Dyce, let us.
29 BC omit *go*; 1708 retains it.
35 *passages*, 1708; Qq, passes.
37 Qq omit to assign this speech to Echo.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the eccho
But that: and on the sudden a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Delio. Your fancy meerely.
Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague;
For to live thus is not indeed to live:
It is a mockery, and abuse of life.
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,
Loose all or nothing.
Delio. Your owne vertue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest sonne; and second you:
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spred in so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion. How ever, fare you well:
Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suffrings, she hath none;
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne.
Exe[unt.]

52 *loose.* B, lose. 55 *in.* BC, into.
56 *How . . . well.* Printed as a separate line in Qq, which may perhaps indicate that the farewell and succeeding lines were spoken by Antonio.

Scena. IIII.

[*Milan. A Room in the Residence of the Cardinal and Ferdinand.*]

[*Enter*] *Cardinal, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolan.*

Cardinal. You shall not watch to night by the sicke prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.
Malateste. Good my lord, suffer us.
Card. Oh, by no meanes:
The noyce and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I intreate you.
Pescara. So sir, we shall not.
Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himselfe; and he seem'd to urge it sencibly.
Pes. Let our honors bind this trifle.
Card. Nor any of your followers.
Mal. Neither.
Card. It may be, to make triall of your promise,
When he's a sleepe, my selfe will rise, and faigne
Some of his mad trickes, and crie out for helpe,
And faigne my selfe in danger.

Enter . . . Grisolan. Qq add: Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant. 2 *recover'd.* Query: recovered.

Mal. If your throate were cutting,
I'll'd not come at you now I have protested against it.
Card. Why, I thanke you.
Grisolan. 'Twas a foule storme to night.
Rodorigo. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shooke like an ozier.
Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in the divell
To rocke his owne child.
Exeunt [*all except Cardinal.*]
Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother is because at midnight
I may with better privacy convay
Julias body, to her owne lodging. O, my conscience!
I would pray now: but the divell takes away my heart
For having any confidence in praier.
About this houre I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turne,
He dies. *Exit.*

[*Enter Bosola.*]

Bosola. Hah! 'twas the cardinalls voyce: I heard him name

20 Vaughan inserts stage direction: *Withdraws to the upper end of the apartment.*

Bosola and my death. Listen, I heare ones footing.

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. [*aside.*] Nay then, I see I must stand upon my guard.

Ferd. What say' to that? whisper, softly: doe you agree to't? So: it must be done i'th' darke: the cardinall would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. *Exit.*

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murther.

" *We value not desert, nor Christian breath,*
When we know blacke deedes must be cur'de with death.

[*Enter Antonio and Servant.*]

Servant. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a darke lanthorne. *Exit.*

Antonio. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right my sword: [*Wounds him.*]
I'll not give thee so much leysure as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit,
In a mynut.

37–40 This speech might be printed as verse, with lines ending in *to't*, *cardinall*, and *see it*. 37 *say'*. C, say you.
38 *So.* Qq and 1708 have no punctuation after this.

Bos. What art thou?
Ant. A most wretched thing,
That onely have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my selfe.

[*Enter Servant with a light.*]

Servant. Where are you sir?
Ant. Very neere my home: Bosola?
Serv. Oh misfortune!
Bos. Smother thy pitty, thou art dead else:
Antonio?
The man I would have sav'de 'bove mine owne life!
We are meerely the starres tennys-balls, strooke and banded
Which way please them. Oh good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying eare
Shall make thy heart breake quickly. Thy faire dutchesse
And two sweet children——
Ant. Their very names
Kindle a litle life in me.
Bos. Are murderd!
Ant. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tydings: I am glad
That I shall do't in sadnes: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'de nor heal'd, for I have no use

To put my life to. In all our quest of greatnes,
Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blowne in th' ayre.
Pleasure of life, what is't ? onely the good houres
Of an ague : meerely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I doe not aske
The processe of my death : onely commend me
To Delio.

Bos. Breake heart !

Ant. And let my sonne flie the courts of princes. [*Dies.*]

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio ?

Serv. I brought him hether,
To have reconcil'd him to the cardinall.

Bos. I doe not aske thee that :
Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
And beare him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge. Oh, my fate moves swift !
I have this cardinall in the forge already ;
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful misprision !
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more then base : I'll be mine owne example.
On, on : and looke thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. *Exeunt.*

81 *him to.* BC, him with.

Scena. V.

[*Milan. A Hall in same, with Gallery.*]

[*Enter*] *Cardinall, with a Booke.*

Cardinal. I am puzzell'd in a question about hell:
He saies, in hell there's one materiall fire,
And yet it shall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I looke into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Me thinkes I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seemes to strike at me.

[*Enter Bosola, and Servant bearing Antonio's body.*]

Now? art thou come?
Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination,
Mix'd with some feare.

Bosola. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Hah! — Helpe! our guard!

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:
They are out of thy howling.

Enter . . . Booke. Qq add: Bosola, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Ferdinand, Delio, Servant [BC, Servants] with Antonio's body. 3 *Lay him by.* Mr. Daniel suggests that this may be a stage direction. *Enter . . . body.* Dyce. 1708 places after *some feare:* Enter Bosola. 8 *Thou . . . ghastly.* Ends preceding line in Qq.

Card. Hold: and I will faithfully devide
Revenewes with thee.
Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
Card. Raise the watch! we are betraid!
Bos. I have confinde your flight:
I'll suffer your retreyt to Julias chamber,
But no further.
Card. Helpe! we are betraid!
[*Enter Malateste, Roderigo, Pescara, Grisolan, above.*]
Malateste. Listen!
Card. My dukedome for rescew!
Roderigo. Fye upon his counterfeyting!
Mal. Why, 'tis not the cardinall.
Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:
But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll goe downe to him.
Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unlesse some rescew!
Grisolan. He doth this pretty well:
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.
Card. The sword's at my throat!

16 *and.* BC omit. *Enter . . . above.* 1708, except that Dyce adds Grisolan, wrongly omitted.
33 *serve.* AB place a semi-colon after this.

Rod. You would not bawle so lowd then.
Mal. Come, come: let's goe to bed: he told us this much aforehand.
Pescara. He wish'd you should not come at him: but beleeve't,
The accent of the voyce sounds not in jest.
I'll downe to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doores. [*Exit above.*]
Rod. Let's follow him aloofe,
And note how the cardinall will laugh at him.
[*Exeunt, above, Malateste, Roderigo, and Grisolan.*]
Bos. There's for you first:
'Cause you shall not unbarracade the doore
To let in rescew. *He kills the Servant.*
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Looke there.
Card. Antonio?
Bos. Slaine by my hand unwittingly.
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'dst thy sister,
Thou tookst from Justice her most equall ballance,
And left her naught but her sword.
Card. O mercy!

35 *let's.* A, lets's. 41 *There's . . . first.* Begins next line in Qq. Dyce changes. 48 *her sword.* BC, the sword.

Bos. Now it seemes thy greatnes was onely outward:
For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe then calamitie
Can drive thee. I'll not wast longer time: there!
[*Stabs him.*]

Card. Thou hast hurt me.
Bos. Againe!
Card. Shall I die like a levoret
Without any resistance? helpe, helpe, helpe!
I am slaine!

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferdinand. Th' allarum? give me a fresh horse!
Rally the vaunt-guard or the day is lost!
Yeeld, yeeld! I give you the honour of armes,
Shake my sword over you; will you yeilde?
Card. Helpe me, I am your brother!
Ferd. The divell!
My brother fight upon the adverse party?

He wounds the Cardinall, and, in the scuffle, gives Bosola his death wound.

There flies your ransome.
Card. Oh justice!
"I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.
Ferd. Now you're brave fellowes. Cæsars fortune was harder then Pompeys: Cæsar died in the armes of prosperity, Pompey at the feete

52 *levoret.* 1708, leveret.

of disgrace. You both died in the field. The paine's nothing: paine many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with the sight of a barbor that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect. Sinke, thou maine cause
Of my undoing! The last part of my life
Hath done me best service. *He kills Ferdinand.*

Ferd. Give me some wet hay, I am broken winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennell:
I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.

Bos. He seemes to come to himselfe,
Now he's so neere the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, oh my sister! there's the cause on't.
"Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
"Like diamonds, we are cut with our owne dust. [*Dies.*]

Card. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge piramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

78 *Beyond death.* Omitted in BC. *He seemes . . . bottom.* One line in Qq.

[*Enter, below, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo, and Grisolan.*]

Pescara. How now, my lord?
Malateste. Oh sad disastre!
Roderigo. How comes this?
Bos. Revenge, for the Duchesse of Malfy, murdered
By th' Aragonian brethren: for Antonio,
Slaine by [t]his hand: for lustfull Julia,
Poyson'd by this man: and lastly, for my selfe,
That was an actor in the maine of all
Much 'gainst mine owne good nature, yet i'th' end
Neglected.
Pes. How now, my lord?
Card. Looke to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds as we were strugling
Here i'th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me
Be layd by, and never thought of. [*Dies.*]
Pes. How fatally, it seemes, he did withstand
His owne rescew!
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
Bos. In a mist: I know not how:

Enter . . . Grisolan. 1708 reads: Enter Pescara, &c.
92 *this hand.* 1708 corrects.
102–105 These four lines should perhaps be treated as three, the verses ending in *mist, as I, gone.*

Such a mistake as I have often seene
In a play. Oh, I am gone!
We are onely like dead wals, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd yeildes no eccho. Fare you well.
It may be paine, but no harme to me to die
In so good a quarrell. Oh this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deepe pit of darknesse,
Doth womanish and fearefull mankind live!
Let worthy mindes nere stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just:
Mine is an other voyage. [*Dies.*]

Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and shew'd me
A pritty gentleman, his sonne and heire.

[*Enter Delio and Antonio's Son.*]

Mal. Oh sir, you come to [o] late!
Delio. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for't ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruine; and joyne all our force
To establish this yong hopefull gentleman
In's mothers right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em then should one

107 *yeildes.* Dyce, yield.

Fall in a frost and leave his print in snow:
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both forme and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth:
" *Integrity of life is fames best friend,*
Which nobely, beyond death, shall crown the end.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

Notes to the Duchess of Malfy

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

211. George Harding. Thirteenth Lord Berkeley (1601–58).

213, 20. Poëta & Chron. Middleton was made city chronologer in 1620.

214, 3. How'ere . . . love. However good an answer she had to the low estimate placed upon her affection.

217, 2. You . . . France. According to Painter, Antonio had been in France after the fall of Naples.

217, 7. quits . . . sicophants. Vaughan sees here a probable reference to the assassination of the queen-mother's favorite, Concini, by Louis XIII in April, 1617. If correct, this would help to date the play. But cf. Introduction.

217, 9. which. Antecedent not clear; possibly 'order,' but probably 'persons'—persons, *i. e.* man, being the chief work of the creator. The fact that 'persons' is qualified by 'infamous,' is disturbing, but Webster's constructions are often untechnical. Cf. note on 239, 97, p. 387. Vaughan suggests 'pallace.'

217, 11. princes . . . fountaine. Something like this Meres (*Palladis Tamia*) quotes from Plutarch: 'As he is more grievously to be punished that castes deadly poyson into a fountaine, then he that onely casts it in a cup: so doe they more offende, that corrupt the disposition of a Prince, then they that corrupt a private man' (1598 ed. p. 222).

218, 18. him. The king.

218, 22. What . . . foresee. What then they may take steps to prevent.

219, 59. I . . . me. Sarcastically referring to the Cardinal's curt dismissal.

220, 65. rewards . . . dogges. Cf. *W. D.* IV, iii, 118. 'Past service, past reward' (Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* II).

220, 68. geometry . . . supportation. The image of

'geometry' presumably implies that a man on crutches looks like a pair of compasses.

220, 77. fellow . . . yeares. To have been seven years.

220, 80. Gaston de Foux. Duc de Nemours. Painter (*Palace of Pleasure*, 1567 edition of the "Second Tome"), translating Belle-Forest's paraphrase (1565) of Bandello, remarks that 'the French vnder leadinge of that notable Capitayne Gaston de Foix, vanquished the force of Spayne and Naples at the Journey of Rauenna in the time of the French Kynge called Levves the twelfth.' The battle of Ravenna was fought in 1512; Naples was 'recovered' in 1501, when Gaston was twelve years old. Webster either confuses Naples the city and Naples the power, or else did not know that Gaston was too young to have had a hand in the 1501 'recovery.' Though Painter, following Belle-Forest, places the action of the story after Ravenna, the birth of the Duchess's first child takes place, according to the play, in 1504.

221, 89. Like . . . wearing. Is like . . . which do, etc.

221, 95. Who . . . ring. A horseman bearing a spear and riding at full speed endeavored to carry off on the point of his spear an iron ring suspended from the cross-piece of a post. Antonio, as Ferdinand remarks later, was a 'good horse-man.' Painter (f. 140 verso, 1575 ed.) says, 'for riding and managing of greate horse,he had not his fellow in Italy.' Painter also praises his skill in lute playing: 'the most melancholike persons would forget their heauinesse, vpon hearing of his heauenly noyse.' Webster makes no use of this accomplishment.

223, 133. Pliney's opinion. 'In Portugall, along the river Tagus, and about Lisbon, certaine it is, that when the West wind bloweth, the mares . . . conceive that genitall aire in steed of naturall seed: in such sort, as they become great withall, and quicken in their time, and bring forth foles as swift as the wind, but they live not above three yeares' (Holland's *Pliny*, 1601, viii, 42).

223, 146. your foole. Nothing follows to show who this fool is.

223, 152. full . . . wrinckle. Cf. the Water Poet's *Taylors Revenge* (1630 ed.), p. 145:

> 'Which act did passe, and please, and fild their iawes
> With wrinkled laughter, and with good applause.'

Besides applying to laughter, the expression means full of tricks.

224, 173. five . . . tennis. Cf. *W. D.* II, i, 181, note, p. 189.

225, 186. bestow bribes. Cf. Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* III:

> 'Another that's as vile as is the best,
> Tiers out his daies with labour and unrest:
> Till he have got a Miter in such fashion,
> As shames himselfe, his kinne and all his nation.'

226, 210. Cast . . . figure. Struck from one die. There is no astrological meaning in the expression.

227, 230. She . . . come. In *A Monumental Columme* (1613), Webster says of Prince Henry that his 'beams' shall 'Stain the time past and light the time to come' (l. 278).

227, 231. You . . . gallery. This seems sufficient warrant for a change of scene later when Antonio attends the Duchess.

229, 255. There 's . . . face. Vopel sees a parallel in *Macbeth*, I, iv, 11.

232, 300. dormouse. Cf. *D. M.* III, i, 22.

232, 301. Feed . . . dish. Eat at a lord's table.

233, 8. Labans sheepe. Cf. *Gen.* xxx, 31–42.

233, 11. I'll . . . marry. The Duchess has already sent for Antonio.

234, 16. honney-dew . . . deadly. Samuel Sheppard, who does not hesitate to draw freely on Webster's plays for his *Epigrams* (1651), remarks that 'hony badly still'd will poyson be' (*Ep.* II, 6).

234, 23. Vulcans engine. The net in which Mars and Venus were taken.

235, 32. executed . . . celibrated. Because not being *in facie ecclesiæ* they were deprived of the religious ceremony: the church, however, recognized the legality of such spousals.

236, 57. winck'd . . . chose. Chose blindly.

239, 97. In . . . sheete. In a shroud, because her husband was dead. Antonio's answer is another instance of Webster's way of referring to the simple part of a compound thought, 'a cople' refers to 'sheete,' not to 'winding sheete.' So also I, i, 9 (probably); this present scene, l. 156; v, v, 70; *W. D.* IV, iii, 62.

239, 98. St. Winfrid. St. Boniface, of the eighth century,

born in Devonshire, died in Germany, the scene of his missionary labors. Thayer, following Dyce's very probable reading, 'St. Winifred,' gives a note upon that virgin saint, who repulsed her ardent lover, Cradocus.

241, 138. You . . . selfe. You would be a poor salesman of yourself; you conceal your merits: city tradesmen darken their shops (this was a common trick — cf. *Westward Hoe*, I, i) to hide faults.

241, 144. progresse. There is noble praise in this word: 'make a royal journey.'

243, 171. Quietus est. The technical term for indicating that the accounts have been examined and found correct. Cf. *D. M.* III, ii, 187; *Monumental Columme*, 218:

> 'And in such joy did all his senses steep,
> As great accountants, troubled much in mind,
> When they hear news of their quietus sign'd.'

243, 172. I . . . them. This sentence also occurs in *Appius and Virginia*, I, i.

243, 183. Per . . . presenti. The *de* has been restored to the phrase, because the term was so familiar that the chances that Webster (rather than the printer) made a slip are very slight. The Duchess's notion of the legality of such a marriage is entirely correct. It is laid down in the Decretals (A. D. 1230) of Gregory IX (Strasburg, 1470?) L. iiij, p. 5, verso, that if between a man and woman there pass a common consent in words (*de presenti*) of present time, *utroque dicente ego accipio te in meam et ego te i*[*n*] *meum*, the marriage holds. The present tense, 'I take you for my wife,' etc., is sharply discriminated from 'I will take,' etc. (*per verba de futuro*), the latter form amounting only to a promise and not to a consent. Henry Swinburne, in *A Treatise of Spousals* (1686), notes that persons who have contracted *de presenti* marriages 'cannot by any agreement dissolve those spousals' (p. 13), although (p. 9) he previously declares that matrimony rather than spousals is the true name for the contract. So in John Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque* (1614, sig. L), Spendall proposes a clandestine marriage to the widow Raysby:

> 'Then set your hand to this, nay tis a contract
> Strong and sufficient, and will hold in Lawe.'

Strype, in his *Memorials of Thomas Cranmer* (1694), p. 251, says that Cranmer told Henry VIII that 'he and his authours were of opinion that matrimony contracted *per verba de præsenti* was perfect matrimony before God.' Vittoria's marriage to Bracciano was of this form. The Council of Trent (1563) required a marriage to be *in facie ecclesiæ*, but this did not apply to England. The law of Webster's time regarding such marriages remained valid until Lord Harwicke's Act of 1753.

244, 186. **sphears . . . musique.** One of the innumerable references to the motion and music of the celestial spheres of the Ptolemaic system. 'Still' (187) means 'continuously.'

244, 189. **palmes . . . devided.** Dyce points out the same image in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia* (1639):

> 'Grown likes Palmes,
> That do with amorous mixture twine their boughes
> Into a league-union, and so florish
> Old in each others armes.'

244, 204. **Alexander . . . Lodowicke.** Koeppel (*Münchener Beiträge*, xi, 150) notes parallel references in Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602) and Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque* (1614), as also in the whole story of Ferrers and Valladaura in Heywood's *A Challenge for Beautie* (1636). The story seems to have been familiar enough at the time: Dyce mentions a play (unprinted) on the subject, by Martin Slaughter, noted in Henslowe's Diary, p. 79; and the ballad of 'The Two Faithful Friends, the pleasant History of Alexander and Lodwicke, who were so like one another, that none could know them asunder; wherein is declared how Lodwicke married the Princesse of Hungaria, in Alexander's name, and how each night he layd a naked sword betweene him and the Princesse, because he would not wrong his friend.' For a ballad cf. Evans's Coll. ed. 1810, I, 77.

245, 208. **Whether . . . pitty.** This beautiful speech of Cariola's illustrates the difficulty of rendering Webster in translation. Following are the versions of Lafond and of Graf Schack: 'Quel est le plus magnanime de son esprit ou de son cœur, je n'en sais rien; mais je vois là une terrible folie. — Pauvre femme! elle a droit à toute ma pitié!'

> —'Ob in ihr der Geist der Grösse,
> Ob der des Weibes herrscht, nicht weiss ich es.
> Doch arge Tollheit ist 's; die arme Fürstin!'

246, 5. night-cap . . . largely. The night-cap was sometimes worn in the day, instead of a wig. John Taylor, in *The Praise of Cleane Linnen* (1630 ed.), remarks:

> 'A day worne *Night-cap* in our Common-wealth
> Doth shew the wearer is not well in health,'—

and goes on to jest at those who wear them for trivial diseases.

247, 21. roaring-boyes . . . valiant. The swaggering bullies, for all their talk, do not fare sumptuously, and their valor is hunger, not courage.

247, 28. prime night-caps. Hazlitt, without quotation of authority, gives this as a term for bullies. Farmer and Henley (*Slang and its Analogues*) explain the word as 'thieves working by night.' Vaughan thinks that it refers to lawyers. Another instance of Webster's use of the word (*Devil's Law-Case*, II, i) does not make the meaning certain.

247, 43. there's . . . plastique. There's speech appropriate to your deserts, cheap plaster in return for your face-modelling. Cf. Mercutio's greeting (*R. and J.* II, iv, 46): 'Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop.' Mercutio's teasing of the Nurse in the same scene may have given Webster a suggestion for this scene.

248, 48. witch-craft . . . ordure. The source of this abominable description has hitherto been overlooked: it is in Tofte's *Ariosto's Satyres* (1608), the fourth satire, sig. I2.

> 'Knew *Herculan* but where those lips of his,
> He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kisse.
> He would disdaine and loath himselfe as much,
> As if the loathsom'st ordure he did touch.
> He knowes not, did he know it he would spewe,
> That paintings made with spettle of a Iewe . . .
> Little thinks he that with the filthy doung,
> Of their small circumcised children young,
> The fat of hideous serpents, spaune of snakes,
> Which slaues from out their poisonous bodies takes. . . .
> Making that unguent, which who buies to vse,
> Buies hell withall, and heauen doth refuse.'

248, 51. pidgeon . . . plague. *The English Huswife* (1615) advises 'if you be infected with the plague' to apply hot bricks to the feet, 'then to the same apply a liue Pidgeon cut in two parts.' And more explicitly in *The Secrets of the reverend*

Maister Alexis of Piemont (tr. Wm. Ward, 1595), p. 37, one finds: 'Incontinent after this you must take a Pigeon, and cut him in the mids quicke, Feathers and all, laie him to the sore warme as he is, and let him lie on it, untill that part of the pigeon be waxen, and become gréene . . . then take it of, and you shall see, that out of the pigeon will come a greene water, which is all the venom that was in it.' This remedy, in all probability, is of the kind referred to in *W.D.* v, iii, 60.

248, 69. **swinish meazeall.** The 'measle' is a disease affecting swine. Cf. *Cent. Dict.*

249, 77. **wels . . . Leuca.** The baths at Lucca were famous at this time. Cf. von Hübner's *Sixtus V* (Eng. tr.), i, 88, 123–124; and the description of the baths at della Ville, a few miles from Lucca, as seen by Montaigne in his Italian journey, 1580 (Hazlitt's tr. pp. 596–607, 615, 618).

249, 80. **fins . . . blew.** So Sycorax, the 'blue-eyed hag' (*Tempest*, I, ii, 269), the blue discoloration being regarded as a sign of pregnancy.

249, 83. **loose-bodied gowne.** Montaigne (Hazlitt's tr. p. 574) says of the Roman gown: 'but their custom of having the waist exceeding loose gives them all the appearance of being with child.'

249, 85. **apricocks.** Stow (*Annales*, 1631, p. 1038) remarks that 'Apricocks, Mellycatons, Musk-millions and Tobacco, came into England about the 20. yeare of Queene Elizabeth.'

250, 101. **This . . . melancholly.** Cf. *King John*, IV, i, 14–16.

251, 111. **You . . . light.** So in *The Devil's Law-Case*, V, v, 21, 22:

> 'While they aspire to do themselves most right,
> The devil, that rules i' the air, hangs in their light.'

251, 113. **lord . . . ascendant.** The ascendant is that sign of the Zodiac arising above the horizon at any given moment. A planet within the house of the ascendant (from five degrees above to twenty-five degrees below the horizon) is the lord of the ascendant. Figuratively, to be enjoying good fortune.

251. **Enter . . . Ladies.** That others than Cariola are indicated is suggested by Delio's reference to 'those ladies,' l. 183.

252, 135. lymmon pils. It is not certain whether this means lemon pills or peels. No reference to lemon pills comes easily to hand, but in the *Secrets of Alexis* (1595), p. 62, 'orenge pilles' are spoken of. On the other hand, 'peels' was sometimes spelled 'pills' (cf. Moufet's *Health's Improvement*, 1655, p. 201), and lemon juice and peel were advised for sweetening the breath (Moufet, p. 206).

253, 161. ripen them. Pliny (xv, xviii) refers to winter figs thus ripened.

255, 185. mid-wife. Is not this the Old Lady, who without any obvious dramatic reason appeared at the beginning of this scene, and who, at the beginning of the following scene, comes on in haste?

256, 6. glasse-house. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 154, note, p. 187.

256, 14. orrenge . . . altogether. Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617), notes that 'the Orange trees at one time have ripe and greene fruites and buds, and are greene in winter, giving at that dead time a pleasant remembrance of Sommer.' Wm. Harrison (Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1597) speaks of oranges growing in England. Cf. *Mon. Col.* 45, 46.

257, 34. Forobosco. Mentioned in the dramatis personæ of AB, but no speaking part is definitely assigned to him in the text, and no other reference than in this line is made to him.

259, 62. Each . . . chamber. To prevent his knowing of the birth of the child.

259, 69. wood-yard. Spoken in contempt. Cf. II, v, 43.

260, 85. whole man. Cf. 'full man,' *W. D.* I, i, 44.

260, 92. set . . . nativitie. Make a horoscope.

261, 5. have part. Learn something.

261, 14. heard . . . noyce. Cf. *Macbeth*, II, ii, 15–20.

262, 32. Spanish figge. Cf. *W. D.* IV, ii, 61.

263, 41. copy . . . to 't. Bosola's speech is tantamount to saying 'As I am innocent, I will sign an statement you have made concerning the jewels.'

263, 42. bleedes . . . ominous. Nash, *The Terrors of the Night*, 1594, sig. D, verso, — 'if his nose bleede, some of his kinsfolkes is dead.'

263, 45. wrought . . . name. 'Wrote,' the reading of

C, followed by Dyce and others, is a quite untenable emendation, based on the assumption that the blood falls on the document, which in any event does not and must not contain letters written 'for my name.' The reference is undoubtedly to the letters 'wrought' upon his handkerchief.

264, 55. falce-friend. The 'dark lanthorn.'

264, 56. childes nativitie. This nativity is drawn up properly. John Searles, in *An Ephemeris for nine yeeres . . . 1609 . . . 1617*, p. 177, notes these steps in 'making of a nativitie': verifying the ascendant, the degree of the ascendant, the lord of the year, whether the lord of the nativity is a place of fortune or 'infortune,' and the degree of the 'luminaries next precedent.' The lord of the first house (Saturn, an evil planet) is 'combust' when within fifteen degrees of Sol; Mars is also an evil planet; a 'human signe' is one of the signs of the Zodiac which has a human form, as Virgo, Aquarius; the first house signifies body, head, face, and the eighth house signifies kind of death (Searles); *cætera*, etc., *the rest not considered*, — as if the influence of other planets could be of little importance, when the horoscope was so ominous. It does not appear that Antonio makes any search for this lost nativity.

266, 16. fantastique glasse. 1609 is the approximate date of the invention of Galileo's telescope.

268, 46. my . . . suitors. This is the first mention of the relationship.

269, 59. mine . . . allowance. What I myself will allow you.

269, 66. Perswade . . . cullisses. Dyce notes that 'pieces of gold' are advised as ingredients, by 'old receipt-books.'

270, 1. dig'd . . . man-drake. Madness was the portion, according to the old and wide-spread superstition, of those who pulled up mandrakes, cf. *e.g. R. and J.* IV, iii, 47–48). But Pliny (XXV, iii) tells how to dig them with safety: to have the wind at one's back, to make three circles around the plant, and to pull it up while facing the west. To hear the shriek which the mandrake was supposed to give upon being uprooted was also ominous (cf. *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611, v, i, 56).

270, 3. loose . . . hilts. Incontinent. Spoken also of a man (*Crossing of Proverbs*, B. N. 1616).

271, 12. Rubarbe. Cf. *W. D.* v, i, 223, note, p. 200.

272, 32. women's . . . left-side. Vaughan, not very convincingly, quotes *Ecclesiastes* x, 2.

273, 43. quoit . . . barre. Strutt (*Games*, II, ii, 7) notes that although an honorable sport in the sixteenth century, throwing the sledge or bar had in the seventeenth century become a lower class amusement.

275, 78. scorpions . . . whips. Cf. *W. D.* II, i, 243.

275, 79. generall ecclipse. Total eclipse, probably.

278, 41. Count Malateste. Not mentioned in Painter.

278, 42. meere . . . him. Repeated (not quite literally) in *Devil's Law-Case*, II, i.

278, 49. Pasquils paper-bullets. Pasquinades, *i. e.* lampoons, affixed to a mutilated statue in Rome, popularly called by the name of Pasquin, a sharp-tongued cobbler (?) who lived in the fifteenth century. 'Paper bullets' occurs in *Much Ado*, II, iii, 249.

279, 56. guilt . . . cultures. Cf. Carew's *Feminine Honour* (one of 'four Songs by way of Chorus' at an entertainment of the king and queen (1640 ed.):

> 'In what esteeme did the Gods hold
> Faire Innocence, and the chaste bed,
> When scandall'd vertue might be bold
> Bare-foot, upon sharpe cultures, spread
> O're burning coles, to march yet feele
> Nor scorching fire nor piercing steele?'

280, 67. powre . . . no. Kiesow sees here a resemblance to *Othello*, I, i, 172: 'Is there not charms,' etc.

281, 84. girdle . . . world. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 175.

282, 5. noble . . . knee. Cf. Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* v:

> 'Whilst like to peassants, noblemen not dare
> To come to him . . .
> But they must cap and crouch.'

Cf. *W.* D. IV, iv, 90.

282, 7. lord . . . misse-rule. 'A master of merry disports' (Stow, *Survey of London*), or mock lord who was in charge of Christmas revels.

283, 27. Anaxarete . . . marble. Because she refused the love of Iphis, who thereupon hanged himself.

285, 60. Powder . . . arras. Cf. *D. M.* IV, ii, 196.

292, 177. engenuous wheeles. Man 'carries certaine Watches with Larums about him, that are euer striking: for all the Enginous Wheeles of the Soule are continually going.' Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins of London: Sloth* (1606).

292, 179. Tasso calls. In *Jerusalem Delivered*, ii, 22 (Dyce).

293, 186. audit . . . Quietus. Cf. *D. M.* I, ii, 171, note, p. 388.

293, 190. let him. It is not obvious whether this means 'stop him,' or 'let him go.'

294, 215. pigges . . . gaping. Dressed for the table, with an apple in its mouth: offensive, as pork, to Jews.

294, 219. you . . . sake. Had you been his steward, instead of he yours, you would have been better off.

295, 229. chippings . . . chaine. It was with these same chippings (crusts, crumbs) that Sir Toby bade Malvolio go rub his chain, the token of stewardship.

296, 247. Pluto. Properly Plutus. Bacon tells the same fable in his essay, *Of Riches*.

297, 264. herald . . . pedegrees. One of the college of heralds, which passed upon armorial matters, such as the 'coates' of arms, of l. 303.

299, 307. weare . . . heart. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 77.

299, 312. I . . . pilgrimage. This was the Duchess's idea in Bandello, the maid's in Belle-Forest and Painter.

299, 313. Loretto. Moryson (*Itinerary*, 1617) visited Loretto, which contained the house in which the Virgin Mary was born, transported by angels to Slavonia from the Holy Land in 1291, and three years later to Loretto: 'there is incredible concourse to this place from all parts professing the Roman religion.' Montaigne gives an interesting description of Loretto in his *Journey into Italy* (Hazlitt tr. 1842, pp. 588–599). All writers note the magnificence of the shrine and the immense number of offerings (cf. III, iv, 1): it was a sixteenth and seventeenth century Lourdes.

300, 320. Leuca. Lucca. Cf. note on **249, 76**, p. 391.

300, 320. Spaw. Spa, more noted later than in Webster's time.

301, 4. Pescara . . . Lanoy. Francis I was defeated at Pavia in 1525 (an anachronism in the play) by Pescara, the Constable Bourbon, and the viceroy of Naples, Charles de Lannoy, to the last-named of whom the king surrendered.

302, 18. City Chronicle. Not clear. Perhaps Stow's *Annals* is meant. Thomas Middleton was made City Chronologer in 1620, an office implying a Chronicle, but the City records were not public enough to warrant this allusion. Richard Grafton's *Chronicle at Large* was republished in 1611.

302, 20. fight . . . booke. The book was *Vincentio Saviolo his Practise* (1594/5).

302, 22. criticall. In astrology, days that were determinative.

302, 26. taking. Being taken.

303, 32. He . . . court. He is a mere ornamental trapping that comes into service only when the court makes a journey.

303, 37. Foxes . . . devided. Cf. *Judges* xv, 4.

303, 40. fantasticall scholler. Webster's gibe against pedantry ends in a note of irony: shortsightedness seeks to be named speculative. For 'fantastical,' cf. Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie* (1589) I, viii, *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 30, Milton's *Vacation Exercise*, 20. The adjective seems to cover absurdity of all kinds, from dress to wits.

306, 7. Armes, etc. The authorship of this song is not known.

307, 28. determine of. This usage of the word, 'limiting the freedom of' a person, is apparently not recorded.

308, 7. physitians . . . patients. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, III, iii, 11 (Dyce).

311, 47. this. The letter.

311, 62. out of frame. Out of order.

312, 73. Man . . . bruiz'd. Cf. *W. D.* I, i, 48.

313, 90. sound. As with a plummet.

315, 116. counterfeit face. The mask worn by Bosola.

315, 126. mixe . . . floods. Dyce notes the parallel in *2 Henry IV*, III, ii, 132.

319, 35. nationall . . . equall. The same idea in nearly the same words occurs in *Devil's Law-Case*, IV, ii.

319, 41. too . . . light. Probably 'too conspicuous': so *Hamlet* (I, ii, 67): 'I am too much i' the sun.' But cf. Variorum *Hamlet* vol. I, p. 34.

320, 52. Hah! lights! In his translation of this scene, Mézières inserts a stage-direction after 'travell,' *On éclaire tout à coup le théâtre*; after which the Duchess cries, *Ah! des lumières*, and then perceives the hand to be a dead man's. This is ingenious and effective, but it is out of keeping with Elizabethan conditions. The cry of 'Lights!' follows the discovery of the horror. The 'artificiall figures of Antonio and his children' presumably deceive the spectators as well as the Duchess.

320, 62. picture . . . needle. The familiar charm of making a wax figure in the shape of the one upon whom the conjuration is to fall. Cf. Rossetti's *Sister Helen*.

321, 70. Portia . . . coales. Portia's suicide, by placing burning coals in her mouth, is told briefly in Plutarch's life of Brutus. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV, iii, 155.

322, 89. What . . . you? Why does the servant enter and when does he leave? Can Cariola be intended? Of the effectiveness of the moment there is no question.

324, 125. full . . . moone. Probably alluding to the notion that madness varied with the changes of the moon.

326, 13. robin . . . cages. Again Tofte's Ariosto, *Sat.* III:

> 'The cage is to the Nightinglale (*sic*) a hell,
> The Thrush and Black-bird both do loue it well;
> The Robin red-brest rob'd of libertie,
> Growes sad and dies with inward melancholy.'

328, 50. taylor . . . fashion. In *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606), Dekker inveighs against the 'apishness' of the English in following fashions of all countries at once.

328, 55. knave . . . graine. A play upon the two meanings of grain, — corn and dye. Cf. Glossary.

328. Enter Madmen. Although eight are mentioned, only four have speaking parts, the astrologer, the lawyer, the priest, and the doctor.

329, 74. perspective. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 111, note, p. 187.

329, 78. glasse-house. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 154, note, p. 187.

329, 83. **I . . . tithe.** Cf. the thirty-second of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*.

329, 92. **wood cockes . . . braines.** The woodcock was supposed to be brainless.

329, 95. **turn'd Turke.** Turned cruel (W. J. Craig); but perhaps, turned infidel.

329, 96. **Helvetian translation.** The English translation of the Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560. This reference seems to suggest that the play was written at a time when the merit of respective versions was a matter of current interest. The Douay version is of 1609–10, the King James version 1611.

330, 103. **If . . . glasse.** The reference is perhaps to a magic glass or crystal; or to a process of divination by looking in a bottle of water. Cf. *Oxford Dictionary sub* Gastromancy.

332, 144. **mouse . . . eare.** A frequently occurring image. Mr. J. W. Craig notes it in *Demandes ioyeuses en manière de quolibetes* (? 1520): 'Demande. Qui est ce qui onc ne fut ne iamais ne sera. Responce. Cest le nid dune souris en loreille dung chat.' So Heywood (1546); and Lyly (*Euphues and his England*, p. 233, Arber; *Galiathea*, IV, i, 45), as Mr. Warwick Bond notes.

332, 150. **Glories . . . light.** Cf. *W. D.* v, i, 43.

333, 179. **common bell-man.** Robert Dowe in 1605 established a fund to provide that the bellman of St. Sepulchre's should deliver a solemn exhortation to condemned prisoners in Newgate, the night before execution. Cf. note by Mr. J. W. Hales in *Athenæum*, 13 Sept. 1902.

334, 184. **Hearke,** etc. Nothing tells us whether this was spoken or sung. Bosola says later, 'Remoove that noyse,' which may refer to musicians, although more probably to Cariola.

334, 185. **whistler shrill.** Dyce notes Spenser, *F. Q.* II, xii, 36:

> 'The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy.'

335, 216. **death . . . you.** This echoes the situation in *W. D.* v, vi, 223.

337, 244. **strangle . . . children.** Perhaps this order was carried out as Dyce's stage direction indicates, but it is also possible that the children did not appear until Bosola (drawing a curtain?) shows their bodies.

337, 250. **come . . . answere.** Stand trial.

337, 254. **Here's . . . ring.** The noose.

338, 261. **Let . . . still.** The Duchess's body.

338, 267. **element . . . heavens.** Mr. Craig points out the same idea in Nash's *Jacke Wilton* (1594): 'Water powred forth sinkes downe quietly into the earth, but bloud spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmanent.' (Mr. Gosse's reprint, p. 203).

339, 288. **Onely . . . confesse.** I must confess that my sole reason was.

340, 294. **actor . . . part.** It was Burbadge himself who had these words to speak.

341, 315. **wolfe . . . murther.** Dyce notes that it was a common superstition that wolves dug up the bodies of murdered men. Cf. the dirge in *W. D.* v, iv.

342, 327. **two chain'd-bullets.** The parallel passage in Heywood's *A Challenge for Beautie*, cited by Koeppel (*Münch. Beit.* xi, 150), was long before noted by Dyce:

> 'My friend and I
> Like two chain-bullets, side by side, will fly
> Thorow the jawes of death.'

342, 342. **painted honour.** His disguise.

342, 346. **I . . . Europe.** Much in the vein of Ariosto's third Satire.

342, 347. **She stirres.** The re-awakening is as obviously reminiscent of *Othello*, as Ferdinand's repudiation of Bosola is of *King John*.

343, 353. **pitty . . . pitty.** Pity, leading him to cry for help, would be merciless, because those coming would complete the murder.

345, 11. **meane . . . living.** Cf. *M. of V.* iv, i, 376.

346, 19. **St. Bennet.** St. Benedict, founder of the order of Benedictines, *circa* 530.

347, 34. **doubly . . . greater.** *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Seneca.

349, 6. **licanthropia.** Lycanthropy is discussed in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, v, ch. 1, 6 (1584), and Pliny (viii, xxii) refers to it; but the cases Webster mentions Dyce quotes from

Goulart's *Histoires admirables* (1606). Dyce overlooked E. Grimeston's 1607 translation of Goulart, from which the following may be quoted (p. 386): 'For there be *Licanthropes* in whom the melancholike humor doth so rule, as they imagine themselues to be transformed into Wolues . . . and all night doe nothing but runne into Churche-yardes, and about graues . . . one of these melancholike *Licanthropes* . . . carried then vpon his shoulders the whole thigh and the legge of a dead man. Beeing carefully looked vnto, hee was cured of this disease.' And of another case (p. 387), 'a Countri-man neere vnto *Pauia*, in the yeare 1541 . . . being with great difficultie taken, hee did constantlye affirme that he was a Wolfe, and that there was no other difference, but that Wolues were commonlie hayrie without, and hee was betwixt the skinne and the flesh. Some (too barbarous and cruell Wolues in effect) desiring to trie the truth thereof, gaue him manie wounds vpon the armes and legges: but knowing their owne error, and the innocencie of the poore melancholie man, they committed him to the Surgions to cure, in whose hands hee dyed within fewe dayes after.'

350, 25. Paracelsus (1493–1541). Still much quoted in Webster's time.

352, 59. what . . . nothing. Cf. *Othello*, v, i, 302.

353, 76. fetch . . . friske. Cut a caper.

353, 82. Barber-Chyrurgeons hall. In Monkwell street, some distance from Blackfriars. 'To have him to Barber Surgeons Hall there to anatomize him.' Dekker, *A Knights Conjuring* (1607), sig. C_3.

357, 153. way . . . trace. Plan to follow.

357, 165. your pistoll. A figure of speech, or perhaps Julia in play threatened Bosola with an actual weapon. Bosola says 'I'll disarm you.' Cf. note on l. 300 below.

357, 170. Compare . . . miracle. Love being blind, her eyes were no better than his form.

360, 222. have . . . you. Have it immediately.

362, 261. triall . . . constancy. So Portia in *Cæsar*, II, i, 299.

363, 277. how . . . this. A figure drawn from the settling of a liquid, hence its clarifying; as if the Cardinal now saw the situation more clearly.

365, 300. **Who . . . here.** The Cardinal's yielding perhaps indicates that Bosola displayed a weapon, — possibly the pistol of l. 165.

367, 345. **Securitie . . . hell.** Cf. Hecate's song in *Macbeth*, III, v, 32.

368. **Scena. III.** The scene is Milan, but the Duchess's grave was probably elsewhere. Mr. Craig makes note of the somewhat similar echo-scene in *The Hog hath Lost his Pearl*, acted in 1612–13 (Hazl. Dods. xi, 477). The lyrical quality of the present scene strikingly takes the place of the 'mournful song' which, according to Belle-Forest and Painter, Antonio sings at this point in the story.

371, 54. **his.** The Cardinal's.

373, 28. **I . . . heart.** Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iii, 38.

374, 46. **Could . . . pardon.** Could I gain his hearing when he is in a religious mood, he might pardon me.

375, 51. **A . . . selfe.** A difficult speech, probably meaning: I only need your favor of the death-stroke to appear to the eye the wretched thing that I am already in spirit.

375, 57. **smother . . . pitty.** Hold your noise (addressed to the servant).

375, 67. **in sadnes.** In reality.

378, 26. **dukedome . . . rescew.** Cf. *Rich. III*, v, iv, 7.

380, 56. **honour . . . armes.** Martial salute.

380, 62. **Sorrow . . . sin.** Cf. *W. D.* v, iv, 27.

381, 70. **toothache . . . out.** The same construction, not unusual in Webster, is in the *Crossing of Proverbs* (1616): '*Q.* What is good for the tooth-ache? *A.* Pull it out.'

381, 77. **I . . . credit.** I will do incredible things.

382, 101. **thing . . . blood.** Dyce compares *Coriolanus*, II, ii, 112.

383, 117. **sonne . . . heire.** According to the spirit of Webster's originals, it would seem to be the son of the Duchess by her first husband, who inherits the duchy.

Bibliography

The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.

I. TEXTS.

This list includes separate editions, adaptations, the issues in collective editions of Webster, and with the plays of other dramatists.

A. THE WHITE DEVIL.

1612, 4°. The White Divel . . . for Thomas Archer. [See fac-simile of title page, p. 1. British Museum, C. 34. e. 41. Pp. A_3A_4 omitted; text occupies pp. B–M_2 verso.]

1631, 4°. The White Devil, Or, The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Vrsini, Duke of Brachiano, With The Life, and Death, of Vittoria Corombona, the Famous Venetian Curtizan. As it hath bin diuers times Acted, by the Queenes Maiesties seruants, at the Phœnix, in Drury Lane. . . . Written by Iohn Webster. . . . Printed by I. N. for Hugh Perry. . . . [Reprinted from the preceding.]

1665, 4°. The White Devil, or, Vittoria Corombona, A Lady of Venice. A Tragedy. By John Webster. Acted (formerly by Her Majesties Servants) at the Phœnix in Drury Lane; And At This Present (by His now Majesties) at the Theatre Royal. . . . Printed by G. Miller for John Playfere . . . and William Crooke. . . . [Reprinted from preceding. Contains, following address To Reader, a list of books printed for Crooke, and a list printed for "Pleyfere."]

1672, 4°. Vittoria Corombona, Or, The White Devil. A Tragedy. By J. Webster. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, By His Majesties Servants. Printed for William Crooke . . . [Reprinted from the preceding.]

1707. Injur'd Love: Or, The Cruel Husband. A Tragedy. Design'd to be Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. N[ahum]. Tate, Author of the Tragedy call'd King Lear. Richard Wellington. [A version of *The White Devil* as impudent as Theobald's version of *The Duchess* is respectful.]

1744. The White Devil. A Select Collection of Old Plays, vol. III, pp. 313–412, Dodsley. [No notes.]

1780. The White Devil. A Select Collection of Old Plays, The Second Edition . . . With Notes . . . by Isaac Reed, vol. VI, pp. 233–374, Dodsley.

1810. The White Devil. The Ancient British Drama, vol. III, pp. 1–46. William Miller. [Edited by Sir Walter Scott. Notes.]

1825. The White Devil. A Select Collection of Old Plays. Notes by Reed, Octavius Gilchrist, and the editor [Collier], vol. VI, pp. 203–326, Septimius Prowett.

1830. The White Devil. The Works of John Webster: Now First Collected, with Some Account of the Author, and Notes. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Four volumes, vol. I, Pickering.

1857. The White Devil. In a revised one-volume edition of the preceding, pp. 1–51, Moxon.

1857. The White Devil. The Dramatic Works of John Webster. Edited by William Hazlitt. Four volumes. Library of Old Authors, vol. II. Smith.

1865. Vittoria Corrombona, ou le Diable Blanc. Contemporains de Shakspeare. J. Webster et J. Ford. Traduits par Ernest Lafond. Paris: Hetzel.

[?] Vittoria Corombona. Alt-englisches Theater. Herausgegeben von Robert Prölss. Two volumes. Vol. I. Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut.

1888. The White Devil. The Mermaid Series: Webster and Tourneur. Edited by John Addington Symonds. Vizetelly.

B. THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

1623, 4°. The Tragedy of The Dvtchesse of Malfy. . . . for Iohn Waterson. [See fac-simile of title page, p. 209.

British Museum, 644. f. 72. A_2 omitted; text occupies pp. B–N_4.]

1640, 4°. The Dutchesse of Malfy. A Tragedy. As it was approvedly well acted at the Black-Friers, By his Majesties Servants. The perfect and exact Copy . . . [as above] . . . Printed by I. Raworth, for I. Benson . . . [Reprinted from the preceding.]

? 1660, 4°. The Dutchesse of Malfy. A Tragedy . . . London, Printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Crown in Chancery lane. [Circa 1660.] Price 1 s. Text occupies A_2–K_4 verso. F_2 is marked as E_2. No Dedication, gratulatory verse, or Actors' Names. A copy of this very rare edition was found (too late for collation) in the Harvard University Library as the present volume was going through the press. Not in British Museum or the Bodleian.

1678, 4°. The Dutchess of Malfey: A Tragedy. As it is now Acteed [sic] At The Dukes Theater. Printed for D. N. and T. C. and are to be Sold by Simon Neale . . . [Reprinted from 1640; author's name not on title-page.]

1708, 4°. The Unfortunate Dutchess of Malfy, Or, The Unnatural Brothers: A Tragedy. Now Acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, By Her Majesties Company of Comedians. Written by Mr. Webster. Printed for H. N. and are to be Sold by John Morphew . . . [Evidently printed from a copy of 1678, used as an acting version. A number of passages are omitted, and a number of lines are indicated by quotation marks to show omission in the acting. Excellent stage-directions.]

1735. The Fatal Secret. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal, In Covent-Garden. By Mr. [Lewis] Theobald . . . Printed for J. Watts; and Sold by W. Feales . . . [Preface avows Webster's authorship.]

1810. The Dutchesse of Malfy. The Ancient British Drama, vol. III, pp. 508–543. [See reference to W. D. 1810. Printed from the 1640 edition, following it closely. No notes.]

1830. The Duchess of Malfi. Dyce's first edition, vol. I. (See reference to W. D. 1830.)

1851. The Duchess of Malfi. Tallis's Acting Drama, Part I. Price 6d or 12½ cents. John Tallis and Company,

London and New York. [Webster's play, with some alterations in detail, and with expurgations. The changes are by R. H. Horne. Memoir of Elinor Glyn by "J. A. H." On inside page of cover is the announcement: "Just published, imperial 8vo, price 1 s. with a portrait of Miss Glyn, The Duchess of Malfi; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By John Webster, 1612." This 8vo is not in B. M. "1612" is certainly a complete mistake, if it refers to the date of publishing. The sixpenny edition here noted is advertised as a pocket edition of the shilling publication.]

1857. The Duchess of Malfi. Dyce's revised edition. [See reference to W. D. 1857.]

1857. The Duchess of Malfi. Hazlitt's edition, vol. II. [See reference to W. D. 1857.]

1858–60. Die Herzogin von Amalfi. Shakespeare's Zeitgenossen und ihre Werke. Friedrich von Bodenstedt. Three volumes, vol. I. Berlin. [The first volume is given up to Webster. *The Duchess* is translated, and the other plays summarized, with extracts. The notes are Dyce's, translated.]

1865. La Duchesse d'Amalfi. Lafond. [See reference to W. D. 1865.]

1870. The Duchess of Malfi. The Works of the British Dramatists, John S. Keltie, pp. 317–345. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

? 1883. The Duchess of Malfi. By John Webster. Dicks' Standard Plays. No. 350. One Penny. John Dicks. [The British Museum copy bears the accession stamp 31 Ma 83, which helps to date the edition. Not the same revision as Horne's, Tallis, 1851.]

1888. The Duchess of Malfi. Mermaid Series. [See reference to W. D. 1888.]

1892. The Duchess of Malfi. The Best Elizabethan Plays: Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Ginn. [Expurgated.]

1896. The Duchess of Malfi. Edited by C. Vaughan. The Temple Dramatists. Dent.

II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

Besides monographs and essays specially devoted to The White Devil *and* The Duchess of Malfy, *this list includes such general works on the drama and on Webster and his plays as are likely to prove useful to the general reader or the student. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the volumes listed under* Texts.

1554. Novelle, Matteo Bandello. Translation, 1890, 6 vols., Villon Society, John Payne. Amalfi story, vol. II.

1565. Le Second Tome des Histoires Tragiques, F. de Belle-Forest. Paris. The Amalfi story is the first in the collection.

1567. The Second Tome of the Palace of Pleasure, William Painter. The Duchesse of Malfi, pp. 169v.–195. In vol. III, pp. 3–43, of Joseph Jacobs' ed. of The Palace of Pleasure, 3 vols., 1890.

1586. Il miserabile e compassionevole caso della morte dell' illustrissima Signora Vittoria Accoramboni, Anonymous. Brescia.

1586. Sonetto, et Canzone, fatti nella morte dell' illustriss. Sign. Vittoria Corambona, Giovanni Battista Brendola. Brescia.

1596. Historie del Mondo . . . dall' Anno 1580, Cesare Campana, pp. 171–172. Venice.

1618. Comedia Famosa del Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalfi, Lope de Vega Carpio, Doze Comedias, pp. 199v.–222v. Barcelona.

1624. Comedia de la Venganza de la Duquesa de Amalfi, Diego Muxet de Solis, Comedias Humanas, y Divinas, y Rimas Morales, pp. 238–293. Brussels.

1675. Theatrum Poetarum, Edward Phillips. Webster, pt. II, p. 16.

1687. The Lives of the most Famous English Poets, William Winstanley.

1691. An Account of the English Dramatic Poets, Gerard Langbaine. Successively re-edited as The Lives of the Poets, by Charles Gildon, 1698; The Companion to the

Playhouse, by David Baker, 1764; as Biographia Dramatica, by Isaac Reed, 1782, and Stephen Jones, 1812.

1754. Storia della vita e geste di Sisto Quinto, Casimiro Tempesti (ed. Zanelli, 2 vols. 1866, I, pp. 77–89). Rome.

1808. Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, Charles Lamb. Webster. 2d ed. 1813. pp. 197–219.

1821. Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, William Hazlitt. Webster, pp. 124–135.

1823. John Webster, Unsigned. *Retrospective Review*, pp. 87–120.

1832. Some Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830, J. Genest. 10 vols. Webster, I, 55, 109, 346; X, 16–17.

1837. Vittoria Accoramboni, Henri Beyle (Stendhal), *Revue des deux Mondes*; later in Chroniques et Nouvelles, 1855, pp. 259–292. Paris.

1839. Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, Henry Hallam. Webster, III (ed. 1854), pp. 122–123.

1840. Vittoria Accorombona, Ein Roman in fünf Büchern. Johann Ludwig Tieck. Breslau.

1846. Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare, John Payne Collier.

1859. Plays and Puritans, Charles Kingsley. Miscellanies, II. Webster, pp. 110, 111, 115–119.

1861 [prior to]. Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum, Joseph Hunter. 6 vols. in MS, British Museum, Add. MSS 24487–24492.

1864. Contemporains et Successeurs de Shakespeare, A. Mézières. Webster, pp. 216–251 (third ed. 1881). Paris.

1865. Donna Orsina Isabella de Medici, Comtesse de Bracciano, Anonymous. Paris.

1870. Vittoria Accoramboni, Domenico Gnoli. Florence.

1872. The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth, J. A. von Hübner (tr. from French ed. 1870). 2 vols. I, pp. 195, 228 ff.

1875. A History of English Dramatic Literature, A.

W. Ward, 2 vols. Revised ed., 3 vols., 1899. Webster, III, 51–65.

1875. Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors, Charles Mathew Clode. Webster items, pp. 596, 601, 611.

1881. Thomas Adams' Sermon on *The White Devil*, Brinsley Nicholson, *Notes and Queries*, VI, iii, p. 166. A similar reference by G. A. Aitken, *Academy*, 23 February, 1889, is made independently.

1882. Geschichte des neueren Dramas, R. Prölss. 3 vols. Webster, II, pp. 193–198.

1883. Seventeenth Century Studies, Edmund Gosse; third edition, 1897. Webster, pp. 47–80.

1883. Vittoria Accoramboni, John Addington Symonds, *Italian By-ways*; later in *Studies in Italy and Greece*, Second Series (1898 edition), pp. 88–126.

1885. Loves's Graduate, John Webster (Mr. Gosse's title of scenes from A Cure for a Cuckold — see *Life*), ed. by Stephen Spring-Rice, introd. by Edmund Gosse. Oxford.

1886. Geschichte des Dramas, Julius Leopold Klein, 13 vols. English drama, vols. 12, 13. Leipsic.

1886. John Webster, Algernon Charles Swinburne. *Nineteenth Century*, June.

1887. A History of Elizabethan Literature, George Saintsbury. Webster, pp. 273–279.

1888. John Webster, C. Vopel. Dissertation. Bremen.

1890. Appius und Virginia in der Englischen Litteratur, Otto Rumbaur. Dissertation. Breslau.

1890. Geschichte des Spanischen Nationaldramas, Adolf Schaeffer. 2 vols. I, pp. 101–102. Leipsic.

1891. A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama, F. G. Fleay. 2 vols. Webster, II, 268–273.

1892. Catalogue of the Pictures in the Gallery of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich. The portrait printed as frontispiece to this edition is described, with a biographical note, under No. 423, p. 118.

1892. Studien zur Geschichte der Italienischen Novelle in der Englischen Litteratur des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts, Emil Koeppel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, LXX, p. 90. Strassburg.

1892. The Old Dramatists, James Russell Lowell, Webster, chap. III. Boston.

1893. Webster, Lamb, and Swinburne, William Archer, *New Review*, VIII, p. 96.

1893. Spanische quellen der dramatischen Litteratur, besonders Englands zu Shakespeares Zeit, Leo Bahlsen, *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, Neue Folge, VI, pp. 151–159. Berlin-Weimar.

1893. Metrische Untersuchungen ueber den Dramatiker John Webster, Martin Meiners. Dissertation. Halle.

1893. Die Englischen Dramatiker vor, neben, und nach Shakespeare, A. F. von Schack. Webster, pp. 139–182. Stuttgart.

1894. John Webster, Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, pp. 49–52.

1895. Die verschiedenen bearbeitungen der novelle von der herzogin von Amalfi des Bandello in den literaturen des XVI und XVII jahrhunderts, Karl Kiesow, *Anglia*, XVII, pp. 199–258. Halle.

1895. Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont's und Fletcher's, Emil Koeppel, *Münchener Beiträge*. Webster, XI, p. 150. Leipsic.

1896. English Drama, A Working Basis, Katherine Lee Bates and Lydia Boker Godfrey. Wellesley.

1898. John Webster, Wolfgang von Wurzbach, *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, XXXIV, pp. 9–51. Weimar.

1899. John Websters Tragödie Appius and Virginia, Johannes Lauschke. Leipsic dissertation. Potsdam.

1899. John Webster, Sidney Lee, *Dictionary of National Biography*, LX, 120–124.

1899. Vittoria Accoramboni, Margaret Maitland, *Nineteenth Century*, January, p. 81.

1899. Prologue to The Duchess of Malfy, Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Nineteenth Century*, January, p. 90.

1900. Webster's 'White Devil,' W. W. Greg, *Modern Language Quarterly*, III, 2, pp. 112–125.

1900. A List of English Plays, Written before 1643

AND PRINTED BEFORE 1700, W. W. Greg, *Bibliographical Society Publications.*

1902. VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI, Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, *Lombard Studies.* pp. 131–157.

1902. A LIST OF MASQUES, PAGEANTS, &c., W. W. Greg, *Bibliographical Society Publications.*

1902. VITTORIA ACCORAMBONA IN DER DICHTUNG IM VERHÄLTNIS ZU IHRER WAHRER GESCHICHTE, Marcus Landau, *Euphorion*, IX, pp. 310–316. Leipsic.

1902. JOHN WEBSTER, Joseph Morris, *Fortnightly Review*, June, p. 1065.

1903. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, W. J. Courthope. Webster, IV, pp. 256–266.

1904. JOHN WEBSTER AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, Charles Crawford, *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 17 and ff. [Appeared too late to be used.]

1904. HENSLOWE'S DIARY, edited by Walter W. Greg. Part I, the Text. [Appeared too late to be used.]

Glossary

acquaintance, knowledge. *W. D.* III, ii, 239.

adamant, loadstone, magnet. *W. D.* I, ii, 193; IV, iii, 22; *D. M.* III, v, 53.

anatomies, skeletons. *D. M.* V, ii, 81.

angels, gold coins worth ten shillings. *D. M.* I, i, 282.

apparently, clearly. *D. M.* II, i, 171.

apprehend, be sensible of. *D. M.* IV, i, 14.

approov'd, experienced. *D. M.* II, iv, 11.

arras, tapestry. *W. D.* V, i, 130; *D. M.* I, ii, 65.

arras powder, orris-root powder (*probably*). *W. D.* V, iii, 125; *D. M.* III, ii, 60.

atomies, atoms. *W. D.* IV, ii, 42.

attone, appease, reconcile. *W. D.* III, ii, 296. **atonement,** reconciliation. *D. M.* IV, ii, 359.

ayme, guess. *D. M.* I, ii, 132.

ballass'd, ballasted. *D. M.* I, i, 135.

ballated, made ballads of. *W. D.* III, ii, 248.

band, collar. *D. M.* II, i, 7.

banes, banns. *W. D.* II, i, 347.

barriers, 'a warlike exercise of men fighting with short Swords, and within some appointed compasse' (*Cockeram*). *W. D.* I, ii, 32; V, i, 58; V, ii, 85.

beaver, visor. *W. D.* V, ii, 83; V, iii, 3.

bedstaffe, a staff used to spread out the bed-clothes, or to keep them from falling. *W. D.* V, i, 210.

Bermoothes, Bermudas. *D. M.* III, ii, 271.

bias, the shape of the bowl, or the weight in it, that causes it to roll obliquely; the oblique motion itself. *W. D.* I, ii, 73.

biters, knaves. Cf. '*Sheepe-biters.*' *D. M.* V, ii, 349.

blacke guard, scullions. *W. D.* I, ii, 147; *D. M.* II, ii, 71.

blasted, blighted. *W. D.* I, ii, 300.

bloud-shed, blood-shot. *W. D.* II, i, 308.

blouze, a beggar's wench. *W. D.* V, vi, 3.

boone voyage, 'bon voyage.' *W. D.* II, ii, 41.

braches, bitch-hounds. *W. D.* v, vi, 134.

brave, threaten. *W. D.* IV, ii, 51.

brees, gadflies. *W. D.* I, ii, 182.

buntings, birds somewhat resembling larks. *D. M.* III, v, 5.

buttery-hatch, door of the wine-cellar or pantry. *W. D.* I, ii, 25.

cantarides, Spanish fly. *W. D.* II, i, 281.

caroach, coach. Cf. *Fr. carrosse. W. D.* I, ii, 8; *D. M.* I, i, 242; IV, ii, 110. 'A coach for country and caroch for London.' — *Greene's Tu Quoque.*

carreening, turning a boat on its side for repairs. *D. M.* II, i, 40.

carreere, 'to run your Horse forthright at his full speed, and then making him stop quickely, sodainely, firme and close on his buttocke' (*Markham, Countrey Contentments*, 1615). *W. D.* IV, iv, 94; v, v, 15.

carved, gelded. *W. D.* I, ii, 142.

case, pair. *W. D.* v, vi, 18; cover. *D. M.* I, i, 228.

cassia, a kind of cinnamon. *W. D.* II, i, 165.

censur'd, judged. *W. D.* v, iii, 210. **censure,** think. *D. M.* III, i, 27.

center, the part of the target next to the bull's-eye. *W. D.* v, vi, 192.

character, trait. *D. M.* I, i, 253; summing up of traits. *W. D.* III, ii, 79; secret symbol. *W. D.* IV, iii, 2.

chargeable, costly. *D. M.* I, ii, 41.

cheit (*cheat*), escheat. *D. M.* v, i, 6.

chippings, crusts of bread. *D. M.* III, ii, 229.

choake peare, a bitter pear; something that cannot be answered, or 'swallowed.' *W. D.* III, ii, 233.

chullice. Cf. *cullis.*

cipres, crape. *W. D.* III, i, 83.

civilitie, civilization. *W. D.* I, ii, 226.

civill, seemly. *D. M.* v, ii, 63.

codpeece, an appendage to the front of the tight hose worn by men in the sixteenth century. *W. D.* v, iii, 107; *D. M.* II, ii, 43.

colledge, the College of Physicians. *D. M.* IV, ii, 118.

commeddled, mixed. *W. D.* III. iii, 45.

complementall, courteous, accomplished. *D. M.* I, i, 295.

conceit, fancy. *D. M.* I, ii, 198; opinion. *D. M.* II, iii, 35; vanity, conception of children (*perhaps*). *W. D.* v, vi, 225.

confederacie, *perhaps here* conspiracy. *W. D.* III, iii, 41.

consort, company of musicians. *D. M.* IV, ii, 1.

consumption, a consuming desire. *W. D.* I, ii, 52.

convertites, converts. *W. D.* III, ii, 263.

conveyance, artifice. *W. D.* IV, ii, 24.

convince, vanquish. *W. D.* IV, ii, 38.

conyes (*conies*), rabbits, simpletons. **conycatch,** to swindle. *W. D.* III, i, 28.

corazive (*corrosive*), a caustic drug or plaster. *D. M.* IV, ii, 99.

cornucopia, *figuratively here for* cuckoldom. *W. D.* II, i, 360.

coulourable, false. *W. D.* II, i, 297.

coumpters (*counters*), metal disks used in calculations. *D. M.* III, iii, 73.

crab, crab-apple. *D. M.* II, i, 168.

crackers, fire-crackers. *W. D.* II, i, 73.

crownes, Italian coins worth about five shillings. *W. D.* IV, iv, 136.

crusado's, Portuguese coins, stamped with a cross (*value about half a dollar*). *W. D.* III, ii, 215.

cullis, a strong broth. *W. D.* v, iv, 33; *D. M.* II, iv, 66; II, v, 71; v, ii, 80.

cultures (*coulters*), ploughshares. *D. M.* III, i, 57.

cupping-glasses, glass cups used in blood-letting. *W. D.* v, vi, 101; *D. M.* II, v, 25.

curst, ill-tempered. *W. D.* I, ii, 226.

curtaines, veils. *D. M.* III, ii, 159.

curtall, a curtailed horse or dog. *W. D.* II, ii, 14.

cut-works, open-work embroidery, *much in vogue among Elizabethan gallants.* 'An ordinarie band wth. the double cuffes costs five or seven pound, and some much more.' (*State Papers, Dom. 1 Aug. 1613.*) *W. D.* I, i, 51.

declarations, complaints legally drawn up. *W. D.* IV, i, 91.

disembogue, empty. *Properly of a river, here figurative. D. M.* II, i, 41.

diversivolent, contentious. *W. D.* III, ii, 28; III, iii, 27.

divinity, theology. *D. M.* I, i, 43.

doctrine, information. *W. D.* IV, i, 64.

dog-fish, a species of shark. *D. M.* III, v, 124.

dogge dayes, evil times. *D. M.* I, i, 41; *W. D.* V, i, 153.

doom'd, decreed. *W. D.* II, i, 196.

dottrels, plovers, foolish persons. *W. D.* V, iv, 8.

duckets (*ducats*), continental gold coins of the value of nine or ten shillings. *W. D.* III, ii, 220; IV, iv, 132; *D. M.* II, ii, 59.

electuaries 'bee medicinable compositions or confections to be taken inwardly, made of choise drougs, either to purge the humors, to strengthen the principall parts, or to withstand any infirmitie for which they are made. The substance is betweene a syrrup and a conserve, but more enclining to the consistence of conserves.' (*Holland's Pliny*, 1601). *W. D.* I, ii, 105.

embleme, an allegorical picture. *W. D.* II, i, 325.

engenous, of an engine. *D. M.* III, ii, 177. **engine,** instrument, purpose. *W. D.* II, i, 318; II, ii, 46; IV, i, 130; V, vi, 122; *D. M.* V, v, 38.

ephemerides, calendars. Cf. *note*, p. 187. *W. D.* I, ii, 76.

equall, equable. *D. M.* V, ii, 288.

essentiall, actual. *W. D.* III, ii, 75.

ever, always. *D. M.* I, i, 35.

falling sicknesse, epilepsy. *W. D.* V, vi, 230.

fals, comes to be. *W. D.* II, i, 132.

familiar, evil spirit. *D. M.* V, ii, 173; intimate friend. *W. D.* V, iv, 146.

fantasticall (*phantasticall*). Cf. *D. M.* III, iii, 40, *note*, p. 396.

farthingalls, hoops to distend skirts. *W. D.* II, i, 169.

fell, cruel. *D. M.* I, ii, 273.

fellie, felloe. *W. D.* III, iii, 103.

figure, image, mould. *D. M.* I, i, 210; V, iii, 55.

figure-flingers, those who cast horoscopes. *W. D.* II, ii, 16.

fins, some part of the eyelid. *D. M.* II, i, 79.

fitted, managed. *W. D.* II, i, 8.

flashes, empty accomplishments. *D. M.* I, i, 175.

flaw, a sudden storm; *also*, a breach. *Here a double-entendre. W. D.* I, ii, 65, 66.

flead, flayed. *D. M.* II, i, 35.

flye-boate, a small swift boat. Cf. *Fr. mouche*. *W. D.* II, i, 187.

fond, foolish. *W. D.* IV, iv, 55.

foot cloath, the housing or trappings of a horse. *W. D.* I, ii, 58; III, ii, 177; *D. M.* II, i, 55.

footsteps, steps, rungs. *D. M.* I, ii, 51.

force, necessity. *W. D.* III, ii, 134.

fox, sword. *W. D.* V, vi, 236.

fraight, fraught. *D. M.* V, i, 69.

'fum'd, perfumed (*poisoned*). *W. D.* V, iii, 252.

furnish out, complete. *W. D.* V, i, 55.

fustian, cotton cloth; bombast. *W. D.* II, ii, 20; III, ii, 46.

galliard, a lively dance. *D. M.* I, i, 217; a combination of gallop and kicking out (*ring-galliard*), or of curvet and bound (*gallop-galliard*). *W. D.* IV, iv, 95.

gallouses (*gallows*), gallows-birds. *W. D.* II, i, 322.

gargarisme, gargle. *W. D.* II, i, 311.

gennit, jennet: *according to Markham* (*Countrey Contentments*) *the best horse for war*. *D. M.* I, i, 131.

ghossips (*gossips*), godparents. *D. M.* III, ii, 68.

good cheape, at a low cost. Cf. *Fr. bon marché*. *W. D.* V, iii, 192.

gordian, knot. *D. M.* I, ii, 184.

government, behavior. *W. D.* V, i, 86.

graduatically, appropriately as a graduate. *W. D.* III, ii, 49.

graine, scarlet dye; **in graine,** fast dyed, *hence*, ineradicable. *D. M.* IV. ii, 55.

graz'd (*grassed*), lost in the grass. *W. D.* V, ii, 72.

grotes (*groats*), silver coins of the value of fourpence. *W. D.* IV, iii, 93.

guarded, embroidered. *D. M.* III, iii, 32.

gudgions, (*gudgeons,*) small fish, persons easily tricked. *W. D.* III, iii, 29.

gue, rogue? (*Fr. gueux*). *W. D.* III, iii, 99.

habite, demeanor, disposition. *W. D.* II, i, 136.

haggard, a full-grown hawk caught wild, and difficult to reclaim; an immoral woman. *W. D.* V, i, 207.

happely, haply. *W. D.* II, i, 53; *D. M.* V, ii, 146.

hazard, a dicing game, 'craps.' *W. D.* I, ii, 36; the side of the tennis-court into which the ball is served. *W. D.* v, i, 76 (*figurative use*).

hemlocke, *here in the sense of* poison. *W. D.* II, i, 59.

holly-bread. Cf. *note W. D.* v, vi, 142, p. 205.

honest, virtuous. *W. D.* II, i, 233; *so* **honesty,** *D. M.* II, iv, 78.

horse-lech (*-leech*), a large leech, a horse doctor, a persistent beggar. *W. D.* III, ii, 280; v, vi, 167.

huddle, heap. *W. D.* III, iii, 83.

humour, one of the four fluids of the body, — blood, phlegm, bile, black bile, — which, according to the old physiology, dominated the nature of a man, making him sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy, respectively; temperament; marked personal characteristic; eccentricity of behavior; inclination. *W. D.* II, i, 374.

husbands, housekeepers. *D. M.* I, ii, 74.

idleness, delirium, raving. *W. D.* IV, i, 108.

imbrodered (*embroidered*), *probably* decorated. *W. D.* v, iii, 168.

impostume, abscess, gathering. *W. D.* IV, iii, 77; *D. M.* IV, ii, 43.

information, informer's evidence. *D. M.* I, i, 197.

ingenious, ingenuous. *D. M.* I, ii, 63; *so* **ingeniously,** *W. D.* III, iii, 79.

intelligence, information received through spies (*intelligencers*). *W. D.* IV, i, 30; IV, iv, 138; *D. M.* I, i, 244; IV, i, 129.

Jacobs staffe, a rod used in taking altitudes. *W. D.* I, ii, 102.

jealous, watchful. *W. D.* IV, i, 39.

julio, an Italian coin (*value, sixpence*). *W. D.* III, ii, 240.

jump with, come close to. *W. D.* I, ii, 74.

kissing-comfits, perfumed sweetmeats for sweetening the breath. *D. M.* v, ii, 166.

leaguer, camp. *Ger. lager. D. M.* I, i, 241; III, iii, 14.

leam (*lyam*), leash. *W. D.* I, ii, 88.

leash, three. *W. D.* IV, i, 88.

leiger (*lieger*), ledger, *i. e.* resident. *W. D.* III, i, 2; III, ii, 131.

lenative (*lenitive*), soothing,

but here seemingly insidious. *D. M.* III, i, 75.

levoret (*leveret*), a young hare. *D. M.* v, v, 51.

libell, draw up a document? *D. M.* II, iii, 41.

licanthropia (*lycanthropy*). *D. M.* v, ii, 6. Cf. *note*, p. 399.

lists, narrow strips of cloth, selvage edges. *W. D.* v, vi, 108.

literated, learned. *W. D.* III, ii, 26.

lur'd. Cf. *W. D.* IV, i, 132, *note*, p. 195. *D. M.* I, i, 250.

luxurious, lustful. *D. M.* I, ii, 6.

maine, great. *D. M.* v, i, 44; chief part. *D. M.* v, v, 93.

matachine, a comic sword-dance. *W. D.* v, vi, 170.

mediate, take a middle course. *W. D.* I, i, 34.

meere, pure. *W. D.* II, i, 249.

mellancholly, brooding over wrongs, because of the preponderance of the melancholy humor. *D. M.* I, i, 83.

meteor, an atmospheric phenomenon, an exhalation. *W. D.* I, i, 25.

Michaelmas, 29 September. *W. D.* v, i, 239.

misprision, mistake. *D. M.* v, iv, 87.

mistris, the object-ball in bowls. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii, 52. *W. D.* I, ii, 74.

moderators, judges. *W. D.* III, ii, 227.

moile, mule. *W. D.* III, ii, 178.

morphew'd. '. . that kynde of scurfe, whyche of the Latyns is called vitiligo, we call it the Morphewe . . . . there is agglutination, but there lacketh assimilation.' *Christopher Langton's Introduction to Phisycke* (*ca.* 1550) *fol. lv. D. M.* II, i, 41.

mother, hysteria. *D. M.* II, i, 136.

motion, puppet-show; proposal, idea. *W. D.* v, i, 251. *D. M.* I, ii, 12; III, ii, 40.

mowldes (*moulds*), forms. *D. M.* II, ii, 49.

mummia, a drug used 'as well in outwarde plasters, as inwarde drinkes, to compounde broken bones and veynes, and to dissolve congeiled bloud' (John Halle, Lanfrancus' *Chirurgia parva*, 1565). Used also as a purge. 'Some say it is made of mans flesh boild in pitch; Others, that it is taken out of old Tombes, being a corrupted humour that

droppeth from embalmed bodies' (Cockeram, *English Dictionarie*, 1626). *W. D.* I, i, 16; *D. M.* IV, ii, 128, (*here* mummey).

mutton, a lewd woman (*cant*). *W. D.* I, ii, 103.

nice, fastidious. *D. M.* V, ii, 172.

night-caps. Cf. *D. M.* II, i, 27, *note*, p. 390.

night gowne, dressing-gown. *W. D.* II, ii, 54.

oretane, got the better of. *W. D.* IV, iv, 110.

ow'de, owned. *D. M.* IV, i, 49.

parde, pared. *D. M.* II, i, 157.

passionately, sorrowfully. *W. D.* V, iii, 226.

patent, license (*which was often a monopoly*). *W. D.* V, i, 117; V, vi, 14.

peevish, perverse, foolish. *D. M.* III, ii, 25.

pention (*pension*), board and lodging, living expenses. *W. D.* II, i, 385; III, iii, 70; V, i, 49, 144; V, vi, 174; *D. M.* III, i, 89.

percels, parcels. *W. D.* I, i, 5.

perspective, perspective-glass. *D. M.* IV, ii, 74. Cf. *W. D.* I, ii, 111, *note*, p. 187.

pew wew. Pooh. *W. D.* I, ii, 78.

phantasticall. (*fantasticall*). Cf. *D. M.* III, iii, 40, *note*, p. 396; *D. M.* IV, ii, 129, 160.

phisicall, medicinal. *D. M.* II, iv, 65.

picture, image. *D. M.* IV, i, 62.

pitty, lamentation. *W. D.* II, i, 397; *D. M.* IV, ii, 262; V, iv, 57. lament. *W. D.* IV, ii, 26.

points, short strings with metal tags at the ends, used for fastening clothes. *W. D.* V, vi, 105.

polititian, one versed in affairs of state (*not usually in the modern derogatory sense*); *also*, one who follows policy rather than principle. *W. D.* I, ii, 56; II, iii, 19, 117; *D. M.* III, ii, 328.

Pollake, Polander. *W. D.* II, i, 183.

pollitique, crafty. *W. D.* IV, ii, 71.

possets, made of hot milk curdled by the addition of wine or other liquor. *D. M.* IV, ii, 117.

post, haste. *W. D.* II, i, 271.

posterne, a small back door.

W. D. II, ii, 51; *D. M.* II, ii, 32.

pot-gun, mortar, pop-gun. *D. M.* III, iii, 29.

poulter, poulterer. *W. D.* III, i, 80.

prefixt, pre-arranged. *W. D.* II, ii, 2.

presence, presence-chamber. *W. D.* V, i, 64; V, iv, 38; *D. M.* I, i, 90; II, i, 139.

presently, immediately. *W. D.* II, ii, 30; *D. M.* II, 32, 35.

pretious, precious blood. *W. D.* IV, iii, 4.

prevent, anticipate. *W. D.* IV, ii, 46.

processe, full explanation. *D. M.* V, iv, 75.

progresse, a royal journey of state. *W. D.* I, ii, 198; *D. M.* II, i, 33; III, ii, 316. *As verb, D. M.* I, ii, 144.

property, an article used on the stage. *W. D.* II, i, 287. Appropriate thing to do. *D. M.* IV, i, 64.

prove, test. *W. D.* V, vi, 150.

provisorship, the office of purveyor. *D. M.* I, i, 237.

publicke, notorious, barefaced. *W. D.* III, i, 22.

purboil'd (*parboiled*), boiled through and through (*not the present meaning of partly boiled, which is etymologically incorrect*). *W. D.* V, vi, 142.

purchase, wealth, usually ill-gotten, as through receiving stolen goods. *D. M.* III, i, 28.

put off, to dispose of (*often fraudulently*). *W. D.* IV, i, 51.

quackesalving, humbugging. *W. D.* II, i, 290.

quaintly, ingeniously. *W. D.* II, ii, 38.

quality, occupation (*here the actor's*). *W. D. Epilogue,* 3.

quat (*squat*), the hare's sitting posture. *W. D.* IV, iii, 90.

quicke, live. *W. D.* IV, i, 102.

quickning, growing into life. *D. M.* I, ii, 187.

quite, requite. *W. D.* I, i, 7.

quits, frees. *D. M.* I, i, 7.

quoit, throw. *D. M.* II, v, 43.

radicall, going to the root of the matter. *D. M.* II, iii, 22.

ranger, guardian of the deer in a forest. *W. D.* II, i, 366.

reame, realm. *W. D.* II, ii, 16.

reclaimed, drawn back by a cord (*falconry*). *W. D.* IV, iii, 11.

reportage, reporting. *W. D.* IV, i, 56.

resolved, satisfied, answered. *W. D.* III, ii, 68.

restie, restive. *W. D.* IV, iv, 93.

reversion, inheritance. *D. M.* IV, ii, 208.

right, just, precisely. *W. D.* II, i, 374; *D. M.* III, v, 9.

rose, rosette. *W. D.* V, iii, 111.

rupture, outbreak. *D. M.* II, v, 56.

sacrament, oath, obligation. *W. D.* IV, iv, 72; *D. M.* IV, i, 38.

sadnes, seriousness. *D. M.* V, iv, 67.

saffron, a medicine. Cf. *note*, p. 203. *W. D.* V, iii, 205.

Saint Anthony fire, erysipelas. *W. D.* II, i, 305.

sallet, salad. *W. D.* IV, ii, 62; V, iii, 167.

salvatory, a receptacle to preserve things in. *D. M.* IV, ii, 128.

sanctuary, place of safety. *D. M.* I, ii, 167.

sault, leaping or prancing (*horsemanship*). *W. D.* IV, iv, 95.

scores, runs up a bill (score). *W. D.* V, iii, 197.

scruples, the twenty-four parts of an ounce (*fig.*). *W. D.* V, vi, 112.

scrutinie, balloting, *a method of choosing a Pope*. Cf. *note*, p. 198. *W. D.* IV, iv, 37.

scuttles, quick steps. *D. M.* III, ii, 251.

sennet, a trumpet call, not a flourish. *W. D.* I, ii, *stage direction*.

shadow, image. *W. D.* II, ii, 28.

shamoyes, clothes or shoes made of chamois. *W. D.* III, i, 52.

sheepe-biter, a sheep-worrying dog, a back-biter. *Here with a hint of the lycanthropic delusion*. Cf. '*Biters.*' (*D. M.* V, ii, 349.) *D. M.* V, ii, 55.

simplicity, foolishness. *D. M.* II, i, 93.

simply, without subtlety, foolishly. *D. M.* II, i, 95.

smoore, smother. *W. D.* V, iv, 55.

smoother (*smother*), smoke. *D. M.* V, ii, 317.

sophisticke, deceptive (*as* sleight of hand). *W. D.* II, ii, 7.

sort, company. *D. M.* III, ii, 241.

springe, noose, snare. *W. D.* V, vi, 132.

spring-hall (*springal*), a young fellow. *D. M.* II, i, 172.

squib, a small fire-work. *W. D.* II, ii, 13.

standings, standing-places or stands. *W. D.* v, i, 59.

stewes, brothel. *W. D.* v, i, 207.

stibium, antimony. *W. D.* II, i, 281; v, vi, 57.

stigmaticke, branded, disgraceful. *W. D.* III, iii, 76.

still, continually. *D. M.* I, ii, 187; v, ii, 248.

stomacke, liking. *W. D.* II, i, 270. *D. M.* II, i, 20.

strappado'd, lifted by a rope, then suddenly dropped and checked before reaching the ground, so that the part to which the rope was tied (*e. g.* the hands) would be violently jerked. *W. D.* III, iii, 103.

superficies, surface. *W. D.* I, ii, 19.

Switzers, mercenary soldiers. *W. D.* II, i, 61; Cf. *note*, p. 189.

swope, swoop. *W. D.* I, i, 6.

taffeta, thin soft silk. *W. D.* III, iii, 89.

tarras, terrace. *W. D.* IV, iv, *stage direction*, p. 113.

tedious, irritating. *D. M.* II, i, 133.

tend, attend, wait. *W. D.* I, i, 29.

tent, probe. *W. D.* v, vi, 239.

tents, rolls 'of lint, made of soft linen cloth enfused in oile of Roses warme for simple wounds.' *Halle's tr. of Lanfrancus' Chirurgia parva*, 1565, p. 4. *D. M.* I, i, 124.

throughly, thoroughly. *D. M.* v, ii, 87.

tows'd, (*toused*,) rumpled. *W. D.* IV, iii, 85.

to yeare, this year. *D. M.* II, i, 150.

tragedy, tragic story. *D. M.* IV, ii, 8.

transportation, exportation. *D. M.* IV, ii, 56.

travers[e], a curtain, especially one concealing the inner stage. *W. D.* v, iv, 71; *D. M.* IV, i, *stage direction*.

triumph, revel, public festival or spectacle. *W. D.* II, i, 82; *D. M.* I, ii, 73.

tumultuary, promiscuous. *W. D.* I, ii, 192.

turtles, turtle-doves. *W. D.* I, ii, 174.

uds' death, God's (Christ's) death. *W. D.* III, iii, 136; v, iii, 1, 213.

ud's foot, God's foot. *W. D.* IV, ii, 19.

uncivill, of unsettled government. *W. D.* III, ii, 128.

unction, salve. *W. D.* v, iii, 28.

unvalu'd, invaluable. *D. M.* III, ii, 252.

use, interest. *W. D.* III, ii, 222.

uttered, issued, sold. *W. D.* I, ii, 105.

vaunt-guard, van-guard. *D. M.* V, v, 54.

when, an impatient ejaculation. *D. M.* II, i, 133; IV, ii, 59.

whipt, edged. *W. D.* V, iii, 121.

whistler, the plover. *D. M.* IV, ii, 185.

wind, follow on the scent of. *W. D.* III, iii, 67.

wit, natural intelligence as contrasted with learning. *D. M.* III, v, 67.

witty, ingenious. *D. M.* II, iii, 79; II, iv, 5.

wolfe, lupus, ulcer. *W. D.* V, iii, 59; *D. M.* II, i, 68.

woman-keeper, nurse. *W. D.* V, iii, 184.

word, motto. *W. D.* II, i, 329.

worme-seede, a drug (*santonica*) used as a vermifuge. *D. M.* IV, ii, 127.

wrinckle, trick, device (*So in Euphues*). *D. M.* I, i, 152.

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